



THE



LEISURE HOUR

APRIL, 1835.

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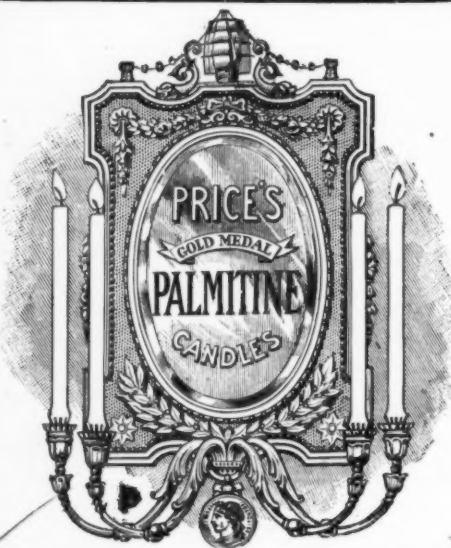
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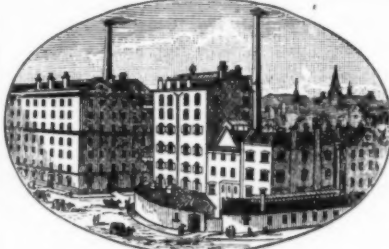
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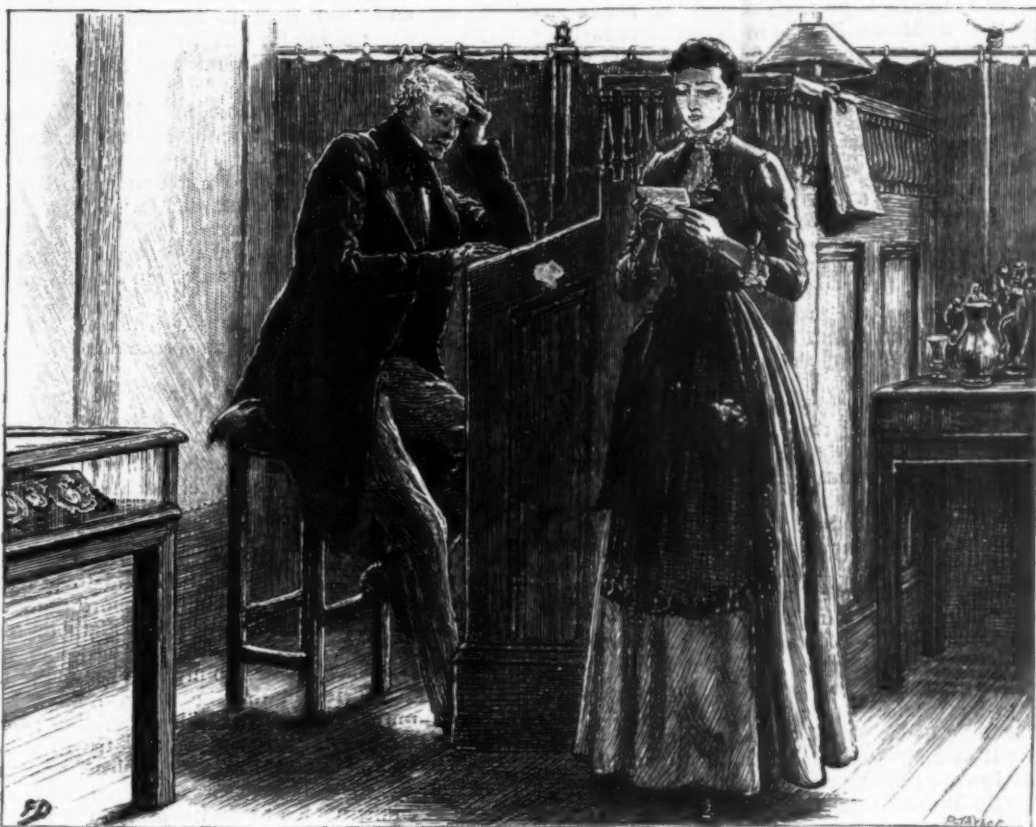
A LOST SON.

BY MARY LINSKILL, AUTHOR OF "BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA."

CHAPTER XII.—THE PRODIGAL IS SEEN A LONG WAY OFF.

Good love, how'er ill placed,
Is better for a man's soul in the end
Than if he loved ill what deserves love well.

Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.



"YOU WILL NOT OPEN IT?" SHE SAID

WHEN the end of the summer came, Martin Brooke startled his uncle one day by asking for a holiday. Joshua Serlcote had never had any holidays himself; he had never dreamed of such a thing. Pleasure-seeking was for the rich, the idle. Nevertheless, Martin was allowed to set out with his friends on a three weeks' walking tour through the English lake district.

The extra work that devolved upon Mr. Serlcote made him a little fretful at times, a little uncertain in temper. When Martin had been gone about a week everybody began to wish he would come back again; things were not going on smoothly; there was a sense of perpetual strain and frequent jar.

"Go and tell your father *again* that breakfast is ready," Mrs. Serlcote said snappishly to Nellie one morning. Presently Nellie came back, looking sad, and afraid to give the message she had to give.

"Father says he doesn't want any breakfast," the child said, timidly.

Even Mrs. Serlcote looked up in surprise. Her husband was not given to caprices of this kind.

"Well, I suppose he knows best," she said, in subdued tones, but she did not appear to be concerned. Doubtless Joshua's temper had been ruffled again, which was no new thing, though he was taking a new way of showing it.

Agnes did not say anything; she felt disposed

to an unusual silence; but after breakfast she opened the glass door gently and went into the shop.

Her uncle was there, sitting behind the little railing that screened the desk. Agnes saw at once, from his attitude, that it was not temper that was upon him. He was ill or in trouble. A single glance at his face confirmed her in this opinion.

"What is it, uncle?" she said, gently; "are you not well?"

Joshua Serlcote did not answer, but he pushed towards her the pile of letters which had come by that morning's post. The top letter was addressed to Martin Brooke in Julian's handwriting—not the clear, firm, beautiful writing upon which he had prided himself so much; this was crooked, tremulous, barely legible; still it was Julian's.

"You will open it, uncle?" she said, almost breathlessly, but speaking as if there could be no doubt as to the answer. But Joshua Serlcote replied decisively, emphatically,

"I shall certainly *not* open it."

Agnes's heart was beating slowly, heavily; her hands were turning cold; she was beginning to feel faint.

No one else was present; Ben Chadwick had gone to his breakfast. Agnes turned away, and sat down on one of the high chairs to recover herself.

Presently she spoke again.

"You remember that we have not Martin's address?" she asked; "and that he will not be home for another fortnight?"

"Yes, I remember," her uncle said, speaking in the same hard tone as before.

"And you have noted that handwriting?"

"Certainly I have noted it."

Then Agnes came back to her uncle's side, and laid one hand gently on his shoulder.

"Julian is ill," she said; "I feel certain of that. He may be dying. If you will not open this letter yourself you will let me open it?"

Joshua Serlcote rose from his seat, and with trembling hands placed the letter inside his desk.

"It is addressed to Martin Brooke," he said, his lips quivering painfully as he spoke; "and Martin Brooke shall receive it as it came."

Then he turned away, suffering too much himself to be fully alive to the suffering he was inflicting.

Agnes's first step was to send an urgent telegram to the inn at Windermere from which Martin's one letter had been dated; her next to write to the innkeeper. Then she set out in search of the friends of Martin's friends, hoping that they might know more of the plans of the tourists than she knew, but in this she was disappointed.

It was good for her to be doing something. She was almost sorry when she could find nothing more to do. Never before in her whole life had patience been so difficult.

The remainder of the week passed on. Joshua Serlcote kept silence, and kept it in that hard, proud, impassive manner of his which seemed to defy any one to break it.

No news of Martin came. Agnes watched every post, listening breathlessly to every knock, starting at the sound of every opening door. She was growing paler and thinner under the strain, and her uncle saw that she was, but no sign of relenting came from him.

Eight days had passed, when Martin suddenly walked in, pale and earnest-looking. It was early in the morning, and he had been travelling all night, having only received Agnes's telegram on the previous day.

He had no thought of himself—of rest or of refreshment. He asked his uncle quietly for the letter, and then went to his room to read it. Agnes was waiting for him by the drawing-room door when he came down. She had dismissed the children for a while.

They went into the room, and Martin gave her the letter at once, judging wisely that this would be the best thing to do. The contents were distressing, but it seemed to him that even distress would be better than that sad, wistful patience that had been hers so long.

As Agnes had feared, Julian was ill; dying, he believed himself to be; and in utter pennilessness.

The letter was brief, and written with great effort, but a spirit not Julian's seemed to breathe through every line.

He said nothing of his humility, little of his penitence, and less of his faith, but it was evident that he was no stranger to these things, and also that he had become acquainted with them through a sterner and more sorrowful teaching than any they had feared.

He had two objects in writing, he said; one was to ask for money sufficient to discharge a small debt owing to his landlady, and to provide him with necessities during the short time he had to live; the other was to beg his father's forgiveness.

"I would have written to my father myself," he said, "but I feared that he would not read a letter in my handwriting. Will you read as much of this to him as you think fit, and try to plead for me? If he will not help me, at least beg him to forgive me. I have prayed night and day that he might be led to do it—prayed till I have been almost as sure of it as I am of a higher forgiveness."

There was more than this. Agnes could hardly see her own name through the tears that were blinding her eyes, but she strove to read on.

"I need not ask for Alice's forgiveness," he continued. "But tell her, tell her this, with such love as was never mine before, that it has been the thought of her, of her goodness, of her faith, that has saved me from depths of ruin and despair that I cannot now think of without horror. I can say no more, but it seems to me as if not one entreaty, not one prayer, not so much as an appealing look of hers, had ever fallen to the ground."

Agnes was silent for a few moments after she had read the letter. Then she said,

"Which of us shall go to Uncle Joshua?"

"Don't you think it would be better for me to

go?" Martin said. "I have no hope of succeeding, but Julian has asked me, and it would prepare the way for you."

"You will go at once?"

"Yes, immediately. Will you wait till I come back?"

Agnes had not long to wait. She tried to pray, to ignore the tumult of sorrow that was in her own soul, to shut out the hope that pleaded so earnestly for entrance. It seemed to her that she had not had time enough for all these things when she heard a step on the stair. She heard with some surprise that it was not Martin's step, but her uncle's.

The old man entered the room in a stately fashion that boded ill. It seemed to Agnes that not for years had she seen his grey head so erect, his thin, firm mouth so mercilessly closed. He was pale, but it was the pallor of strong determination.

"I have come here at the request of Mr. Martin Brooke," he began, in a hard, thin voice that broke tremulously even in the middle of this first sentence. "But I have come to say what I have been saying to him—what I have been preparing to say ever since I saw the outside of that letter."

Then he stopped from sheer incapacity to proceed. His age had told upon his strength; his sorrow had told upon it more. His stoical pride was making serious demands upon his physical weakness.

"Have you read the letter, uncle?" she asked.

"No; I have not read it. I have determined that I would not read it—that I would not listen to it—and I will keep my determination. I knew perfectly well what it would contain; there would be a plea of ill-health, a request for money, a few idle words about forgiveness. Martin informs me that every conjecture is right, therefore there is nothing to disturb the resolution I have made. Years ago I cast off my son, and I cast him off for ever. The suffering that it cost me to do so I have endured. If it should be possible for me ever to forget that suffering, then—but not till then—will it be possible for me to forgive him who was the cause of it."

"But, Uncle Joshua, I too know something of forgiveness. If you could forgive, it would be easy to forget—nay, it would be difficult and painful to remember!"

Joshua Serlcote made no reply; he had settled himself in an attitude of patient waiting, placing his elbow on the mantelpiece and leaning his head on his hand. Agnes would plead; he would listen to her, and while listening he would remember.

"You say that you have cast Julian off, that he is no longer your son," Agnes went on, subduing the eagerness within her with all the strength she had to spare. "Supposing that could be—supposing that he had never been your son, but simply a man who had sinned against you, and repented of his sin—do you not think that he is entitled to your forgiveness?"

Her uncle made no answer; he stood there, not

looking at his niece, but beyond her, out of the windows. Those compressed lips of his did not look as if they were likely to betray him.

"But putting aside all thought of Julian," the girl resumed, in bolder and more resolute tones, "think of yourself—of the risk, the danger of delay! 'When ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.'"

Still there was no change in the old man's look or attitude. What Christian spirit there was alive in him acknowledged the righteousness of her plea, but the sense of his own suffering was keener at that moment than his sense of Christian duty.

Agnes was bewildered by his resistance; she had never known of that last wild deed of Julian's—the midnight robbery of his father's shop. She did not know that in Joshua Serlcote's mind all his son's other faults had been dwarfed into insignificance by that most disastrous act.

The old man was aware of her ignorance, but not even now would he excuse his own hardness by disclosing to her the depths to which Julian had descended.

What could she do or say more? Her own great love was almost overpowered by her great tender pity. Was it possible that Julian's father was feeling no pity, no tenderness at all?—that he was capable of none?

"Think of him, Uncle Joshua—think of him!" she exclaimed, more passionately than before. "He is alone, penniless, dying, and pleads that he may not die unforgiven. Is it possible that you can refuse to forgive him? Think of that other father—the father of the prodigal son in the Bible! When the prodigal was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him."

Joshua Serlcote's lip quivered, his whole frame seemed to quiver; still he uttered no word.

Presently Agnes came near to him, and took his chill hands in hers. The look that she met was almost startling.

There must be something more than she knew of—some unfathomed depths in the old man's heart. He was looking into her face pleadingly, reproachfully, and a strange resemblance to her mother struck her almost for the first time. She seemed to understand him better—or rather to become aware that there were things that she might not understand. Yet she could not ask. A moment longer she watched that strange new look, then she spoke again more gently.

"Oh, uncle," she said, "you will forgive him! I know you will forgive him! You are longing to do so! Don't let any thought of anything prevent you. Think only of that Good Shepherd who goes out into the wilderness to seek His straying sheep; and when He has found a wanderer, takes it on His shoulders and carries it home rejoicing."

Even while she spoke Joshua Serlcote's eyes were slowly filling with tears. He sank into the nearest chair, covered his face with his hands,

and sobbed as he had never before sobbed within his own remembrance.

He wished to be alone, but he had no power to move away.

"Leave me, leave me!" he cried, in his distress, and Agnes went out—went to her own room to pray for him, and not for him only.

CHAPTER XIII.—DISAPPOINTMENT.

To expect what never comes, to lie in bed and not sleep, to serve well and not be advanced, are three things to die of.—*Italian Proverb.*

MARTIN BROOKE was a little astonished by the question his uncle put to him on the evening of the day of his return.

It had been a silent day, Martin could not see his way with any clearness. Something must be done, and done at once, and it appeared that he must act upon his own responsibility. Acting thus it was not much he could do. In that most important matter of all, obtaining the old man's forgiveness, he had proved himself entirely powerless. He was disheartened. All else that remained to be done seemed so trivial in comparison.

The shop had been closed some time, but Martin remained there in the semi-darkness brooding over his difficult position. He raised his head when his uncle came in, but he looked up very absently, hoping nothing, expecting nothing, unless it were some querulous remark upon his being there.

For a minute or two Joshua Serlcote stood silent, and Martin saw that the expression of his face was changed. If possible it was a sadder face to look upon than before. Much of the determination, the hardness, had gone from it. The fight, the long fierce fight was over. He had not yielded, he had been beaten. Even yet the pressure from within, the pressure of his stifled love and yearning for his son, seemed as little in sympathy with himself as did that pressure that had been brought to bear upon him from without.

Yet he had suffered, and the grace of suffering was in his words, as well as in his tone and look.

"What is it you wish to do, Martin?"

The question was vague, but so uttered that Martin quite understood it.

"I should like to go up to London by the first train in the morning."

"Very well. I suppose your holiday is not over yet, you can spend your time as you choose."

There was another pause. The next question was a difficult one, but Martin did not plunge into the difficulty. He took breath, stroked the feathered end of his quill pen backward with careless fingers, then he said,

"If Julian is able to travel I suppose it will be better to bring him back with me?"

For a second that seemed ten the eyes of the two met. Joshua Serlcote's were the first to drop.

"Don't try me too far, Martin," he said, tremulously. "I don't know what I can bear yet. But perhaps—perhaps I can bear anything that you may choose to do."

Then he turned away, leaving Martin behind with a new heart of hope and thankfulness in him. Martin did not stay there long. He had to share his hope, to impart a touch of new life to another heart.

Agnes Dyne and Martin Brooke were both young, and one was buoyant. In spite of all past sorrow and present room for sorrow, Agnes could no longer deny entrance to the hopefulness that came. Julian might be ill, very ill, but what could not care and kindness do? The power of these things was limited, it was true; but there was a power to heal and bless that knew no limit. "With God nothing is impossible," she said to herself. And was not God to be reached by prayer? Was not His aid to be won by faith?

Martin had to be at the station by five o'clock the next morning, and he was surprised that his uncle should be stirring so early. Agnes was down, making tea; moving quietly about, smiling now and then that sweet bright smile that Martin loved so much to see. Joshua saw it too, but it seemed to make him sadder. Whatever the result of Martin's errand, there could be no more joyfulness or hopefulness for him on this side the grave. He could not live his life again; he could not slowly day by day build up new living hope, or try to revive the dead ones. There remained nothing for him save sad regret for the things that had been; regret sadder still for the things that were not and could now never be.

He was very restless as the time of Martin's departure drew near; he could not even sit still, but went in and out of the room, looking strangely grey and wan and nervous. At the last moment he put some thin paper, tightly folded, into Martin's hand, and Martin knew that it was money. His first impulse was to refuse it; having already provided himself with what he considered would be enough for his cousin's need and his own. His second and better thought, however, came quickly.

"I am to take this to Julian from you?" he said. It was easy to say anything in the excitement of the moment, yet he paused a moment before he added, "Shall I take any message?"

There was a brief struggle in Joshua Serlcote's soul, then he lifted up his face and spoke fervidly as a man speaks on his deathbed.

"Tell him—tell him that I pray for grace to forgive him."

That was all. He responded to the warm grasp of Martin's hand; and then he turned away out of sight. The emotions within him were too conflicting to permit him to seek the sympathy he stood so sorely in need of.

The day went by slowly; even Mrs. Serlcote was gentle and subdued, and shed her tears of mingled hope and joy in secret. Julian's return was by no means the same thing to her that it was to her husband. She had nothing to forget, nothing to forgive. There was no room in her mind for more than one idea at a time; and the idea present now was that Julian was coming back. She made no parade of her preparations; but she was happier than any one else in the house because she had so much to prepare.

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Martin had promised to write as soon as possible; "probably that same evening," he had said as he went out; and it was not until the morning came, and there was no letter, that Joshua Serlcote and his household knew how intensely for four-and-twenty hours they had been living on that hasty promise of Martin's.

Nothing was said at breakfast-time, but afterward Agnes and Elizabeth tried to comfort each other. Perhaps Martin had thought that it was not worth while to write; they might be on their way home even now; or Martin might have been careless about posting his letter in time. Neither of these hypotheses was very tenable, as the girls knew but too well; yet there was comfort in trying to maintain them—in ignoring those nine long days that had elapsed between the receipt of Julian's letter and Martin's departure, and all that might have happened in that time.

But when another morning came and there was still no news, words of comfort came less readily, and with less assurance. Not one member of that household acknowledged to another the full agony of the suspense in which they were held. Mrs. Serlcote blamed Martin with all the eloquence that she was possessed of. Let the circumstances be what they might, he ought to have written, she said; hardly any news could be worse than this torturing delay. But no one agreed with her on this latter point. The delay was painful, but hope still lingered behind the pain.

On the third morning the letters had been delivered a little earlier than usual. When Agnes came downstairs her uncle was standing by the open door, leaning there to catch the cool morning breeze. He looked faint, and there was an unopened letter in his hand, which he held out to his niece. It was in Martin's handwriting, and it was not bordered with black.

"Read it—read it to yourself," he said, hurriedly, "and tell me what it contains. I know the news is bad."

Yes, the news was bad. Agnes read on, her face growing paler, the letter in her hand trembling more visibly, her uncle watching her keenly, but patiently.

She looked up at last.

"Martin cannot find Julian," she said, slowly.

"Cannot find him?"

"No; he left the lodging he had been in five days before Martin arrived there. The landlady thinks he left because he did not wish to run more deeply into her debt."

"And he did not say where he was going?"

"He did not know."

"Is that all?"

"No; but will you not read the letter?"

Joshua took it in his hand again, but he could not see the words. There was a mist before his eyes, and a gathering sense of darkness.

"Tell me—tell me the rest," he said, faintly.

"There is not much to tell. Martin is doing all that may be done; advertising, making inquiries everywhere, and by every means."

"Doesn't he say a word of—of Julian's health?" asked the old man, with great effort. It was the

first time that his son's name had passed his lips for nearly three years.

Agnes hesitated. She was quite calm now.

"He only repeats what the landlady said. She thought that the young man could not live many days."

It was only another shock—trouble falling where trouble had been before. It vibrated through the house for a few days, thrilling afresh with every letter that came from Martin, dying down to a dull, hopeless sadness after reading the details of his fruitless search.

For three weeks Martin remained in London—weeks of daily-increasing desperation. When he wrote, he wrote the naked truth; he compelled himself to do this; but all the while he went on hoping against hope, fighting against the despair that beset him with every fresh disappointment.

Then he came back; and even in the first sickening moment of confirmed hopelessness, he drew some of the anxiety of the household upon himself. He was merely a shadow of the Martin Brooke that went out; he was paler, and thinner, and older-looking by years. He had failed so far as his object went, but he had not failed in doing his duty.

CHAPTER XIV.—RELENTING.

Alas! long-suffering and most patient God,
Thou need'st be surelier God to bear with us
Than even to have made us.

Mrs. Browning: Aurora Leigh.

WE have most of us proved for ourselves this truth of Shakespeare's—

"When sorrows come they come not single spies
But in battalions."

We may perhaps fight manfully for awhile, a longer or shorter while according to our strength, but there comes a day when courage fails, when a terrible dread undermines our faith. Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Will He be no more entreated? Is His mercy clean gone for ever?

These crises do not, thank God! come into all lives, but some there are who have to live through the fire of such hours again and again, amazed, stricken, uncomprehending. Hope seems torn from them. Time after time they rise up bravely, yet humbly, tremulously, but only to be cast down lower than before. Even the promises of God's Word seem to lose their meaning—the very promises whereby we had lived and moved in peace and trust for half a lifetime.

And look, "whatsoever he doeth it shall prosper," saith the Psalmist. And look, whatsoever we do, there is no prosperity at all, say we. Our every leaf hangs withered on the bough. We are as trees planted in a barren and dry land where no water is.

In times of great and continued trial such moods may come upon us unawares; but they cannot stay with us unawares; they cannot stay with us without sin.

There is deliverance if we will seek it; strength to seek may be had for the asking. There is no

condition attached. "Ask, and it shall be given you."

If it were possible to know now the things that we shall know hereafter, then trial would cease to try us—to test us. The troubles of this life would seem such notes in the eternal light of the life to come that we should probably watch the course of them with the interest of children watching notes in the sunbeams of a summer's day.

But "we know not now." Herein lies the power, the grand, training, strengthening, perfecting power of suffering.

We might certainly know much more than we do know if we were not so impatient in acquiring the knowledge that can only come through much tribulation.

Still, knowledge must be limited; faith, belief, lies under the restraint.

Even when faith is most difficult we can rest assured that the God, without whose prescience not a sparrow falls to the ground, does not permit our smallest trouble to fall upon us without His deliberate intention.

"Behold, *happy* is the man whom God correcteth."

Let another who has written of the mystery of suffering say a few striking words here.

"You see one to-day loving God and toiling for Him with diligence and fervour, but with strange inconsistencies in character of which he is all unconscious. Pride still rules the will, although it feeds itself with the things of God. You see him not again, it may be for years, but when you meet once more you are struck with his humility, his self-restraint, and his beautiful tenderness. You seek to know the secret of this change, and he tells you that it was in the school of affliction that his character was formed."

Not a wicked man to begin with, mark you, and not tried by some brief ordeal, but trained perfectly *in the school of affliction*.

"Therefore despise not the chastening of the Almighty:"

"For He maketh sore, and bindeth up: He woundeth, and His hands make whole."

"He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee."

No evil, but only good—good that yourself shall yet acknowledge.

"He from the stone will wring celestial dew,
If but the prisoner's heart be faithful found, and true."

Take courage! Hold thee still in the Lord, and abide patiently upon Him!

* * * *

Agnes Dyne strove through those dark long days not impatiently. A new trouble had fallen upon her—upon all of them. Joshua Serlcote was ill, not able to leave his room—very often not able to rise from his bed for days together. Dr. Sargent was puzzled, and this was not to be wondered at. He had some suspicion that he was expected to "minister to a mind diseased"—nay, more than a suspicion, for the old man's mind wandered at times, and betrayed the nature and cause of its disease.

"It was those eight last days that did it," he said, one evening, waking up out of a troubled sleep. He was lying on the sofa by the fire. Agnes and Elizabeth were in the room, and the doctor was seated near his patient, watching the complicated symptoms that made his diagnosis such a difficult matter. To an unpractised eye it might have seemed that Joshua Serlcote had never looked better in his whole life than he did that evening. There was a glow of feverish colour on his face; his grey eye, that had looked so dull and leaden, was bright and blue; his white hair shone in the lamplight like silver thread. He made quite a picture lying there, with his head on a soft crimson cushion.

"Eight whole days," he went on, wanderingly. "Much may happen in that time. It was my doing—I did it. I would not let Agnes open the letter. If I had given her some money to send to him he would have stayed in the lodging, and Martin would have found him there and brought him back. I wanted to do it; all the while I wanted to do it, but I couldn't, I couldn't! I don't know why, I don't know why! I wanted him—I wanted my boy, my Absalom! Oh, Absalom! my son, my son! would to God I had died for thee!"

Then he seemed to rouse himself for a little while—to recognise those about him. He talked quite coherently, making no more mention of his son. The old habit of silence on the point nearest to his heart was strong upon him still in his conscious moments. But these conscious moments did not last long on such evenings as this. Relapse came; he went on betraying himself, causing others to betray themselves, until Dr. Sargent went homeward, thinking as he went that in all his professional experience he had never known anything more inexplicable than this continued grief for such a scapegrace as Julian Serlcote had been.

As the autumn deepened into winter, contrary to any one's expectation Joshua Serlcote began to recover, and went on recovering up to a certain point. There he stopped, a broken-down, worn-out old man with one idea.

It was not, as people hinted, softening of the brain that he suffered from, but softening of the heart that had been over-hardened.

He tried to attend to business matters as usual, but it was well for him and for his wife and children that he had Martin Brooke at his right hand. More and more he grew to rely upon Martin. His pride and his reserve had deserted him altogether. Care and attention, and even tenderness, were accepted by him gratefully now, and there was no lack of these things. Sorrow had wrought strange changes in that hard, narrow household in the Corn Market.

Still it was a sad household. The shadow of the great grief that had rested upon it was slow to pass away. The end of it—if end it had proved—had been so dark and bewildering. Even that strong, almost deathless hope of Agnes's had been crushed. There were times when it seemed to her that it would have been rest and comfort to have seen Julian die, or even to have known

certainly that he had been seen to die. But she spoke to no one of her own grief. When she spoke of Julian at all it was to comfort his father.

Latterly Joshua Serlcote had fallen into a habit into which people who have much care and sorrow often fall, a habit of talking to himself as he went about the house. He had only one topic—that lost son of his whom he might have found if he would.

That was all his misery now. His prodigal son had returned, in heart, if not in person. "And I didn't go out to meet him," the old man would murmur, shaking his head; "no, I didn't run to meet him. I forbid him to come near; I barred my door, and he fell down and died, and I never cared.

"No, no, not that; what am I saying? I did care; I cared with all my soul; but I was mad; I know I was mad; I didn't know what I was doing."

One day Agnes overheard him. She had caught her own name. "Agnes said the Good Shepherd laid His sheep on His shoulder," her uncle was saying, mournfully. She went to his side, and put her hand within his arm soothingly.

"Doesn't that comfort you, Uncle Joshua?" she asked.

"Comfort me! No; how can it comfort me? What did I do?"

"I was not thinking of what you did; I was thinking of what the Good Shepherd did for our wanderer, how He sought him and found him, and—if He took him home, how tenderly He took him. Sometimes it comforts me when I can find no other comfort."

"If He took him home! Why do you say, 'if'?"

"Because I am not sure that Julian is dead," the girl replied, with an emphasis that betrayed to herself the existence of a feeling she had hardly dared to suspect herself of entertaining.

CHAPTER XV.—IN THE SNOW.

Might I not tell
Of difference, reconciliation, pledges given,
And vows, where there was never need of vows,
And kisses, where the heart on one wild leap
Hung tranced from all pulsation.

Tennyson.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE that year was a clear still time. A light snow had fallen a day or two before, and had been followed by a frost; the air was calm—almost mild in its utter calmness.

The night of Christmas Eve was a night of unusual beauty. The dark indigo sky was studded with brightly burning stars. The snow-covered roofs of the houses of Lyme-St.-Mary's stood out in clear relief. The silence was only broken by the bells at midnight. They rang out as usual, having a message for whosoever would listen—a message of peace and joy and holy mirth.

The moon rose late, heightening the beauty and holiness of the night or rather of the morning. Her first rays fell slowly athwart the white roofs,

came slanting down into the deserted street. They were not quite deserted; one tall slight figure was wandering there. He had been wandering all night in the shadow of the houses; moving slowly from street to street, stopping to rest, moving on again, and again resting.

Was he wandering aimlessly? or did he need strength of mind or of body to carry out his aim? He seemed to avoid one street, the Corn Market. More than once he turned away after he had entered it.

The morning wore on, calmly, silently, gloriously. The moon shone out more brightly, silvering the church tower, the rime-laden trees, the quaint chimney stacks. The tall slowly moving figure still sought what shade there was to be found, but he began to rest more frequently, and for longer spaces of time.

Suddenly he seemed to make a great effort. He rose to his feet, stood awhile, covering his face with his hands; then he went on evidently with more of resoluteness than of strength to support him.

He was not the only man in Lyme-St.-Mary's who was watching the dawn of that Christmas Day. The sweet holiness of the night had been mingled with bitter memories for Joshua Serlcote; too bitter to permit him to sleep. It seemed to him that if he could have gone back a year of his life—but one year, he might have been happier. The sin of unforgiveness had been on his soul even then, but he had not been hardened and harrowed with the knowledge of the consequence of his sin.

He had risen early. The house was chill and dim; he went about with his candle in his hand, but he could find no place inviting enough to induce him to sit down. The empty grates were white with ashes; the dreary ghost of the day before lingered everywhere.

Presently he went out to the narrow high-walled garden at the back of the house. The moon was disappearing; one by one the stars were fading out of the sky, somewhere beyond the horizon of Lyme-St.-Mary's the dawn might be appearing. There was a strange mingling of lights and shadows. The ivy that hung from the wall was covered with hoar frost; the lightly-lying snow looked soft and pure. No sound fell through the silence.

There was something strangely impressive about that Christmas morning. Joshua Serlcote walked up and down the path nearest to the outer wall, feeling wrought upon, he knew not how, he dreamed not why. He was conscious of no presentiment, of no particular emotion save his sadness and remorse; yet still there seemed to be something that he could neither understand nor define. He could best express it to himself by saying that he felt as if he were not alone, as if some one were watching him as he walked so heavily to and fro.

There was no one watching him, but the feeling grew upon him irresistibly, making him even more nervous and restless than before. The light was strengthening a little; he could see into the nooks and corners, behind the old broken

fountain, and under the leafless blackthorn bush. There was not so much as a stray sparrow to break his solitude.

There was a narrow round-topped door in the wall, half-hidden by the ivy; in his restlessness he unbolted it and peered out. No one was stirring. The shutters of the opposite houses were closed, the upper blinds drawn; the strange lights and the deep blue shadows were full of mystery.

He stood for a little while, leaning against the doorpost. Was he falling asleep? Was he dreaming? Was it in a horrible nightmare that he saw a man lying dead almost at his feet?

dead or living he knew not. He had not strength left within him to discern.

Faintness came over him, but he made a desperate effort to keep his consciousness. He never knew how he reached Martin's room, nor had he any recollection of the things that followed. When he came fully to himself he was in Julian's room, and his wife was crying softly.

He raised himself and looked round. It had been no dream. Dr. Sargent was bending over Julian, who was lying on his own bed with closed eyes and pallid face. Agnes was there too and Elizabeth, but all was very still, very silent.



HE SPOKE, BUT THERE WAS NO ANSWER.

Joshua Serlcote did not move; he had no power to move. He stood for a moment fascinated by terror. The dark figure was lying in the shadow of the wall, close to the garden door.

The old man recovered himself presently. Perhaps it was only some reveller sleeping off his night's revel in the snow.

He spoke, but there was no answer. Then he stooped and touched the figure as it lay; it was quite chill, almost rigid.

He had not much strength to spare, but he strove to raise the unconscious head a little. A strange tremor came over him as he did so. The man's features were turned downward and away from him, but the fair hair with the rich deep curves struck him as the perfume of a dead rose strikes the man whose heart's love is dead, and who has nothing that he can see with his eyes or touch with his hands save that withered memory-laden flower.

Another moment and Joshua Serlcote knew that he held in his arms his own son, but whether

It was some time before the old man could speak. At last he said, faintly,

"Tell me—tell me; is he dead?"

"No, he is not dead," some one said, in a whisper.

It was Martin who answered, and then Joshua knew that Martin was supporting him.

No, Julian was not dead; he was alive again. He had been lost, now he was found. He was at home, in his own room, among his own people, and he knew it, but he could make no sign.

It was late in the evening of that eventful Christmas Day before Joshua Serlcote found himself alone with his son. Julian had gradually recovered; he was able to speak; but yet these two had said no word to each other.

The old man had had to plead earnestly for these few minutes, and he had promised to say little, to say nothing that might cause agitation. Martin had agreed with him that it might possibly set Julian's heart at rest and tend to his reco-

very, if he were given to know that he might again feel at one with his father.

Joshua Serlcote bent over his son as he might have done over a little child. His worn, anxious face was in strange contrast to Julian's, which was wan and sad, but was already beginning to take on the expression of unutterable calm seen only on the faces of those who have had but small hope of living out the storm.

It was a strangely changed face; none of those who had looked upon it had felt that they were looking upon the Julian Serlcote they had known before. They had yet to make acquaintance with this patience, this gentleness, this new humility.

There was silence between the father and son for a few moments. Their eyes met, and each knew that there was but little to be said. Presently Julian put out his thin, wasted hand.

"Forgive me, father!" he said, brokenly.

And the old man burst into tears.

"Forgive *me*, Julian—forgive *me*!" he cried. No more words were said.

EPILOGUE.

Nor deem the irrevocable past
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain

Longfellow.

NO wise writer of fiction attempts the rehabilitation of the character that has served him as his point of darkest shade. The process interferes with the fine proportion required by a quick sense of the artistic. Thus we have to leave Becky Sharpe playing out a play consistent to the last; Tito Melena lies dead on the banks of the Arno; Hetty Sorrel's grave is in a foreign

land; and so it is through almost the entire list of works of real art.

As we have said, the writers are wise in their generation, but it may be that the generations to come will dare to look into the face of human truth even when her aspect is not poetically consistent. Has human nature grown shallower? If a man sin as heinously as David sinned, is it not possible that he should repent as heartily, return as completely? We would have our heroes heroic from the beginning, not made heroic by rising

"on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

If the painting of return and repentance be difficult to the writer of fiction, we may rest assured that the actual living out of such change is not easy in fact. Apart from all the difficulties that come to a man from within lie the yet more inexplicable difficulties that come from without. This is beyond all question a Christian land, but nothing astonishes the majority of its people more than any visible real result of Christianity.

Julian had much to live down—the doubt of one set of his fellow-townpeople, the amusement of another, the cold contempt of a third; but he did live these things down, and bravely. Joshua Serlcote lived to see his son an honoured man, and trusted; lived to see his niece a happy woman, much loved and much loving; lived to find joy in the affection of his little grandchildren, who grew up about his knee; and lived to thank God, if not in the words, at least in the spirit of our master-poet—

"Let one more attest,
I have lived, seen God's hand through a lifetime,
And all was for best."

Spring.

[Suggested by the discovery, deep in the soil, of spring vegetation in an advanced state of development during the winter months.]

I THOUGHT of the Spring as a weaver—
A weaver that toils in the night.
In the darkness that winter has brought,
With the threads that the winter has wrought,
She weaves, by her fingers so deft,
On the warp that the autumn has left,
A couch for the morning light.
She weaves from the shades,
She weaves from the showers,
The tenderest blades,
The daintiest flowers.
She uses the flakes of the snow as a weft,
And the fleece of the purple cloud,

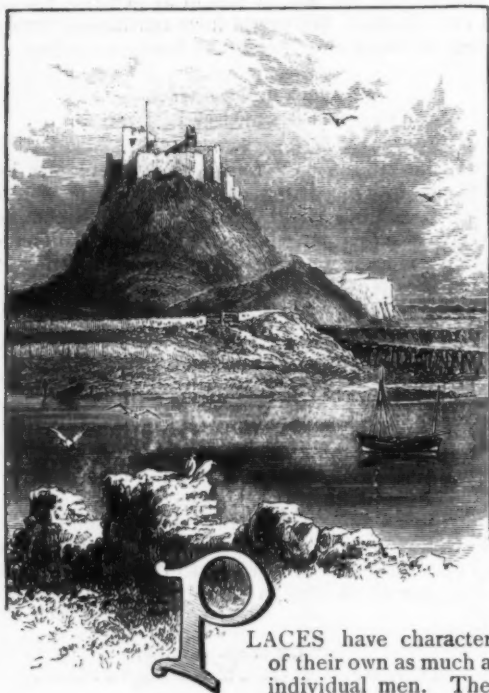
And the faint yellow rays,
Which the short winter days
Have gleaned from the sunlight that autumn has left:
And she gives from her loom,
To dissipate gloom,
The snowdrop and crocus, the primrose—that pales
When issues the daffodil proud—
And the delicate grass that in rapture inhales
The violet's perfume.
I thought of the Spring as a weaver—
An artist that labours for ever.

C. T. TALLENT-BATEMAN.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SHIRES.

BY THE REV. M. CREIGHTON, PROFESSOR OF ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

I.—NORTHUMBERLAND.



PLACES have characters of their own as much as individual men. They owe their distinctive features to the same causes as do men—to their ancestry in the past. England is united into one country, just in the same way as all Englishmen form part of one race. But though England forms one country, its districts differ greatly from one another. A north country man finds it hard to understand what is said by a dweller in the south. Habits of life, manners, customs, all have strong marks of peculiarity. But year by year these peculiarities are growing less strong, as people move about more freely, and do not always live and die in the place where they were born. These differences between different parts of England have arisen because the folk came of rather different stocks, and because the nature of the country they lived in, and the things that happened many years ago, made their lives take different shapes.

There is much to be learned from trying to see how these local peculiarities arose. They generally follow the lines of the divisions of the shires. Indeed, the shires are, many of them, earlier than the kingdom of England, and carry us back to times when the shires were kingdoms in themselves, and managed their own affairs. Though the shires are now only divisions of the English kingdom, they still keep the traces of their independent life, and each of them has much that is

peculiar to itself. Though they have all shared in the history and the fortunes of England as a whole, yet each has had a history and a fortune of its own, which has left its mark upon it.

It is my purpose to tell some of the leading events of the history of the chief English shires, and I begin with Northumberland, which has perhaps had the most striking history of any of them.

The very name Northumberland takes us at once a long way back—it takes us to the time when all the land along the east coast, from the Humber to the Frith of Forth, was one kingdom. When the English came as invaders, in their long boats, from the land that is now called Sleswig, large numbers of them pressed up the River Tweed and drove away the native Britons. Presently the scattered tribes of the invaders were united under a king, Ida, called the Flame-bearer by the trembling Britons; and Ida fixed his royal residence on the basalt crag of Bamborough, which rises steep above sea and land alike. Ida's rule soon reached from the Forth to the Tees, while another kingdom had been formed between the Tees and the Humber by another English chieftain. These two kingdoms—Bernicia and Deira, as they were called—soon went to war with one another. They were long united under powerful rulers, and formed the great northern kingdom of Northumberland. But after a time the Danes conquered the southern kingdom of Deira and settled there. The land between the Tees and Tyne was given to the great Church of Durham, and formed a county by itself. The land between the Tweed and the Forth was handed over to the Scottish king because he could govern it most easily. The land between the Tyne and the Tweed was left sole heir to the title of the great kingdom of Northumberland, which had more than once seemed likely to bring the rest of England under its sway.

The present county of Northumberland, then, is the central part of an old English kingdom, from which it takes its name. That old kingdom did great things in early times. Above all else, the story of its conversion to Christianity shows us what the Church did for English civilisation, and how rapid was the progress of our forefathers in the days of old. At first these little kingdoms of the English were engaged in constant war with the Britons, and their fortunes rose and fell with great rapidity. In 635 the Northumbrian kingdom was invaded by the Welsh, and was helpless before them. It had no king, and sent for one of the royal line who had been driven into exile. Oswald had taken refuge amongst the Picts, and found a home in the monastery of Iona, which had been founded by missionaries from

Ireland. There Oswald learned Christianity, and when he went back to Northumberland he advanced to meet the Welsh army full of trust in God. He met the foe near Hexham, and before the battle called his people together and told them of his belief that God would be on their side if they too would believe in Him. The people agreed that if they won the day they would become Christians. Then Oswald made a wooden cross as a standard for his army. Round it he fought, and the Welsh invaders were completely defeated. He called the place of his battle Heavenfield, and sent at once to Iona for priests to teach his people.

The first missionaries went back to Iona dispirited; they could make no impression on the stubborn and barbarous folk. The monks listened sadly to their tale, till Aidan spoke out, "Were you not too severe for this unlearned people? Did you not give them strong meat when you should have fed them with the milk of the Word?" Then all exclaimed, "Aidan shall go!" Aidan went to Northumberland and laboured with gentleness and kindness. He could not speak the English tongue, and for some time King Oswald interpreted his words as he preached to the lords of his court. Aidan's words carried conviction. Churches of wood were built, and monasteries were endowed by the king to be the homes of the new preachers; they wandered through the scantily-peopled land, and men flocked on all sides to hear them. Aidan, as bishop, set up his seat at the little island of Lindisfarne, since called Holy Island, which lies off the coast just north of Bamburgh. It was a bleak but quiet spot, which served to remind him of his old home of Iona, which he had left with sorrow. King Oswald and Bishop Aidan worked lovingly together. Oswald died in battle against the heathen, and his last words were, "Lord have mercy on their souls!" Aidan, as he felt his end approaching, was carried to the church of Bamburgh, and died in prayer holding to a beam of the church wall.

Christian Northumberland helped to spread Christianity among the neighbouring kingdoms. Its people learned from the monks the beginnings of a settled life. The monkish missionaries built their monasteries along the river valleys in convenient spots. They cleared away the trees and tilled the land. They lived simply and gave ready hospitality to all who came to visit them. They set up schools and sent forth preachers on all sides. The monasteries were the only homes of peace amid the tumult of ceaseless war. But a great question soon arose about the position of the Church in England. Southern England received its Christianity from missionaries who came from Rome: northern England was converted by missionaries from Ireland. The Irish Church had not followed quite the same lines as the Roman Church. There were differences in the time of keeping Easter and in other points of ritual and organisation. The organisation of the Roman Church was stronger than that of the Irish Church, and many men in Northumberland preferred it. Quarrels arose between

the two churches, till at last the Northumbrian king Oswiu called his Wise Men together at Whitby in 664 to discuss what was to be done. He decided that it was better to follow the customs of the great majority of Christian people. Many of the Irish missionaries went away. Those who remained submitted to the rules of the Church of Rome.

But the work of the Irish missionaries was carried on by a Northumbrian who had been trained in their ways. A shepherd lad, by name Cuthbert, was feeding his sheep on the Lammermoor hills on the night that Aidan died. He saw meteors fall through the sky, and when he heard of Aidan's death he said that he had seen the angels who had come to carry Aidan's soul to heaven. He resolved to give himself to God's service, and entered the nearest monastery at Melrose. The labours of Cuthbert, his holy and his simple life, enabled him to win the hearts of men. The former missionaries had been strangers: Cuthbert was a Northumbrian peasant who knew how to speak to all manner of men. After much work for others he withdrew to live as a hermit on one of the Farne Islands which lie off Bamburgh. Birds and beasts are said to have loved him and listened to his words. He could not be left in quiet, for all men wished him to be bishop. Cuthbert refused, till King Egfrith himself sailed to his island and compelled him to take the office. For three years Cuthbert wandered on foot through his diocese, exhorting and



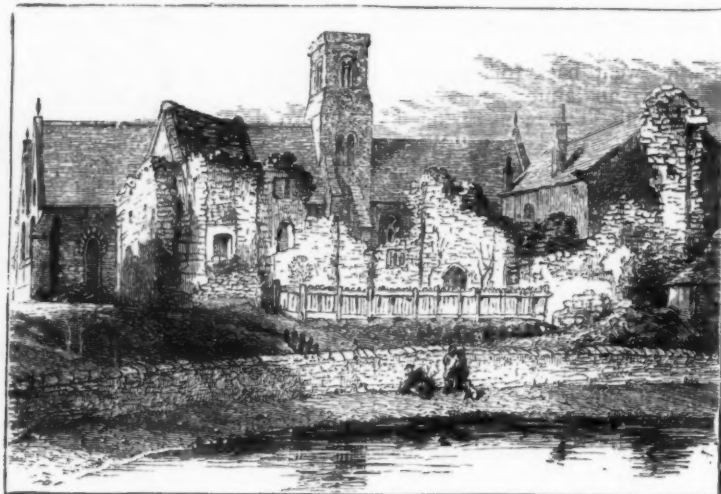
GATE AT LINDISFARNE.

confirming all men. Then he went back to his island cell to die in peace. Men loved and honoured him; Lindisfarne became famous be-

cause it was the resting-place of Cuthbert's bones. St. Cuthbert was taken by the men of the north for their patron saint.

Meanwhile the union with the Roman Church brought greater civilisation to Northumberland. Pilgrimages to Rome were frequent, and the knowledge of many things was brought back by the pilgrims. Two Northumbrians of noble birth, Wilfrid and Benedict Biscop, made Northumberland famous throughout Europe. Benedict Biscop founded monasteries at Wearmouth and Jarrow,

St. John's Gospel, and went on dictating as long as he could. With difficulty he reached the last chapter. "There is still one sentence unwritten," said his scribe. "Write quickly," said Bede, as he dictated it. "It's done," said the boy, joyfully. "You speak the truth," answered Bede; "it is finished. Turn me to the place where I used to pray." Then on the floor of his cell he sang the "Gloria" and breathed his last. Literature can give no more touching picture of the life and death of the devoted student.



JARROW CHURCH AND RUINS OF MONASTERY.

and built there churches of stone such as he had seen at Rome. Hitherto the buildings of the English had been of turf, wattles, or wood. A church made of oaken beams was regarded as magnificent. Benedict Biscop set the example of building in stone. He brought also glass-makers, adorned his church with pictures, and even allured from Rome the chief singer of the pope's chapel that he might teach the English the use of sacred song. Benedict Biscop's example was followed by Wilfrid, who founded monasteries and built churches at Ripon and at Hexham.

Benedict Biscop did still more good by bringing books to his monastery at Wearmouth. He founded there a library and set up what was really a great university. The monastery of Jarrow produced the earliest and one of the greatest of English scholars. Bede was a native of Wearmouth, who at the age of seven was committed to Benedict's care. His whole life was spent in study. He taught and wrote on all the subjects that were known in his days—philosophy, arithmetic, poetry, above all, theology. But his great work was an "Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation," a book which makes us love the writer and admire the force and nobility of the times about which it tells. Bede's history is a splendid memorial of the power of Christianity to civilise and exalt the lives of men. Bede died in 735, and on his deathbed continued to teach his scholars. He was busied with the translation of

Bede lived long enough to see the approaching end of the greatness of the Northumbrian kingdom. There were disputes about the succession to the throne; the nobles grew powerful and promoted discord. Even the monasteries lost their original purity. The monastic life had become fashionable, and monasteries were unduly multiplied. Men entered them for the purpose of living a quiet life and escaping trouble rather than from any higher motive. There were signs of disorganisation on every side; and when the ships of the Norse pirates began to attack the eastern coast, Northumberland could offer little resistance. The heathen Northmen were tempted by the treasures of the monasteries, which were mostly built along the coast. Lindisfarne and Jarrow were both sacked. The civilisation of Northumberland began to wane and its force declined. In 822 the great northern kingdom submitted to the over-lordship of Egbert the West Saxon king.

The ravages of the Danes almost swept away the traces of Benedict Biscop, of Wilfrid, and of Bede. The Danes settled in the southern part of the Northumbrian kingdom, which is now called Yorkshire. The northern part was left under its own rulers, but was made tributary to the Danes. Its people were left unchanged by any mixture of Danish blood; and the men who dwell between the Tyne and the Forth may still claim to be of purer English race than any other dwellers in

our island. The Danish parts of England were gradually won back by the West Saxon kings, and Northumberland made submission to Edward the Elder in 924. But the men of the north were lawless and hard to reduce to order. Northumberland ceased to be a kingdom, but was ruled by an earl chosen from its old royal line. The life of Earl Uhtred may serve as an example of the wild spirit which had grown up amongst the Northumbrian folk. Uhtred had covenanted to marry the daughter of a wealthy citizen on condition that he slew an enemy of her father. Uhtred's projected marriage was given up in favour of a nobler bride, the daughter of King Ethelred. But the man whom he had sworn to kill could not forgive him for his promise. He waited for years till Uhtred's fortunes had waned, and then slew him in the presence of King Cnut. Uhtred's son slew the slayer of his father, and the slain man's son vowed revenge in turn. The two enemies lived in constant terror of one another, till their friends came between them and exhorted them to forgiveness. The two men met and vowed friendship: to make their vows sure they undertook a pilgrimage to Rome. When they reached the coast, the sea was stormy and they returned. On their way back the old passion for revenge, which had been freed from any religious obligation, suddenly broke forth, and one slew his unsuspecting fellow as they rode together through a wood. We see from the story how law and order had ceased to prevail in Northumberland, and the personal duty of revenging blood had taken the place of justice.

When William the Norman became king of England and set up a stronger government, he found it hard to bring into obedience the unruly north. The earls whom he sent to govern it met with violent ends. At length he made the Bishop of Durham, Walcher, Earl of Northumberland. Walcher did not please the Northumbrians, and he summoned them to a conference at Gateshead to talk over their grievances. As he spoke a cry was raised in the crowd, "Short rede good rede: slay ye the bishop," and Walcher was slaughtered at the chapel door. The king resolved to crush the spirit of this turbulent folk. Northumberland was harried by his troops, and the king's son Robert laid the foundations of a strong castle on the bank of the Tyne opposite the spot where Walcher was slain. The castle was called the New Castle, because an old Roman camp stood near its site. Round this castle houses were built, which grew into the great city of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the centre of the industrial life of northern England.

It would seem that lawlessness was in the air of Northumberland. The Norman earl, Robert Mowbray, who was sent to govern it, did good service by killing in battle near Alnwick Malcolm, King of Scotland, who invaded the land. But Mowbray engaged in rebellion against William Rufus and held the castle of Bamburgh against the royal troops. Sieges were difficult in those days, and all that William Rufus could do was to erect opposite Bamburgh a wooden castle of his

own, which had given to it the appropriate name of Malvoisin, the evil neighbour. The siege went on slowly, till Mowbray was led to leave his fortress by the promise that Newcastle would open its gates to him. By night he stole from Bamburgh with only thirty men, and was pursued by the garrison of Malvoisin. When he reached Newcastle he found that he was disappointed of his welcome. He was made prisoner and taken back to Bamburgh. Then he was led to the gate, and his wife was summoned to surrender unless she was prepared to see her husband's eyes put out there and then. The threat was more than her courage could bear. Bamburgh was given up to the king, and William Rufus determined to appoint no more earls to govern Northumberland. The last remains of its old independence were swept away, and the earldom of Northumberland was vested in the English Crown.

It was, however, still a question whether it was worth the while of the English king to keep such a possession as Northumberland. The weak king Stephen gave it to the Scottish king for the sake of peace, and for some years Northumberland was under Scottish rule. But Henry II swept away all the traces of Stephen's misgovernment, and reclaimed Northumberland as English ground. William the Lion, king of Scotland, took advantage of Henry II's difficulties after Becket's murder and ravaged Northumberland. He met with so little resistance that his army dispersed to plunder. A thick fog came on, during which the Scottish king rode at random. The fog suddenly cleared away, and William found himself close to Alnwick Castle, with only sixty horsemen. He was attacked and taken prisoner by a body of English knights, and after that Northumberland had peace for a time. But Scotland was always watching for an opportunity to attack the English Border, and Edward I's attempt to reduce the Scottish kingdom to subjection to England opened up a long period of almost constant warfare between the two countries.

The brunt of this warfare fell upon the Border lands, and the chief features of Northumberland at the present day tell a tale of constant struggles. The villages and towns in the northern part of the county would strike the stranger as singularly cold and bare. There are no picturesque houses of any antiquity. The architecture is severe, simple, and solid. There are few traces of ornament even in the few ancient churches which have any pretensions to architectural beauty. The reason is that for centuries the dwellers in Northumberland encamped rather than dwelt on their land. The villages are small and at long distances from one another. North of the mining district in the south of the county, Morpeth, with a population of 4,000, and Alnwick with a population of 7,000, are the only important places for forty miles. The farmhouses, each with its row of houses for the farm labourers, are all modern buildings, erected for the convenience of the farm holding. The old villages did not possess houses fit for the labourers to dwell in. Northumberland of to-day, for all purposes of daily life, bears a

most modern look, and has been arranged for the convenience of modern needs. On the other hand, Northumberland is full of castles, some in ruins, some fitted up for residence, and many of its country houses have been built round ancient towers.

This is easily explained if we consider the conditions of life which the constant warfare on the Borders naturally produced. The king built castles for the defence of the country against the Scots, such as Norham on the Tweed, Bam-

generally from the first floor by means of a plank which could easily be withdrawn. It was surrounded by a strong palisade of wood. These towers were places of refuge when a raid was made by plundering Scots. The people drove their cattle hastily inside the palisade and then mounted up into the tower. If the Scots were only making a rapid dash for booty they drove away the cattle which they found unprotected, but did not waste time in attacking a guarded post. If the Scots meant more serious business



NORHAM CASTLE.

burgh on the coast, and Newcastle on the Tyne. The lords who held lands in Northumberland followed his example, and their castles, or the sites of their castles, may be seen at Wark on the Tweed, Etal, Ford, and Chillingham along the Till, Dunstanborough on the coast, Alnwick on the Aln, Warkworth and Harbottle on the Coquet, Bothal, Morpeth, and Mitford on the Wansbeck, and Prudhoe on the Tyne. These castles were strongholds, situated in a large courtyard, which was surrounded by a wall, strengthened here and there by towers. They could hold garrisons and stand a long siege. Besides the larger and more important castles, a number of towers were scattered over the country. Some of these were large and some were small, according as they belonged to a more or less important person. Their principle, however, was in every case the same. The tower was of strong and solid masonry, and its entrance was

they could of course force the palisade and carry off the cattle, but the men and their movable goods escaped. Often, however, these peel towers had to stand a siege, when their assailants first drove the garrison by their arrows from the loopholes in the tower, and then piled wet straw round the walls, and set it on fire so as to smoke them out.

The peel towers were of varying sizes. Some were fairly comfortable dwellings in ordinary times; some were mere places of refuge in out-of-the-way spots. Some, again, were the dwellings of the clergy, who gave shelter to their neighbours in time of need. At Corbridge, on the Tyne, stands such a one, close to the church. We still can trace a stone slab by the side of the narrow window, which was so placed as to form a desk for the priest's book that he might get all the light he could for his reading. In some cases the tower of the church was built on the model of a

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peel, standing square and massive, that it might receive at the time of need those who dwelt beneath its shadow. In other cases, farmhouses seem to have been built upon the same model. The ground floor was a vaulted stable for the cattle, which might be reached from the dwelling-room above by means of a trap-door.

These defences, however, only served for a portion of the dwellers in Northumberland. In 1465 there were thirty-seven castles and seventy-eight towers. The castles mostly contained small garrisons of soldiers; the towers were the residences of the well-to-do folk. The mass of the people lived in villages, within reach of a castle or a tower if possible. It was not worth while building houses, which would be in constant danger of destruction. Poverty was the best defence against pillage. A man who had often to flee for his life did not care to encumber himself with baggage. The ordinary houses were built of mud, turf, or wooden beams. The floor was hollowed out, and the roof was supported by a beam rising from the centre of the floor. The cattle often shared the

houses with their masters. There was no furniture save of the rudest kind. Weapons for war were the most precious possessions of the borderer. Yet the prevailing insecurity did not destroy agricultural life. The village communities held lands in common; they tilled them diligently and reared their cattle. They were accustomed to the daily risks they ran, and only grew more sturdy and vigorous through their hard training.

The defence of the Borders was committed at the end of the thirteenth century to officials appointed by the Crown, who were called Lords Wardens. The English border was divided into three marches—east, middle, and west—each of which had a warden. At first the office was held by the chief lords in the district—generally the Earls of Northumberland, who had their strong castle at Alnwick. The Castle of Harbottle was the seat of the warden of the middle marches, and the castle of Carlisle was held by the warden of the eastern march. These wardens had to arrange with the other lords of lands within their



WARKWORTH CASTLE.

district how many men each was to have in readi-



PEEL TOWER, CORBRIDGE.

ness for war. Each village had to supply its contingent, and, from the records of the number of men capable of bearing arms at different times, we see that the agricultural parts of Northumberland maintained a larger population in early times than they do at the present day.

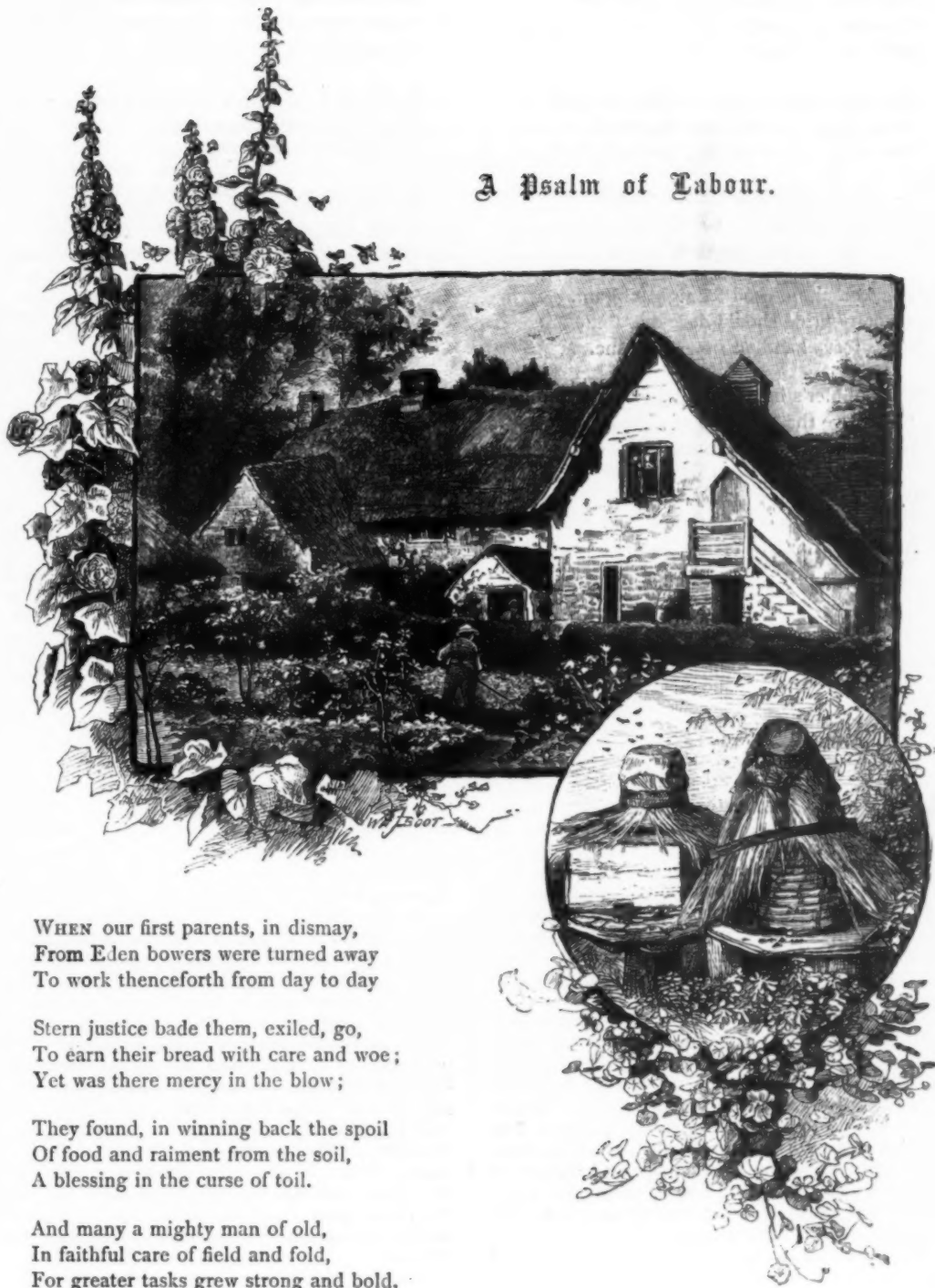
The long war between England and Scotland had some periods of truce, but these did not much affect the borderers, who lived in a state of perpetual warfare, and had a code of honour of their own. They delighted in deeds of daring, and were proud of their doings. Nowhere were minstrels more frequent than on their borders; no part of England has so large a store of martial ballads. Most famous of these is the "Ballad of Chevy Chase," of which Sir Philip Sidney wrote that "it stirred his blood like the sound of a trumpet." It owed its origin to the Battle of Otterburn in 1388, which may be taken as a sample of the nature of border warfare. The Scots, taking advantage of the disturbed state of England, ravaged the country round Carlisle and carried off three hundred prisoners, besides much cattle. Encouraged by their success, an army led by the Earl of Douglas entered Northumberland, wasted part of Durham, threatened Newcastle, and then retired leisurely along the Reed Valley, laden with booty. Henry, Lord Percy, who won the name of Hotspur by his prowess, pursued them and attacked their camp at Otterburn, where they had halted for the night. A desperate battle was fought in the moonlight with varying fortunes. Earl Douglas was slain; Henry Percy and his brother were taken prisoners. Both sides claimed the victory, but the Scots returned home with the greater part of their booty.

How serious were the results of this devastating war may be gathered from the fact that in 1380 we are told the Scots carried off from England forty thousand head of cattle. It is no wonder that an Italian traveller through Northumberland in the year 1435 regarded it as sunk in hopeless barbarism. Only in Newcastle did he seem to be in a world which he knew. The rest of the land was "uninhabitable, uncultivated, horrible."



ROMAN WALL.

A Psalm of Labour.



WHEN our first parents, in dismay,
From Eden bowers were turned away
To work thenceforth from day to day

Stern justice bade them, exiled, go,
To earn their bread with care and woe;
Yet was there mercy in the blow;

They found, in winning back the spoil
Of food and raiment from the soil,
A blessing in the curse of toil.

And many a mighty man of old,
In faithful care of field and fold,
For greater tasks grew strong and bold.

The future leader of his race
Served Jethro in a desert place,
When God spake with him, face to face.

The man of valour—warrior born—
As champion of the host was sworn
When threshing out his father's corn.

The youth who slew the foe abhorred,
Changed shepherd's staff for giant's sword,
And won the battles of the Lord.

And still, where threshing-flails resound,
Some angel watchers may be found ;
The fields we till are holy ground,

If, while we work in earnest mood,
For needed stores of earthly food,
We learn to covet heavenly good.

The workshop, used for rightful gain,
No petty pride should dare disdain,
Since Jesus handled saw and plane.

The cobbler's bench, to fame unknown,
May prove the footstool of a throne,
When God shall recompense His own.

O Master, Lord of glory now,
The sweat of toil hath dewed Thy brow,
A workman and a servant Thou !

By those long 'prentice years that sped
'Neath the low roof of Nazareth's shed,
In humble toil for daily bread,

By Thine own choice of men to be
Disciples of such high degree,
From fisher-folk of Galilee,—

By that last morning at the lake
When Thou the fire of coals didst make,
And spread the meal for love's dear sake,—

Teach us the joy true service brings,
And show to us, Thy priests and kings,
The sacredness of common things !

Show us, O Lord, what crowns are won,
And welcomes earned at set of sun,
By lowly labour rightly done ;

So shall we toil, with gladness shod,
Rejoicing that on sea or sod
We are co-workers with our God.

MARY ROWLES.

CURIOSITIES OF MUSIC.

IV.—CONDUCTORS AND CONDUCTING.

WITHOUT a conductor as controlling magician, every ordinary company of vocalists or instrumentalists would be only a musical mob capable of any extravagance and liable to commit any conceivable stupidity. Conducting, then, in some shape or other, has without doubt been an important business ever since music became an affair of numbers and ceased to limit itself to solitary songs and solos on primitive pipes and flutes.

Such direction, however, as we are familiar with nowadays, in which the conductor stands in front of his musical army, and, with his back to the audience, beats time with a wand or bâton, is a comparatively modern practice. The first to introduce it into this country appears to have been Pelham Humphrey, who brought the fashion from the Continent, when, about 1667, he returned to England, as Pepys says, "full of form, and confidence, and vanity, and disparaging everything and everybody's skill but his own."

That it was a custom flourishing to some extent abroad as early at least as the middle of the seventeenth century we may see from the ornamentation of a beautiful harpsichord, once the property of Handel and now in South Kensington Museum. The instrument was made in 1651, and on the soundboard is painted a Concert of Monkeys, one of whom stands as conductor in

the midst of his companions, and beats time with a regular bâton.

The example of Humphrey does not seem to have gone for much, and we do not find the conductor's stick taking root in England as readily as in foreign parts. For many a long day the conductor sat at the harpsichord, directing the general style of playing, and when harpsichords grew antiquated he was found at the pianoforte. "It does not appear that he beat time continuously," says Sir George Grove, "or in any way influenced the band, or did more than put in a few chords now and then when the orchestra was going astray, which when heard must have had a very bad effect." More important functions were discharged by the chief of the first violins, who got the name of leader—the *Concertmeister* of the Germans: he indicated the length of the pauses and any alterations of movement by signs with his bow, and gave an occasional hint to unsteady players by tapping on his desk or stamping with his feet.

It is impossible to say exactly when the custom of conducting from the piano came to an end and the reign of the bâton began. Likely enough the two systems were carried on for a long time simultaneously. Spohr did something towards the abolition of the old method during his first visit to England in 1820. The conductor's bâton

had never been used at a concert of the Philharmonic Society till in that year, after having overcome the opposition of some of the directors, Spohr introduced it at a performance of his Symphony in D Minor. "Henceforth," he says in his Autobiography, "no one was ever again seen seated at the piano during the performance of symphonies and overtures."

But old ways die hard. As late as 1835 we find a writer in the "Musical Library" speaking with evident disapprobation of "the introduction of the foreign system of conducting by some one with a bâton, superseding the leader in his important duty."

Composers might be expected to shine as conductors, but there are many examples to the contrary. When Schumann, to give an illustrious instance, took the bâton in hand he invariably failed to distinguish himself. He was too much taken up with his own thoughts to make a good director of large masses, besides which he was wanting in sympathy, enterprise, and presence of mind, all of which are indispensable. If the playing of a piece did not please him he just had it repeated from the beginning; if there was no improvement it was done once more; than he lost his temper. Instructive criticism and the isolated practice of difficult passages were quite out of his way. "He even found a difficulty," we are told, "in starting at a given *tempo*; nay, he sometimes shrank from giving any initial beat; so that some energetic pioneer would begin without waiting for the signal and without incurring Schumann's wrath."

Beethoven as a conductor was still worse. Even before his hearing failed so as to render him incapable of leadership he was often far too easygoing, and at rehearsal would not take the trouble to repeat passages that went badly. "They will go better to-morrow," he would say. His enthusiasm, too, made him often break the time. He was most particular, however, about expression and all the niceties of light and shade.

The motions with which he conveyed his meaning were extravagant. Spohr when at Vienna in 1813 for the first time saw him conduct at a concert, and records that the great master's oddities astonished him very much. "Beethoven," he says, "had accustomed himself to indicate the marks of expression by all kinds of peculiar movements. Whenever a *sforzando* occurred he would vehemently open both arms, which had before been crossed on his chest. For a *piano* he would bend down, and the softer it was to be the lower would he stoop; for a *crescendo* he would draw himself up more and more, till at the arrival of the *forte* he gave a leap into the air; he would frequently scream out to increase the *forte* without being aware of so doing."

When Spohr was laughing over this strange behaviour with Seyfried, one of the conductors of the Theater an der Wein, Seyfried told him about a funny incident that happened at a concert given by Beethoven in 1808. Beethoven was playing a new pianoforte concerto of his own, but at the beginning of the first *tutti* forgetting that he was

the soloist, he jumped up and began to conduct in his usual style. At the first *sforzando* he flung out his arms so violently as to extinguish both the lights on the piano-desk. The audience laughed, and he was so put out by the disturbance that he made the orchestra leave off and go back to the beginning. Seyfried was afraid that the mishap would again occur when the same passage was repeated, so he sent two choir-boys to stand by Beethoven and hold the candles. One of them unsuspectingly drew near to look over the piano part, and when the fatal *sforzando* arrived he received such a slap in the face from the composer's right hand that he dropped his light in terror. The other youngster, more cautious than his companion, had been anxiously following Beethoven's every movement, and by suddenly stooping he escaped the blow. The audience now laughed more than ever, and the first *allegro* of the concerto was quite lost.

When Spohr first met Beethoven the deafness of the great master was rapidly gaining ground—*piano* passages were then inaudible to him. At a later date his conducting grew still more comical, for he sometimes lost the place, and his motions were quite at variance with the music. In the midst of a few quiet bars he would spring into the air to indicate a *fortissimo* that no one either wished or expected, and it was impossible not to laugh, however much sympathy with the afflicted composer might make one inclined to grieve.

Beethoven's last appearance as a conductor was at a performance of "Fidelio" in 1822, but to his great mortification he had to lay down the bâton. He stood in the orchestra when his Choral Symphony was played for the first time in 1824, and had to be turned round to see the applause which his music had called forth.

By way of contrast to Schumann and Beethoven, let us take Spontini, who to his creative genius united peculiar talents as a conductor. His appearance at the head of his musicians has been described as resembling that of a general leading his forces to conquest. In Berlin, during his long residence there as General Director of Music, he excited boundless admiration by his use of the material placed at his disposal, by the fire he put into the orchestra, and the dramatic life he infused into the vocalists.

At rehearsal he proceeded with great deliberation, as might be expected by all who know the unwearied polishing and experimenting which formed his method of composition. The minutest details were gone into and settled with laborious accuracy, and he gave no peace either to himself or to others till the work in hand was produced exactly as it existed in his imagination. Rehearsals were serious affairs; they often lasted from eight in the morning till four in the afternoon, or from five till eleven at night. The result was naturally a perfect performance; every one knew his part by heart, and all went like clockwork. Consideration for singers he had none, and soprani and contralti often complained with good reason that he ruined their voice.

It forms a curiosity of his leadership that he could only conduct at a desk of a peculiar make,

and from a manuscript score. His bâton was always a thick stick of ebony, with an ivory ball at either end, and it was grasped by him in the middle like a marshal's truncheon.

Spontini's last appearance as a conductor at Berlin was a dramatic incident. A strong feeling had grown up against him, partly caused by his own vanity and ill-temper, but mainly perhaps due to the fact that he was a foreigner who had long enjoyed Court patronage. He had been forewarned of the danger he ran, but nevertheless took his place at the conductor's desk on the 2nd of April, 1844, in order to conduct "Don Juan." No sooner had he done so than groans and hisses burst forth from the crowded audience, mingled with shouts of "Hinaus, hinaus!" ("Off, off!") Spontini put on a look of calm indifference and commenced the overture. Those present refused to hear; they left their seats and clambered over the intervening obstacles to lay violent hands on him. Discretion being the better part of valour, he then took to flight, and so ended his labours there in a conducting capacity.

Mendelssohn was another admirable conductor. He had tact and temper, and an inexhaustible fund of good sense. The way in which he beat time was remarkable for its steadiness, and this imparted such extraordinary precision to the performers, that on coming to a long level passage, and getting it into steady swing, he would lay the stick on the desk and only take it again in hand when he foresaw that his direction would shortly be required. "With a less experienced chief," says Mr. W. S. Rockstro, "such a proceeding would have been fatal; but when he did it—and it was his constant practice—one always felt that everything was at its very best."

The influence by which he made his forces express every shade of meaning was remarkable, and in this he has never been excelled. "When even Ferdinand David, a conductor of no ordinary ability," says the writer we have just quoted, "took up the bâton after him at the Gewandhaus, as he frequently did, the soul of the orchestra seemed to have departed. The secret of this may be explained in a very few words. Mendelssohn knew how to be at *strict time with expression*, and his gestures were so full of meaning that he enabled and compelled the meanest Ripieno to assist in interpreting his reading."

Mendelssohn's first appearance in England was at a Philharmonic concert on the 25th of May, 1829, when he conducted his Symphony in C Minor. John Cramer "led him to the piano," at which at that time, as we have already told, the conductor had his place, "as if he were a young lady."

The prince of eccentric conductors was M. Jullien, of Promenade Concert fame, who, from 1840 to 1859, formed one of the most prominent figures of metropolitan life. For vanity he was matchless, his dress and manner both proclaiming with emphasis, "I am the great Jullien!" "The characteristic features of Jullien's concerts," says Sir George Grove, "were first his Monster Quadrille, and secondly himself." The quadrille, written by himself, varied with the season; it was

sure to be noisy, but it was always "rhythmical, melodious, and effective."

To do justice to some of these quadrilles required a greater volume of sound than could be produced by Jullien's immense permanent orchestra; the assistance was therefore occasionally called in of as many as six military bands. "In front of this mass of executive ability," continues Sir George, "the Mons—to adopt the name bestowed upon him by 'Punch,' whose cartoons have preserved his image with the greatest exactness—with coat thrown widely open, white waistcoat, elaborately embroidered shirt-front, wristbands of extravagant length turned back over his cuffs, a wealth of black hair, and a black moustache—itsself a startling novelty—wielded his bâton, encouraged his forces, repressed the turbulence of his audience with indescribable gravity and magnificence, went through all the pantomime of the British Army or Navy Quadrille, seized a violin or piccolo at the moment of climax, and at last sank exhausted into his gorgeous velvet chair."

"All pieces of Beethoven's were conducted by Jullien with a jewelled bâton, and in a pair of clean kid gloves, handed him at the moment on a silver salver."

With all his apparent love for noise and devotion to musical fireworks, Jullien seems to have had a real liking for good music. When his quadrilles and mazurkas, waltzes and polkas, had caught the ear of the public, he gave them a taste of the masterpieces of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn. "His aim," he used to say, "was always to popularise music," and he did as much as perhaps was possible in his day for the artistic culture of the million. The best players in the country were to be found in his band, and his soloists were all of the first rank.

The irritable musician has passed into a proverb, and in the conductor we often find bottled up the irritability of a whole orchestra. What with instruments out of tune and notes out of time, stupid players, unmanageable singers, and unappreciative audiences, he has enough often to rouse his wrath.

The ungovernable passions of Handel constitute one of the most memorable features of his leadership. Even when he was acting as conductor at the concerts of the Prince of Wales, if the ladies of the Court began gossiping amongst themselves instead of listening to the music, "his rage was uncontrollable, and sometimes carried him to the length of swearing and calling names, . . . whereupon the gentle Princess would say to the offenders, 'Hush, hush! Handel is angry!'"

People used to read the changes of his temper by keeping an eye on his enormous white wig; it was generally allowed to furnish a reliable indication of the state of his mind. "When things went well at the Oratorio," Burney tells us, "it had a certain nod or vibration which manifested his pleasure or satisfaction. Without it, nice observers were certain that he was out of humour."

One of the most ludicrous incidents in Handel's career happened at an operatic performance; it was on a night when the Prince of Wales was present. The instruments, in perfect order, were

lying ready, when some wag, bent on mischief, crept into the orchestra, gave the pegs of the strings a twist, and threw them all out of tune. The performers came in; then Handel entered and took his place. The fiddlesticks were raised. One—two—three—and at the next down beat they started together. The discord may be imagined. The enraged conductor rushed wildly forward, kicked to pieces a double-bass that stood in the way, seized a kettledrum and threw it violently at the leader, losing his wig in the effort; then he made his way to the footlights, and stood there bareheaded in full view of the house, speechless with passion. There was a roar of laughter like to have brought down the roof, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the Prince of Wales at last prevailed on him to resume his wig and start the opera afresh.

At rehearsal Handel was a tyrant. The story has been often told of his laying violent hands on an obstinate *prima donna*, and holding her at arm's length out of the window, with the threat that if she would not sing a particular passage in the way he wanted he would drop her into the street below.

Conducting may be said to have been the cause of the death of Lulli, the famous French composer (1633—1672). He was leading the orchestra in a "Te Deum" of his own composition in honour of Louis XIV's recovery from a dangerous illness, and whilst beating time accidentally hit his toe with the bâton. An abscess was the result, which carried him off in little more than two months.

Several conductors of late years have attracted notice by their powers of conducting entirely from memory. No doubt a great deal may be done by cultivation to improve natural gifts, but the perfect recollection of the whole of an intricate score, with the entry of every instrument, all the variations of light and shade, and the thou

sand and one points that need a directing eye and hand, is an extraordinary feat when one comes to think of it. Herr von Bülow has given many remarkable exhibitions of his ability in this way, and may perhaps be credited with the introduction of the practice. The conducting without book of Herr Richter is more familiar to the English public, and has long constituted the envy and despair of all who could not flatter themselves with the possession of phenomenal musical memories.

One of the difficulties of conducting arises from irregularity of attendance at rehearsal. This is especially the case with amateur performers, as no great pressure can be brought to bear to secure their presence. But even with professionals it is often a source of trouble and irritation. When Sir Michael Costa first wielded the bâton at her Majesty's Theatre absentees at rehearsal were fined. But artists who had plenty of pupils at a guinea a lesson could well afford to pay the fine, and in consequence there never was a full attendance till perhaps the rehearsal immediately preceding the first performance.

Sir Michael arranged that all fines were to be suppressed, and obtained the power of engaging and dismissing members of the band. At the beginning of the following season, Professor Ella tells us, he thus addressed the orchestra: "Gentlemen, I am happy to tell you that I have abolished fines for absentees—(Great applause)—but any one absent from rehearsal without my permission forfeits his engagement. (Murmurs *sotto voce*.)"

The complete band attended in future, and the result was an immense saving of time. The six or eight rehearsals that before were necessary were gradually reduced to two or three, and the band and chorus at last knew their parts so well that on the revival of any opera no more was needed than one patient rehearsal.

JAMES MASON.

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

THE SPARROW QUESTION.

WHILE the acclimatisation societies have done a grand work in the South Pacific by the introduction of all manner of creatures useful to man into those broad lands which hitherto have been vast solitudes—while the fruits of their labours are to be seen in the countless herds of sheep and oxen which now find rich pastures in New Zealand and Australia, and while the Tasmanian rivers now teem with salmon, first imported by their care, there has been less cause for congratulation as regards some of the gifts thus bestowed on these new island worlds.

Foremost among those which have proved anything but a blessing are the sparrows, which less than twenty years ago were introduced to South Australia, in the hope that they would wage war

against the devouring army of grubs. Strange to say, new conditions appear to have developed new tastes. The emigrant sparrows, finding themselves in "a good land and a large," with no winged foes to molest them, and comparatively few human beings, and where bountiful Nature provided an unlimited supply of all manner of earth's fruits, very quickly developed a decided preference for vegetables; and, abjuring their wonted carnivorous habits, have become almost entirely frugivorous.

Despising the swarms of grubs and insects, they now ravage the gardens. In the summer and autumn months, grapes, cherries and figs, peaches and plums, nectarines, pears and apples, young peas and cauliflowers, afford them pleasant recreation, while at all seasons the cornfields and grass-lands supply them with ample stores. Wheat

and barley, lucern grass, seed, buds—nothing comes amiss to these omnivorous colonists.

Under these favourable circumstances they have increased and multiplied at a most alarming rate. The original fifty, whose arrival was so joyously hailed, now number their descendants by millions, and the unhappy farmers, who had hoped to find them useful allies, are driven to despair. Scarecrows are useless, guns, traps, nets, and poison are all in vain, for the victims are few and the survivors are legion—and such a prolific legion!

The "sparrow question" is one of the most practical and perplexing which the Melbourne Government is now striving to solve, but apparently it is beyond its powers. Many of the sufferers have been summoned to give evidence as to the amount of damage done by the sparrows, and the result proves them to be an infinitely worse plague than either blight or caterpillar. One man tells how in ten days they cleared his vineyard of a ton and a half of grapes, and stripped five fig-trees which had been loaded with fruit. Another had lost £30 worth of fruit from a comparatively small garden. A third had fifteen acres of lucern grass destroyed. A fourth had to sow his peas three times, and each time the sparrows devoured them. A multitude of similar cases are reported.

The South Australian Government now strives to aid the cultivators by offering a reward of sixpence per dozen for sparrows' heads, and two shillings and sixpence per hundred for their eggs. So that birds-nesting now becomes a legalised industry, and a source of revenue to a multitude of lads. It is, however, to be feared that where the land is so great, and the people are so few, the sparrows will mock at all these efforts for their extermination, and will supply ever-increasing hordes to continue their work of devastation.

While the sparrow is ravaging South Australia, the farmers of New Zealand are driven to despair by the joint attack of sparrows and green linnets. They state that many of the crops in the Taieri district are not worth cutting in consequence of their depredations, and the papers report that some farmers have had to cut their grain crops as fodder. In consequence of their complaints, the protection of the law has now been removed from hard-billed, grain-eating birds, and only the soft-billed insectivorous birds are now under State protection.

In view of such unsatisfactory importations, it must be hard for the farmer to rejoice even in the musical notes of the birds which do him no evil. Foremost amongst these rank the larks, which in some districts have become so numerous that their lovely warblings are heard on every side. I almost fancy that their note sounds clearer and stronger than in the old country, as if the bright, bracing atmosphere inspired a more joyous song.

As regards the vegetable kingdom here too, acclimatisation has not proved an unmixed blessing. In Tasmania, for instance, our common sweetbrier was introduced as a fragrant garden hedge; now it has become a grave nuisance, having overspread large tracts of good pasture-land and transformed them into dense scrub, its

strong roots piercing the soil to so great a depth that it is scarcely possible to eradicate them.

So, too, the lantana and the guava, originally introduced to the Pacific as garden plants, now overrun thousands of acres on many of the isles, to the despair of the cultivators.

Almost as unfortunate has been the introduction of the tall purple thistle, both to New Zealand and Australia. Its arrival was hailed sentimentally by the Scots in the colony, toasts were drunk in its honour, and the new-comer was carefully planted and tended. Very quickly the purple blossom turned to winged seed, and now thousands of acres of the finest soil are completely cropped with thistles, and though thousands and tens of thousands of pounds have been expended in the effort to conquer the invader, all have alike failed.

Still more startling is it to learn that even the watercresses, which add such attraction to many a sparkling brook in English meadows, have, when transplanted to New Zealand, developed such dangerous energy of growth that they literally obstruct the course of rivers and choke their mouths. In Otago and Canterbury provinces destructive floods, resulting in loss of life and property, are attributed solely to the increase of this humble plant, and very large sums are annually expended in the attempt to curb its too luxuriant growth. C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

CORMORANT FISHING AT FOOCHOW AND IN OLD ENGLAND.

Among the many novelties which fascinated me during my stay at beautiful Foochow, and while cruising in a luxurious house-boat on the Min and Yuen-foo rivers, one source of never-failing interest was watching the carefully-trained cormorants (or *leutse* as they are called)* fishing for their Chinese masters.

The poorest fishers have only a frail home-made raft, consisting of four stout bamboos lashed together. The owner, clad in a blouse and very short loose trousers of coarse blue cotton, and a very wide-brimmed straw hat, squats in the centre, while at either end are perched his long-necked attendants, watching for their prey; they look like the familiar spirits of some water-wizard. One would suppose the smallest movement must capsize such a lightly-constructed raft, but by dint of dexterous steering they rarely come to grief.

There are also co-operative cormorant fishers who work on a larger scale, half a dozen men owning a shallow punt and about a score of these odd uncanny-looking black birds. The perfection of their training is wonderful. A cord or strap having been fastened round the throat just below the pouch, to prevent their swallowing any fish they may catch, the signal is given, whereupon they all glide into the water with a swift silent movement, as if they were quite alive to the disadvantage of scaring their prey. Darting in pursuit of fish or eel, they give each a nip with their bill, swallow it, and continue their hunting

* *Phalacrocorax sinensis*.

sometimes they do not return to the surface till they have thus secured several fish, and their capacious pouch is quite distended. Then, at the bidding of their masters, they return to the boat, occasionally with the tail of a fish protruding from their gaping bill! They disgorge their prey one by one, till the pouch is empty, when they again receive the signal to dive and resume their pursuit. Sometimes, but rarely, a bird fails in its luck, and after staying under water for a very long time it comes up quite crestfallen, without a fish. Others are awkward in securing their prey, especially if it chance to be an eel, and in the effort to swallow it they let it wriggle away. But the birds, as well as the masters, are co-operative, and occasionally, when one has caught a large and troublesome fish, its comrades go to its aid, and help it to secure its prey—(in short, they act as gaffer to the salmon fisher!)

When the birds are tired, the strap is removed from their throat, and they are rewarded with a share of the fish, which they catch as it is thrown to them. It is reckoned that such a company as this have done a good day's fishing if they secure a dollar's worth of fish, so it cannot be considered a very lucrative business. But I doubt if in the whole world another race exists so wonderfully frugal and so easily satisfied as the Chinese boating population, of whom there are tens of thousands on every great Chinese river, whose only home, from the cradle to the grave, is the small sampan, which at night is covered in by drawing over it a telescopic arrangement of arched covers of bamboo matting. Multitudes of these boats are each the home of three generations—grandparents, a married couple, and their children. The man generally finds some work ashore, and his tidy energetic wife endeavours to earn a few cents by rowing passengers across the river, on which occasions the grandmother and the quaint little shaven children disappear, contriving to stow themselves out of sight at one end of this very small boat, which is invariably a perfect marvel of cleanliness, and in which, small as it is, the place of honour is always reserved for the shrine of the Goddess of Mercy, to whom daily prayer is offered, and for whom even the poorest contrive to buy small sticks of fragrant incense to burn before her image.

And yet the poverty of multitudes is almost beyond conception. One whose life is spent in mission work among these people told me that there are many who are wholly dependent on their fishing, and whose whole day's earning is often less than two and a half cents (two cents being equal to about one penny), for the support of the whole family. Of course at the end of each meal they have absolutely nothing left, till fortune again favours their fishing either with net or with rod or that of their ministering servants the cormorants.

To me, accustomed only to seeing these demoniacal-looking birds in a wild state—"the scarts," as we call them in Scotland—darting with piercing cries from their retreats in the innermost recesses of dark caves on the seacoast, it did seem very strange to see these tame obedient

birds sitting quietly in the full light of a blazing sun waiting for orders. But since my return to England I have learnt that our own ancestors had long ago discovered the secret of taming these useful servants, and that cormorant fishing was one of the sports in high favour both in France and England in the seventeenth century.

Among the items of expenditure for King James I, mention is made of £30 which, in A.D. 1611, was paid to John Wood, master of the cormorants, for his trouble in bringing up and training of certain fowls called cormorants and making of them fit for the use of fishing.

In the following year a second sum of £30 was assigned him "to travel into some of the further parts of this realm for young cormorants, which afterwards are to be made fit for his Majesty's sport and recreation."

Six years later, his Majesty rented a portion of the Vine Garden near Westminster Abbey, and then caused nine fish-ponds to be dug and stocked with roach, dace, tench, carp, and barbel. A brick building was erected here, as the cormorants' house, and here the king came to see the birds fish. He also established cormorant fishing near Thetford in Norfolk, and at Theobalds in Hertfordshire, which was his favourite hunting seat.

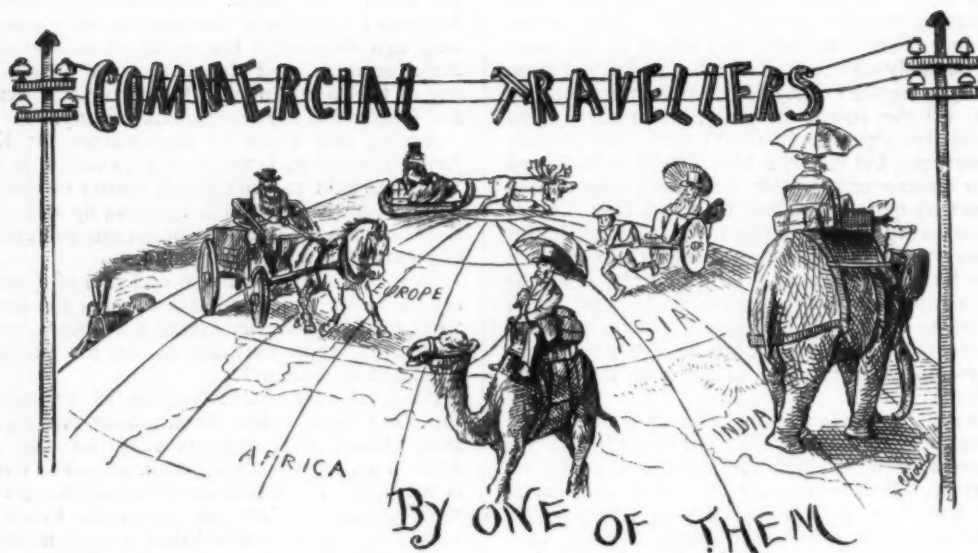
Deeming so fascinating a sport too good to be kept to himself, King James presented some trained birds to the King of France in charge of an English keeper. Of these mention is made in A.D. 1609 in the diary of Dr. Heroard, who was at that time chief physician to Louis XIII. He twice mentions having escorted "the Dauphin and their Majesties" to Fontainebleau, that they might see the cormorants fishing, but even at that period he does not speak of this sport as of a startling novelty. Nevertheless, Baron de Noirmont asserts that it was introduced into France some years later by two Dutchmen, who visited the court of Louis XIII, bringing with them two trained cormorants, whose fishing so delighted the king that he resolved to have some for himself, which should be kept on the lakes within his pleasure grounds.

Of late years this sport, like that of falconry, has been revived in Britain, and he who wishes to see trained cormorants at work need not travel so far as China.

C. F. GORDON-CUMMING.

HEN AND DUCKLINGS.

Every one has heard of the distress of the hen on beholding young ducklings hatched by her taking to the water. This occurs so frequently as to attract little remark, except when observed by any one for the first time. Mr. Jesse, in his natural history "Gleanings," records a singular incident. A hen which had hatched three successive duckling broods, got so accustomed to the aquatic tendency of her pupils, that on hatching a set of her own eggs she led the chickens to the pond, and, in surprise at their unwillingness to take the water, actually pushed some of them in, and several were drowned before the awkward situation was observed and the survivors rescued.



COMMERCIAL travellers have been aptly described as the stokers of the trade engine.

There are some thirty thousand of these stokers in Great Britain, who with almost restless activity feed our national trade engine. In other words, we have a large army of animated advertisements perpetually traversing the country and representing every conceivable species of merchandise, from a hayseed to a steam-engine. The work of a commercial traveller and the extent of commercial travelling affords remarkable illustration of the great national characteristic of Englishmen as men of business. The amount of activity in our factories and workshops to a great extent depends upon the diligence, enterprise, and skill with which commercial travellers pursue their avocations. There is no more honourable position in the commercial world than that of the trusted representative of a first-class house of business. It is not surprising, therefore, that the best positions should be much coveted. Many young men plodding away at desks in the counting-house think the very summit of their ambition would be reached if they could name the day for starting on the road, whilst they have at the same time romantic visions of the glorious life of ease and pleasure which commercial travellers must lead.

As in every other direction, time has worked great changes in the commercial travelling body, and a few words as to the old and new school will not be out of place. There still remain upon the road some of the old stagers who inaugurated their work when the railway system was in its infancy. There is quite a fascination in listening to a recital by these old heroes of their experience as young men. I met the other day a gentleman of the old type who had seen more than half a century on the road, and who seemed still to possess more energy than some half

his own age. Relating how he started on the road at the age of nineteen, he told how he commenced with the pack-horse as a means of conveyance, and with perhaps pardonable pride averred that the commercial traveller was a much more important personage then than he has now become. We were told that in the good old days a man could and would drink a bottle of wine at dinner regularly, that in these degenerate days the practice was dying out, and the profession had thus lost in tone. There must have been somewhat of romance in life on the road fifty years ago. With nothing faster than the stage-coach as an express train, and the telegraph unknown, many towns were, so to speak, shut out of the world, and the advent of the commercial traveller on his periodical rounds was looked forward to with pleasurable anticipation, not only because he would bring samples of the latest fashions in millinery or gentlemen's broadcloth, specimens of the last vintage of port or the best thing in cigars, but because he was probably the earliest herald of the news of the world, bringing tidings of the fate of ministries, decisive battles, or perhaps accounts of his own adventures with some traveller representing Dick Turpin. At the old hostleries the commercial was the object of especial care. Good living was the order of the day. It was related to me recently by a fellow-traveller how on one occasion thirty years ago he stopped at an old-fashioned inn in the west of England to bait his horse. As to himself, the landlady woefully remarked that she was afraid she had nothing he would like, for she had no butcher's meat. "There's a couple of birds, if they'll do," she added. Two plump partridges were quickly served, and the traveller went away satisfied. It was understood at what time of the year Mr. So-and-so would come on his journey, and preparations were made accordingly. Jour-

neys were so regularly made that a bed would be ordered during one journey to be ready for the next visit. Sometimes it is said that travellers would order what they would like for dinner and fix the hour for it when on their next journey months hence.

That in the memory of men still living the transition should have been made from the horse and saddlebags to our railway trains running a mile a minute, and from the small inn where each individual found a home to the present system of hotels where the individual must have a ticket with a number in order to be recognised, forcibly illustrates the pace at which the world is going. Notwithstanding the rate at which we travel, there are many who would go faster if it were possible. The hotels, though of such extraordinary dimensions, are scarcely equal to the demand, and are frequently full to overflowing. So violent has competition thus become that the work of the modern commercial traveller has developed into a perpetual race. If he lags behind on his journey, competitors are on the watch to outdo him in the contest. It is not surprising that amongst all the travellers who are thus rushing from place to place there should be all sorts and conditions of men. Trade languishes, and somebody must go to look it up. A short experience on the road, however, soon shows where there are round men in square holes. As to the general characteristics of the present school of commercial travellers, it will at least be pardonable egotism to remark that amongst them will be found some of the nation's finest specimens of men, unsurpassed in enterprise and general business capacity.

Were the question put, What are the qualifications which a commercial traveller should possess? it might be answered, A good constitution, good looks, of course, good temper and politeness, unceasing energy, decision of character, ability to judge character, and patience. The work of the commercial traveller severely tests those who are most robust in health. The constant wear and tear of railway and other travelling, the unavoidable irregularity in the times for taking meals, the rush for the train just as you are in the midst of a sumptuous repast, the changes of climate and water, and the absence of the feeling of complete rest such as a man gets in his own house, soon make an impression even upon a strong man. A man is estimated—and often correctly estimated—according to his appearance. Commercial travellers may claim a large share in the distribution of good-looking men. Like those individuals who are loved at first sight, so it is well if the "commercial" possesses the natural qualities which will enable him to make a favourable impression upon first presentation. Amiability, surely, is a most important quality, and yet one meets with those occasionally who appear to have lost it all, if they ever had any. The marvel is how they find any one to do business with. Those who are sour and crabby should select some other avocation.

Many gentlemen of "the road" are the personification of politeness. They are easily recognised at the dinner-table and in the railway carriage. Others possess the opposite quality, and hesitate

not to "rush in where angels fear to tread." They have no discrimination as to time, place, person, or thing. Energy must be never dormant. During waking hours there must be the readiness to utilise every opportunity. It is almost necessary, like the British lion in the song, to "sleep with but one eyelid closed." A fickle, unstable, restless man is not in his proper element "on the road;" he should know his own character, for he is frequently called upon for decisions with regard to it. Business men have to be approached in a hundred different ways, hence the necessity of the ability to judge character. The formula adopted in soliciting orders from one tradesman would perhaps offend some other. The particular juncture for "popping the question" must even be studied. It is a maxim amongst travellers to avoid calling upon a customer just before dinner. There should be almost "the patience of Job," for it may, perhaps be said that in no other business capacity is there the same amount of waiting to be experienced. You call at ten o'clock; some one is before you. Call at eleven; you are asked to come in the afternoon. The invitation to call again has almost grown into a system. "You are not going away yet?" it is remarked, and then an appointment is made which at once upsets all your carefully premeditated arrangements for further progress. This must all be submitted to with a good grace. A commercial traveller must not take "No" for an answer, and yet know when to accept "No" for a reply. Force of habit must be responsible for the negative answer to a business solicitation, for it is frequently followed by a good order. The tale is told of a young man who, on his first journey, had a remarkable number of cases when "Nothing wanted" was the reply to his solicitations. He took his customers at their word, went home a disappointed man, and never returned to make another attempt. But the time comes when "No" must be accepted, and it is well if there be the discriminating power to distinguish between losing an order and annoying a customer.

Look at the commercial traveller in his general capacity as part of our national trade organisation. The result of his work is noticeable in every town and almost every village in the United Kingdom. No matter how remote places may be from London and the great industrial centres, you will find that travellers have been with their samples. One has often wondered when travelling through districts many miles from a railway how the people are able to keep pace with the ever-changing variations in the style and fashion of dress. Walk through some village at Land's End and you may meet the latest thing in bonnets, or if you happen to be on the farthermost coast of Wales the latest turn and twist in ladies' hats may be discovered. The fact is that the new ideas of to-day, no matter in what department, need only to be published to-day to be before the world to-morrow, and commercial travellers, like so many bees working in the great hive of British industry, are thus the distributing medium. If we could have a map of Great Britain showing by marking the several localities

how on a certain day the thirty thousand or more travellers were distributed, we could form some idea of their activity, and how the distribution of our manufactures goes on in perplexity.

It is doubtless frequently a matter of curiosity to many as to what the mysterious and cumbrous packages contain so frequently met with at railway stations in company of commercial travellers.



OLD TYPE.

Their contents would frequently gladden the hearts of some young ladies who are proud to lead the fashion. The first sight, however, is reserved for the tradesmen who are to speculate, the samples having to be gone through either in the stock-rooms at the hotel or at the buyer's own shop or warehouse. Discrimination is needed in buying as well as selling, for what is suitable for one neighbourhood would not do at all for another district. The style for Cheltenham would not do for the Potteries. To the outsider an hotel conveys the idea only of eating, drinking, and sleeping. Some of the rooms set apart for the display of samples are for the time transformed into something like a fancy fair. There will be the latest novelties in toys in one room, another will display a choice assortment of china ware, then will come collections of silver brooches, earrings, and other personal ornaments, artificial flowers and feathers, and so on through the whole category of merchandise. For some trades nervous irritable men would never do. It must

be an individual who can keep cool who carries with him a hundred gold and silver watches as samples, or a collection of diamonds worth many thousands of pounds. Those who travel in this line are occasionally the objects of considerable interest, and have their movements watched by individuals who live upon what they can steal. Not long ago diamonds of great value were mysteriously stolen from a bedroom where a traveller had placed them for safety in a well-known hotel in Gloucestershire. Shortly after an unsuccessful attempt was made at an hotel in South Wales to force the lock of a bedroom where valuable jewellery was deposited. Again a package containing gold and silver watches was foolishly placed outside the commercial room by a traveller who subsequently found that some one, no one could tell who, had relieved him of the trouble of carrying it any farther.

As a social animal the commercial traveller occupies a unique position. For ever on the march, he has to find a fresh home almost every day, in some cases, indeed, several times a day, for plenty of men sleep and take breakfast in one town, dine in another, and have tea in a third. The "commercial" has little choice as to the company he keeps. He must take people as he finds them, and bow to circumstances. Commercial travellers are, however, amongst the most sociable of beings, and as soon as one enters the commercial room of an hotel there is none of the diffidence or restraint which is felt elsewhere. The commercial body forms a root of natural brotherhood, and in the social circle of hotel life all are upon the same level. The privacy of the commercial room is jealously guarded, and travellers are thus enabled to enjoy a certain sense of homeliness. From early morn till last thing at night "commercials" are practising politeness not only to customers but in their habits at hotels. "Good morning, gentlemen," upon the first morning appearance. "Will you allow me to join you, sir?" if a little late for dinner. "Good health, gentlemen," before drinking wine, and so on.

In the well-ordered hotel the dinner is gone through with method and punctuality. The one who has been longest in the house is president, the most recent comer vice-president. Until recent years wine dinners were prevalent in many hotels, the guests being expected to pay for a share of the wine whether partaking or not. This arbitrary arrangement has almost died out, although in some instances, and perhaps not unreasonably, an extra charge is made for dinner without wine. Commercials have plenty of experience in the art of carving, and a young man just starting on the road requires some fortitude to preside whilst some old stagers are watching. Criticism and instruction are sometimes combined, as when one day an old gentleman declared he would put a card in the window, "Mangling done here," if the carving was not better executed. "Commercials" take prominent rank as royalists, for it is the daily habit when dinner is ended for the president to propose "The Queen," to which all subscribe. I remember one case, and one only, where excep-

tion was taken to this. The party was a large one at one of the principal hotels in Newcastle-on-Tyne. The cloth had been removed, when the president gave "The Queen." One individual declined, and gave as a substitute "The First English Republic." He was quite unprepared for the cross-examination which he underwent, and it was soon revealed that he was somewhat new to the road. At any rate, he was given a lesson not to be forgotten. After "The Queen" the vice-president is asked for a toast, the most popular being "Wives and Sweethearts," which, however, is transposed by each individual according to his position of either single or married blessedness.

Speaking of dinners, the popular opinion about commercial travellers is that their life is one of jollity, gaiety, and good living, a sort of perpetual Lord Mayor's banquet. A machine that is constantly working at maximum speed requires more oil than one that only goes at a minimum pace. But the commercial traveller cannot be always amongst good dinners, and his temperature sometimes gets very low for want of fuel. Having finished as far as possible the work of seeing customers, the day's work is not yet done, for the evening scene in many a commercial room, say from six to nine o'clock, resembles a counting-house with all the clerks working at full speed. Two or three will be waiting for their turn at the pen and ink. The hotel "boots" will come at say 8.55 p.m., "Letters, gentlemen, please." "How long can you give me?" shouts one; "How long for the extra stamp?" cries another.

Correspondence having been finished, excepting in the case of one or two who write till ten or eleven o'clock, making up for lost time, the hour of nine arrives, when, according to universal custom, the time for smoking has come. The rule not to smoke in the commercial room before that time is strictly observed. Then will commence a general settling down to spend the evening. Conversation on current politics is easily introduced, and occasionally discussions become so heated that the introduction of the clôtüre would be a blessing. A musical evening—though but too seldom—is improvised, and the good singers are soon found out. This will be varied with a performance of some one an adept at sleight-of-hand. The commercial traveller progresses with the time, and has produced a clever thought-reader. There are the inevitable anecdotes as to old times and recent experiences, mixed with some of imagination, often very lively imagination. There is in all the relations of commercial travellers one with another a natural sociability, and no one away from his own home need wish for more enjoyable company than that of a number of commercial travellers.

It is no flattery to remark that "commercial" are generally most temperate in their habits: total abstinence is steadily increasing. Very rarely, indeed, is there any case of flagrant excess. Occasionally a man will be found who has succumbed, like the one I heard of the other day who had spent all his own money, borrowed

some from friends, which had also gone, and finally offered to toss anybody for the clothes he stood up in.

To the family man the enforced absence from home on Sundays is one of the most objectionable features of "the road." Whilst some travellers are away from home many weeks at a time, the practice of going home every week is greatly on the increase. Railway companies have been appealed to with regard to more liberal terms as to return tickets, a matter in regard to which it would surely pay them to be generous. There are, as might be supposed, favourite Sunday hotels, and travellers often arrange amongst themselves to meet. The seaside towns are an attraction, and a goodly company of the brethren will be found at such places at Tenby, Torquay, Scarborough, or Keswick. There seems in most cases a certain amount of compassion extended to the "commercial" on Sundays, for his comfort is generally studied even more than on other days. Occasionally there are the means wherewith to be miserable when he finds himself the sole occupant of the commercial room in some hotel at some outlandish place in the middle of winter, and nothing to interest either in or out of doors.

One of the most tedious and exhausting parts of a traveller's life is that spent in a railway carriage, especially when going long journeys, by



NEW TYPE.

trains stopping at every station; in a carriage, for instance, in the tail of a goods train on the Cambrian line, stopping at every station to do a lot of shunting; or in a night journey from Carmar-

then to Aberystwith, occupying four hours to travel seventy-two miles. Commercial travellers are great friends to railway companies, and they might do something to reciprocate the compliment. Not only do travellers contribute largely to the passenger-traffic receipts, but the amount of goods traffic is greatly influenced by their exertions. In other words, to solicit an order is to solicit railway traffic. In America "commercials" are specially treated. Indeed, in this country, a few—a very few—trades are selected for special treatment. The colliery companies and corn merchants, for example, as regards season tickets.

To the man whose district embraces the greater part of the United Kingdom, the difference in climate, mode of treatment at hotels, and quality of railway service is very noticeable. You feel a different man according to the district you are in. In the Isle of Wight and at Torquay one feels languid and tired; at Scarborough or in Scotland vigorous and full of spirits. As regards hotels, perhaps Wales takes the lead for moderate charges, and Devonshire for good living. In the last-named county the very nature of the soil gives a lusciousness to everything. The people seem to vie with each other in the enjoyment of junket and cream, the effects of which, upon a casual visitor, are not always the most to be desired. It is almost possible by the style of the morning call at the bedroom-door to decide what part of the kingdom you are in. At the last hotel at which I slept in Scotland I asked to be called at eight o'clock. At the appointed hour the word "Eight" was shouted at my bedroom-door, accompanied by one big bang, suggesting to me what might be the effects of a little earthquake. In Ireland you get a rat-a-tat-tat, with "Half-past seven, if you please, sarr."

Talking of Ireland, like most other folk, my impression of the country and the people has improved as I have become more acquainted with them. The amount of misrepresentation with regard to men and things Irish which has been sent abroad by the press and by other means is quite appalling. Just before commencing a recent journey to Ireland I was asked by a friend if I did not intend to carry a revolver for my protection. "No," said I; "what I should be most afraid of would be that it would go off in my pocket." A long ride on a jaunting car, with a loquacious driver, is quite a treat, although the seat may be hard and the springs not at all spring-like. I remember on one occasion being in charge of a very communicative driver when going a long journey through a lonely district, and passing a gentleman's demesne where police were in charge of the lodge at the entrance gates. It was explained to me that the owner was boycotted, and how in years gone by he had had one of his eyes put out in a *mêlée* with some of his people. After travelling some years through Ireland, I have only once been molested, and this was on a railway station platform, just as the shades of evening were falling, when an old lady approached and thus accosted me, "Are you the Reverend Mr. O'Flaherty, of Dungarvan?" There have been more serious cases of mistaken identity, as when

a commercial traveller, who related the circumstance to me, was followed by detectives and arrested as being the celebrated Fenian Head-Centre Stephens, just after his well-remembered escape from prison. This traveller was tracked from Bristol by steamer to Cork, then taken before the magistrates, and, notwithstanding the production of his business papers, was only released after considerable hesitation, and the officers of the law had pleaded for a remand. What most strikes me in my journeys through the Emerald Isle is the necessity for a crusade against dirt—a soap-and-water league, with grand national washing days. During a recent visit the exigencies of the railway service fixed me for the night at a small town in Central Ireland. I arrived late in the evening, and asked at the hotel for a bed. I was conducted to a room, and found therein a bed and its belongings, just in the position where some one had left off and I was to begin. I went to ring the bell, but could not find one, so exercised my lungs. A change was effected, but I was not then on a bed of roses, and was thankful when the next night I could repose in the unsurpassed comfort and cleanliness of my Dublin hotel.

A carefully kept diary would record many interesting experiences in the life of a commercial traveller. The proverbial umbrella has many ups and downs. My experience has been limited to some one taking my indifferent article and leaving a superior one in its place. On one occasion I saw my new overcoat about to leave the hotel on another man, whom it seemed to fit very well. I made the discovery just in time to stop it. A friend of mine was the subject of a remarkable mistake about a whole suit of clothes. Another traveller staying in the same hotel was out with a companion who had got wet through, and being charitably inclined, directed him to his bedroom at the hotel where he might find a change of garments ready for temporary use. By some mistake a suit of clothes belonging to my friend was taken, and his amazement at the discovered loss when he returned to the hotel in the evening can be more easily imagined than described. The error was, however, discovered in time for restitution to the rightful owner. A most amusing instance of mistaken identity was experienced by a commercial traveller, who related to me the circumstances soon after the release from prison of the claimant to the Tichborne estates. This traveller boasts of a weight of some twenty stone, and his general appearance certainly offers some excuse for the ordeal he had to undergo. Getting out of a train one day at a town in the west, a postman who happened to be at the station at once started the idea that this commercial traveller was none other than "Sir Roger." It was discovered that his destination was another town on the coast, and that he would in a short time proceed thither from another station. What was his amazement when he found a crowd of two or three hundred people waiting to see him off! The train started amid loud cheers. The news went by telegraph, and when he reached his destination there was another reception before him. The time of course came to undeceive the people, but

not before "Sir Roger" had been urged to address a public meeting of his admirers in the evening.

What are the losses and gains of a commercial traveller's life? There is no nine hours' system for him; he scarcely ever feels separated from his work, and, if a married man, he acutely misses that continuous association with his family which he would so much like. He is also out of the way of many of the social gatherings which help to make life pleasant. He is separated from many duties and honours of citizenship which he would gladly undertake. Continuous travelling by road and rail subjects him to many dangers to which stay-at-home people are not subject. If a railway accident happens it is remarkable if a commercial traveller is not in it. An acquaintance of my own has been severely injured in two railway accidents and is now a complete wreck. We sometimes hear of a damp bed either crippling or killing a man. A startling case of disappearance occurred at Newcastle-on-Tyne a short time ago. A traveller left his hotel in the morning, to all appearance to conduct his business in the usual way and intending to return. He did not, however, come back. His friends were communicated with, every possible search was made, and so far as is known he has not been heard of since. On the other hand, as the trusted representative of a good business house the "commercial" acquires an improved status

socially and pecuniarily. Constant travel gives him an experience of business life attainable in no other way, and at the same time broadens, or should broaden, his views with regard to the world generally. With ordinary care the occupation is a healthy and invigorating one, and in the case of men rightly constituted many sources of pleasure may be derived.

It must not be overlooked that "commercials" are charitable men. As long ago as 1849 the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution was started by a half a dozen travellers during the course of an after-dinner conversation at Penzance. The movement gradually gathered support until at the present time there are 203 annuitants. Disabled members receive £50 a year and widows £30. The revenue derived from the annual subscription of one guinea contributed by travellers themselves is liberally supplemented by subscriptions and donations from manufacturers, merchants, hotel proprietors, and others. A box for contributions is also placed in the principal commercial hotels of the United Kingdom. The Commercial Travellers' Schools, started in 1845, are also well supported. There are now 337 children in the schools, situated at Pinner. Here a high-class education is given, all semblance of charity being as far as possible avoided. There are in addition separate associations in the north of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

Life in Death.

IN length'ning days of windy March a spirit spake to me—
"Dost read a promise in the Spring of immortality?"

"Behold the frozen earth cleft thro' by green spears from below,
And prison'd buds, set free, unfold their triple bells of snow;

"Behold the primrose sweet peer out beside the drifted leaves,
And thro' the moss the daffodils uprear their golden sheaves;

"Laburnams, leaning to the light, shake down their yellow rain,
And blood-red buds upon the lime break into bloom again,—

"But 'neath the trees they clad last year the leaves lie rotting still,
And withered grasses shiver mid the new grass on the hill.

"And tho' the fields with flowers be deck'd in springtimes yet to be,
The selfsame flowers shall lift no more their cups upon the lea.

"New blossoms on the apple boughs new crowns of leaves shall hide,

But never more the selfsame buds shall blush there side by side.

"The purple moors shall glow again in summer's shimmering heat,
A myriad fairy flow'rets make mosaics for thy feet;

"The hoary hawthorns spread abroad long branches pranked with pearl,
The bracken in each woody glade its lusty fronds uncurl.

"But autumn waiteth with the bier, and winter brings the pall,
And spreads it smooth, and cold, and white, over the grave of all.

"Is thy dust worthier than theirs of a less fleeting lot?
Go to! For never vainer dream vain human heart begot."

Thro' tears I answered: "Let me be; my light may burn full low,
And baffled oft, and sore in doubt, by tangled ways I go;

"But there is that which lives again tho' oft in death it lies—
One selfsame hope I follow still toward the gates of Paradise."

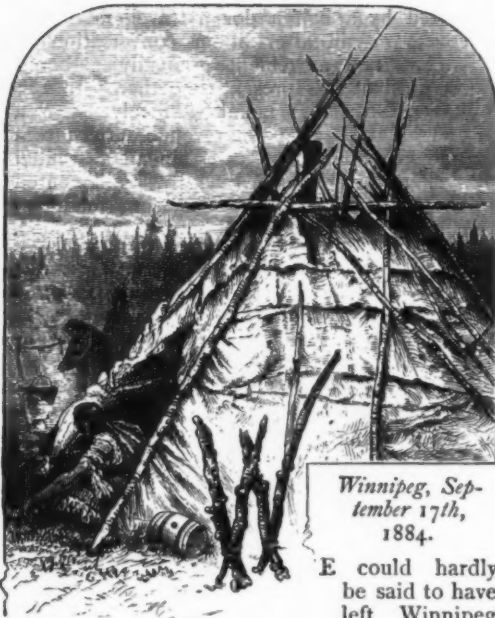
C. H. D. S.

RAILWAY NOTES IN THE NORTH-WEST;

OR DOMINION OF CANADA.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

IV.—WINNIPEG.



E could hardly be said to have left Winnipeg on our way

west, for we did not stop there except for a few minutes in the dark to drop letters. These had been invited by a black satchel of mine, which hung all day at the end of our compartment, with an envelope gummed on it and inscribed, "Post Office, Winnipeg." This was cleared at about five in the morning. Being curious to see the place, I was up betimes, and the things I noticed in the town as I turned out on the platform of the car in the raw dark air were three billiard-tables in a room brilliantly lit, the dim outline of a church, a wide street traversed by tramways which the train jolted across at right angles, and some electric lamps. These were put out as I was looking at them. The only one of our party who turned out with me was Sir R. Temple; the rest were asleep. Presently we were clear of what they said was the city, and the sun rose on an interminable plain, as flat as it could possibly be, dotted with white wooden houses—some single, some in small groups. Near these the yellow-green grass which grew over the whole land was broken by rectangular unfenced fields, showing either wheat in sheaf, oats uncut and very unripe, or occasional black squares where the rich prairie had been fresh broken by the plough. Those places which had not been stirred at all were dotted by divers herds of short-horned cattle, grazing knee-deep in the

soft, succulent, and abundant hay. Shallow ponds or meres fringed by weeds were scattered about, the herbage around them having in many cases been irregularly mown by grass-cutters and stored in carelessly made stacks. That just outside the edges of the water seemed to be preferred for this purpose; it was rather finer than the rest. I was surprised to find the country so much cultivated within reach of the eye, but was told that farms were still more abundant beyond the horizon. This comes in great measure from the railway authorities retaining some portions nearest the line in their own hands, with a view to its rise in the market. Such precaution was obvious enough. Many were the complaints, however, which I heard even in passing contact with settlers about this arrangement. They said, angrily, "Why didn't the railway (as if the iron track were to blame) settle the land close on both sides first, and not send us twenty miles off?" But the procedure seems to be sufficiently legitimate. The country next the line is sure to be filled up, and will become all the more valuable as the outer band is cultivated. The inner strip is all safe to increase in price, though in several places its soil is not so good as that farther off. Then too, of course, the outer portions will some day be tapped by branch lines. The Canadian Pacific at present is a backbone without ribs, and must be equipped with them if it is to embrace the body of the people. As it is, great preparations are made along the whole course of the main road for the reception of wheat. Huge wooden "elevators," capable of holding thousands upon thousands of bushels, are set up or being built where hardly an ear of corn is to be seen. These immense and lofty structures, visible for many miles across the plain, show like rudimentary cathedrals, and are the only mountains in the land.

Well, when I have told you what the country is like for twenty miles out of Winnipeg, the description holds for eight hundred. Only the farms die away, the solitary houses disappear, not a single roof or stack notches the long level of the horizon, and no square black patch marks the spot where the plough of the colonist has been at work. All these gradually disappear along with the herds of red and white cattle. The prairie alone remains, cut by the everlasting track of the railway, which runs straight through it as thin as a thread of the thinnest grey silk stretched tight across a perfectly smooth bowling-green. At last, when nearly eight hundred miles of plain have been crossed, when you stand on the platform at the end of the car and look westward, you will see a white saw slowly rise above the yellow-green horizon. This is made of the

tops of the snow-peaks in the Rocky Mountains. As the train rushes on to reach them these gradually lift themselves up from the grass and show their grand range, which severs the North-West territories of the Dominion from British Columbia.

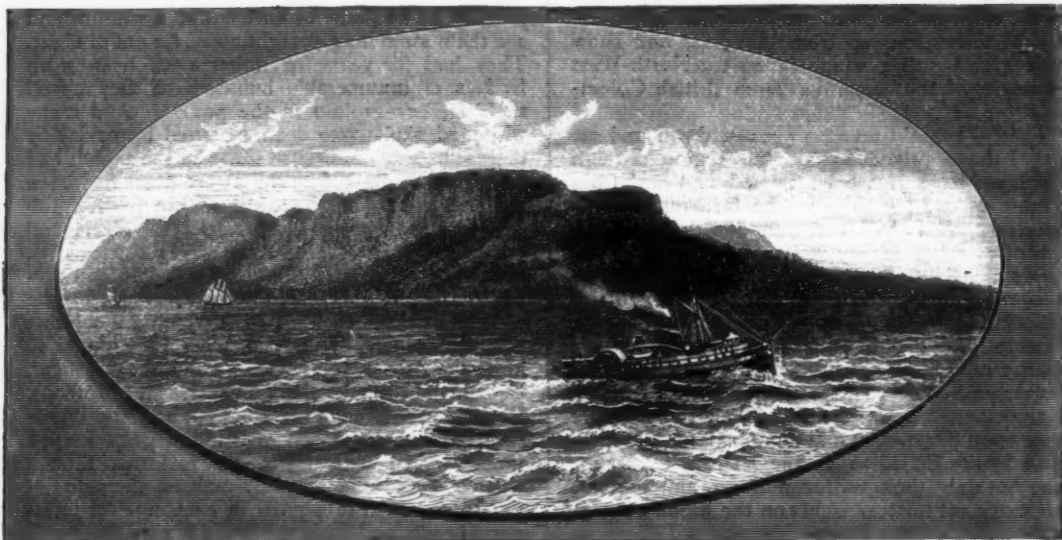
There—I might now lay my pen down and say that I have fitly described the region through which we have just been carried westward from Winnipeg, and I should not be far wrong in my assertion. But then I travelled with some fifty pair of eyes besides my own, and they were mostly eyes which saw. I was in a "special" with those who represented the final effort of the British Association for the Advancement of Science in Canada, and I only wish I could remember a quarter of the things pointed out and thoughts suggested by my companions and their unstudied comments and conversation. Then too we were in a train dispatched and equipped for our purpose by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, who not only took us for nothing, and perched our carriages for two nights on the highest accessible point of the Rocky Mountains (where we lay like the ark on Ararat) but caused us to be guided and guarded by their great manager and authority, Mr. Egan.

Thus many conditions were combined to make our run an exceptional and interesting one. We stopped occasionally to see what we wanted (being tied to no time-table), but when the train moved we travelled fast. Though the track was comparatively new, and in some level places had been laid at the rate of four or five miles a day, on testing our speed we found that once or twice we were covering more than fifty in the hour. Indeed, on one occasion we did fifty-five in that time. I was not sorry when these (experiments I was going to call them) were over, for a bad accident in the middle of the prairie would have been embarrassing. There was, however, little to be gained by lingering on the plains. Nothing was to be seen one hundred miles after another but the same level horizon; and, as I have said, after a while this ceased to be noticed by the farm buildings and stacks of the settler. The only signs of human habitation, besides the occasional station where the engine was watered and a few small deal-board houses mingled with white tents appeared around it, were given by Indians.

A word more about them. No doubt they rightly claim to be the original, or the oldest historically known, inhabitants of this region, and it is not so long ago (less than a generation) since this claim was virtually if not officially allowed by the British authorities. These were represented by the Hudson Bay and other fur companies, which for two hundred years had, so to speak, the right of sport over these huge moors. And the Indians were their underkeepers, gillies, and servants. The companies placed their representatives, gatherers of skins, here and there in so-called forts throughout the land. These bought furs of the Indians. The place abounded with animals of many kinds. Thousands of buffalo runs, *i.e.*, strongly trodden paths of about a foot wide, were cut by the railway track at right

angles. Through a considerable portion of our journey we had only to look out of a window and see them stretching straight away, far out of sight. They had for years, or rather ages, been worn by files of innumerable buffaloes as they moved their feeding-ground in the prairie. And many whitened skulls with dead whitened horns lay by their side, showing where some on the march had lain down to die before the sweet grass had been reached. The high growth of the prairie, too (in many places so high as to rise far above and sweep the stirrups of a man riding through it), abounded in smaller life. All this skin and fur-producing estate was really "preserved" by the old companies. To them the agricultural colonist was a poacher. They did what they could to keep the settler out. The population was bear, buffalo, skunk, marten, beaver, and Indians. These last preyed upon the first, and the representatives of European civilisation preyed upon them—traded with them, we will say, though perhaps the Indians hardly realised the value of the sable which they gave in exchange for trumpery beads and rum. Well, all this began to dwindle down as soon as the fur companies in 1869 handed their authority over to that of the Dominion, and men were invited and set to colonise the regions from which they had been excluded lest they should interfere with the business of the "trapper."

These plains (ready for the corn-grower and cowherd) we were now traversing. The consciousness of contrast between their past and prospective condition was aroused in a score of ways—not least, say, by conversations with Dr. Cheadle, who had accompanied Lord Milton in his famous journey twenty years before, and who now formed one of our party. He was being whirled in three days through a region which it had once taken him about a year to cross. Relics of the old (Redskin) human life began to meet us as we moved on westward. I don't count the English-speaking Indian of the old Canadian Provinces (who professes Christianity and wears the shabbiest cast-off white man's clothes, especially dinted tall hats) as the genuine representative of the Redskin. He is, happily, too respectable to be taken as a sample of his progenitors. His father may have been girded with a belt of scalps, but his own "pants" are so shabbily modern as to preclude the recognition of his savage descent. He was, indeed, not to be seen as we drew westward, but the real man (especially the woman, with face painted a bright yellow, and a dab of red on each cheek) was lounging about several stations after his own peculiar sulkily hunchbacked way. Some of our fellow-travellers eagerly secured the trappings of these dirty braves and squaws, buying the feather dresses off their heads and the moccasins off their feet. They accepted all this commerce in reluctant attitudes, and with an ill-concealed contempt, which, however, did not hinder them from realising that strangers who would make surprising proposals for their old shoes might be induced to offer more. Some, who preferred silver money, presently had their cheeks full—for an Indian pops a dollar into



THUNDER CAPE, LAKE SUPERIOR.

his mouth as a monkey does a nut, looking at you steadily all the while, as though to say, "If you think I don't know better than to swallow it you are wrong for once!" Then he shrugs his shoulders again and sulks off. It is true that he has submitted to the partial restraint of "Reserves," since recognition of them brings in from the Government so much meat and flour a day, and five dollars (or £1) a head annually; but the "Reserves" are not all of the best land. A detailed Canadian map of the line and its geological surroundings was given to me, and I noticed that a large district marked "Indian Reserve" in the far west was also marked, in other characters, "Drifting Sand." I called the attention of a Canadian official to this, and he replied, "Oh, yes; but guess we pay them ever so much!" That indeed, I fear, is not always a perfectly accurate presentment of the actual state of affairs, since it was whispered—no, strongly asserted—that divers purveyors of Indian allowance stopped it on the way. The Indians come off worst in their intercourse with white men. They are doomed. So much indeed has been said in their favour, that I am disposed to doubt their future the more. I know that the famous Jesuit Father who has for more than a generation laboured among them is looked on with filial eyes. I know that divers Methodist ministers who have also bravely put their souls into the effort to evangelise the Redskin make an honest point of speaking well of him. I know that Anglican missionaries do the same. One of the oldest bishops in Canada was good enough to favour me with his opinions about the Indian. "It is most pathetic," he said. "They are prominently devout. You should hear them take part in our Liturgy and sing our hymns! And yet I cannot imagine what is to become of them." I cannot help repeating my belief that

they are in fact children without the prospect of growth—children for whom it is impossible to find a school, or any really promising phase of education. They were once the masters of the country, and have had a great fall, and all the king's horses and all the king's men can never set Humpty Dumpty where he was again.

Half-breeds succeed and are not unfrequently conspicuous in the conduct of the country. They will survive, giving birth to quarter-breeds. The high-bridged nose of the "Southwind," and the "Wild Eagle" may adorn the profiles of generations to come; but the old Redskin with his grandly serene face, and insuperable aversion to steady labour of any sort (except it be the collection of scalps), will have to be classed along with the Dodo and the "Cave Man." His remains slouched silently about the stations, with his dirty high-shouldered household around him, as our "special" paused in its westward course. He affected coolness when a gentleman from Albemarle Street offered him three dollars for the twopennyworth of cock's-tail feathers he had stuck in his hair, but, his wigwam is doomed to be struck for ever, and his bastard or half-bred descendants alone will survive in the great family of man.

While the smoke-stained tent of the Indian disappears from the prairie, another fabric already makes its appearance. It is curiously suggestive to watch the procreant buds of new "cities" which are beginning to show above the grass like the white mushrooms of a night. They seem to grow according to no plan or law. They are mostly of wood, and at a little distance look like loads of great deal boxes which have been roughly overturned by the way. Some of the structures indeed are of canvas, and shelter no mere nomads, but possibly the leading inhabi-

tants of the place—I mean people of education who dress for dinner, carry card-cases, play the piano, and keep a carriage. I am quite serious. The United States consul in Manitoba, a gentleman of culture holding a very influential social as well as diplomatic position at Winnipeg, was kind enough to give me an introduction to some great friends of his, the R—s, who lived at one of these new-born cities where even a deal shanty had not foretold its advent two years ago. Well, I innocently asked for Mr. R—'s "house," and a low canvas tent, pitched at the edge of a pond in the prairie a few hundred yards off, was pointed out to me. I made my way there and did what was equivalent to ringing the front-door bell. Mrs. R— only was at home. Mr. R— was out riding and would be very sorry to have missed me. However, she was kind enough to ask me in, and I stayed a few minutes, having an agreeable conversation with a hostess of whom one of Bishop Anson's chaplains spoke to me afterwards as being (not comparatively, as he who squints is king among the blind) one of the most accomplished ladies in the country. She noticed perhaps my glance round her canvas home, and, laughing, said, "We think we may have to 'move house' next winter, and so we have thought it best not to build one at all." These social positions, which at first appear somewhat paradoxical, are distinguishing features of the North-West of Canada. What would be called the livery stable of the place was kept by an Oxford graduate, and a labouring settler who chanced to be about some business in the place and looked "dripping" into the little inn (it rained at the time) was referred to by a man in the "bar" as Lord So-and-So. He was, indeed, not a lord, but a member of one of our distinguished noble families (whose name he bore), and was then expecting a visit from an English peer who happened to be travelling in America.

A "gentleman farmer" is a wholly different personage in the N. W. T. (as the North-West Territories are shortly called) from what he is in Norfolk. Here he has to work, and work hard too, with his own hands. I am inclined to wonder, though, why more placeless men in England, to whom all the liberal professions seem to be closed, do not come out here simply (at first) as labourers. Positions deterrent in the old country are not merely possible, but more than tolerable to a "gentleman" here. Many a useless member of society at home, who yet is blessed with good lungs, liver, and sinews, might not only do good work here in helping to civilise a new land, but be paid more for it at once than he probably would earn for years if he were called to the Bar. In a short time, *e.g.*, he would find himself worth thirty dollars a month, that is £72 a year, his board (with a magnificent appetite to realise that part of his income) and lodging. Then, too, at odd times, supposing him to bring a gun, he could walk out without question by gamekeepers and fill his bag with wildfowl and prairie chicken. No doubt his life would sometimes be very rough in divers ways, but he would find not a few gentlemen in the same boat as

himself, counting it no social degradation to have their hands horny with labour. Then, too, if industrious and thrifty as a labourer, he may look forward to the possession of land of his own, or, using such tact as he possesses, combined with some experience of the country, may see some other door whereby to enter into a better furnished position.

Before I realised the condition and duties of the settler I had an impression that the skill of the trained agricultural labourer would put him in an exceptionally good position. But now I am rather inclined to doubt it. He would have to unlearn much. The very neatness of his methods might delay him. No one cares about driving a perfectly straight furrow on the prairie, or trims a hedge with the accuracy of a hairdresser. Hodge would bring a seasoned back and sinewy limbs to any outdoor work, but he would find his conservatism shocked by the untidiness of Canadian farming, and be some time before he could bring his mind to the looking after "his bullocks" full gallop, in a Mexican saddle.

On the other hand, every departure from established methods of agricultural procedure tells in favour of the man who has been accustomed to none. As a cavalry officer in the old days preferred any recruit to a postboy, so a Canadian farmer may find a "help" ready to fall into his ways better than a man wedded to special ways of toil. Thus a gentleman, however strong and willing, is not likely to be twitted with his ignorance as he would be if he attempted to take his place in a team of prejudiced peasants at home. His freedom from the traditions of labour would assist him. Indeed, if my reader were to explore and examine these new "cities" which are beginning to sprout here and there throughout the north-west of Canada he would be surprised and charmed at the number of "educated" persons who are already taking part in their birth. Every year, moreover, makes the plunge of a "gentleman" into these realms the easier, in a social sense, but the amount of work remaining to be done renders want of employment, to those who really will work, impossible for any time you like to count.

The filling-up of this country is a work of the generations to come. Your noble and idle savage who lives by hunting is dead or doomed. He will not work himself, though he is not ashamed to beg. He looks on, with occasional suggestions about his willingness to accept tobacco, and then paces off on his lame beast, pretending to think. Another nobler race, quickened with some of the best blood in the "old country" (as England is always fondly termed here) should be ready to take its place among the masters of the richest parts of a young Dominion. The number of those seeking their fortune here who have known what is called a liberal education is even now remarkable, as I have already noticed. I had heard it before, but was hardly prepared to find it confirmed, notably, to such an extent as appeared by the company in which I travelled. One after another added his family or social ex-



AN INDIAN OF THE NORTH-WEST.

From a Sketch by Sydney Hall

perience to enlarge our perception of the way in which these parts of Canada are being peopled by young English gentlemen. This applies to the whole land, though especially to its western parts. Some buckle to in the tilling of the soil, others choose a life in some respects more varied by serving on a cattle ranch, with the hope of eventually becoming the possessor of one. Here the work is manifold. Hay has to be secured for winter in rough unthatched stacks. For this the likeliest spots on the prairie are swept, untidily, by the grass-cutter. But the procedure is varied and importunate, the chief result desired and aimed at being the production of calves, which cost comparatively nothing to keep, but eventually become valuable beef. This business of course does not bring a quick return. Calves take time to grow, even in America; but when once the first crop reaches maturity others rapidly succeed it. In all these callings and surroundings of the settler, however, one valuable "quantity" remains constant, and that is the superb air which he breathes. It is true that typhoid is being carelessly generated in some growing Canadian cities, but the smell of the prairie is as sweet as it is wholesome. Of course our progress through the country, as a detach-

ment of the British Association, travelling in a special train, and stopping in disregard of all "time-tables," became generally known, and at divers stations there was good store of the new youth of the country (sprinkled with silent, scowling Indians in paint and feathers) to see us. And a browner, healthier-looking, more long-limbed, square-shouldered, clear-eyed set of tall young fellows I never saw. I was particularly struck by the physique of young Canada, being six feet myself, and having been built to match. Your little man is no judge of stature and limb. He does not discern sufficiently between five feet ten and six feet two. Your tall man is a better measurer of height. Thus I realised growth when many of these Canadian youngsters looked over my head, and strode past me like giants, as they were. If half of those young gentlemen who wear pointed boots and write with steel pens, chained in fogs and heats to the counters of, say, a bank, with no prospect of becoming partners in the business which enslaves them, could but once get their lungs filled with this grand prairie air, they would slam-to their ledgers, roll up their gloves, and, pitching them out of window, find themselves striding over this sweet grass, building their own log houses (and you can make a log

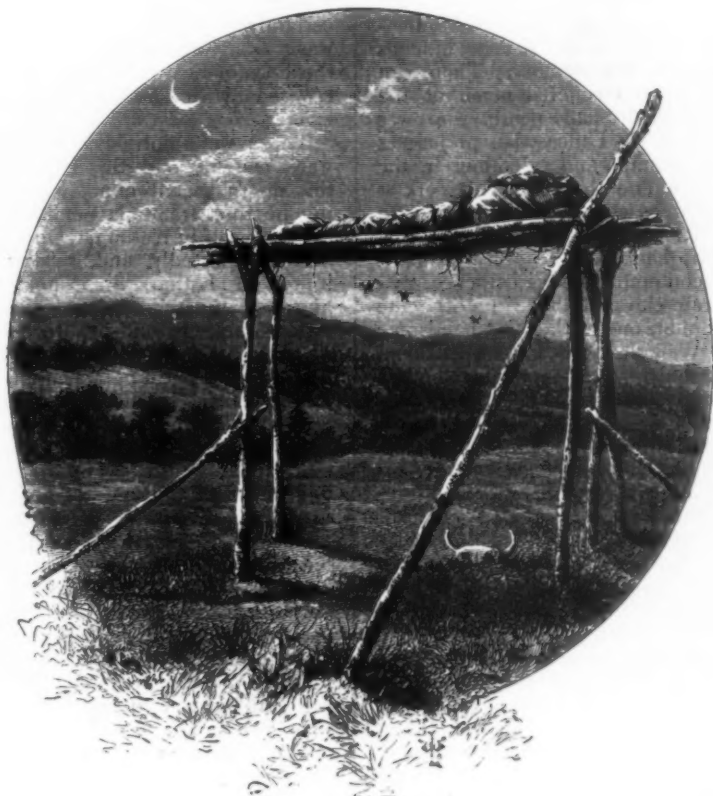
house as warm as a Dutch oven in the coldest winter), galloping after half-wild cattle, cooking their own dinners, measuring monthly more round the chest, and feeling that it will be their own fault if they do not take their places among the strong and independent men who are mastering this new land. And, remember, a strong youngster who will labour, working with his hands, will soon get at least his £70 or £80 a year with his board, and be tempted to no great expense at his tailor's.

It is true that the winters in Canada are cold—very cold—and long. It is true that some constitutions cannot bear them. But if there is any truth in testimony, this cold is not generally insufferable nor depressing. A climate which so treats the vine as to ripen grapes out of doors (there are large vineyards in Ontario from which wine is made) cannot be bad. Then, other fruits are excellent, and malaria is said to be unknown. Indeed, the summer is not merely hot, but hot with clean air and clear sunshine, and in winter the snow is feathery. People, moreover, live to a good old age, and the bulk of them look as if in excellent health. Of course, if you are careless in January you may find your nose frozen as hard as a snuff-box. Then you have to thaw it

gingerly or it will come off; but I saw no faces from which this feature had been thus vexatiously removed. Still, there is no doubt but that the Canadian winters are very severe.

Extreme cold is, however, not confined to the British parts of North America. It is a saying in the older United States, "If you can stand the climate of New England you can stand anything." The air of Boston is intensely nipping. I have just heard a gentleman living there refer to it bitterly. "Why," he said, "one day last winter, when I was driving a mile to my house of business, both my ears were wholly frostbitten." "Rubbed them with snow?" I remarked. "Yes, sir," he replied; and then added, "but that is not all. I have known the temperature vary thirty-five degrees in one day, between morning and night." Greater variations indeed have been experienced in the United States.

Of course, in Canada, as in other countries where the winter is very severe, the warmest clothes must be worn, and caution exercised to avoid frost-bites. But the air, as I have said, is mostly still, and the sky bright. The snow, moreover, is stated to be shallower in the West, especially the extreme North-West, in Athabasca, than in the old Provinces.



INDIAN GRAVE.



STRANGE STORIES RETOLD IN THE FIRELIGHT.

IV.—CONCERNING SOME STRANGE HISTORIC DOUBTS.

WHEN Horace Walpole wrote his "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard the Third," he perhaps little knew upon what an interesting field of varied observation he was entering, and of what a variety of suggestions in many departments of history his scepticisms might be the anticipation. We shall suppose that most of our readers are well acquainted with Walpole's little work. It is, in fact, a vindication of Richard, and an exceedingly plausible vindication too, from the imputation of the many hideous crimes which attach to his memory. There can be no doubt that he has suffered much at the hands of a certain Will Shakespeare, who was probably not superior to Lancastrian prejudices which found their triumph and splendour in the overthrow of Richard and the House of York at Bosworth. One thing is very certain, tradition has represented Richard as exceedingly ugly, uncouth, and hump-backed. The great probability is, from even contemporaneous evidence, that if one shoulder were elevated above the other he was yet, without doubt, one of the most handsome men of his time. Walpole shows, in a very succinct and plausible manner, that there may be as much to be said for his character as for his person. He very truly remarks, "There is a kind of literary superstition which men are apt to contract from habit, and which makes them look on any attempt towards shaking their belief in any established characters—no matter whether good or bad—as a sort of profanation." And then, after some interesting words, he inquires, "Does antiquity consecrate darkness? Does a lie become venerable from its age?"

But we shall not follow Horace Walpole through his interesting vindication further than to say there is most evidently a good deal to be said for Perkyng Warbeck. There was, however, a story of which probably Horace Walpole knew nothing, and which his odd mind—always on the look-out for circumstances startling and strange—would have been glad to know; it adds another to the historic doubts gathering round Richard III, and the story, as we have it certainly puts his

character in an amiable light. Had Richard a son, who was, indeed, the last of the Plantagenets? Francis Peek's "*Disiderata Curiosa*, a collection of scarce and curious pieces relating to English History," was published in 1779, and in it there is a strange story indeed of a Richard Plantagenet who died at Eastwell, December 22nd, 1550. This man had lived through a long and precarious life, and when he died had certainly passed beyond his eightieth year. He was a *protégé* and dependent of Sir Thomas Moyle, the Lord of Eastwell, and was working, when discovered by Sir Thomas, on his estate as a brick-layer.

Those were not days when humble labourers were readers, and Sir Thomas noticed that in this man's vacant hours when he left off working he took from his pocket a book and occupied himself in reading. One day he came upon him unexpectedly, and, seizing the book, found it to be Latin. Sir Thomas discovered in him a Latin scholar, and this led to conversation, and, by-and-by, to the quietly telling of a strange story: that he remembered that he had boarded until he was quite a youth with a Latin scholar, or schoolmaster; that a gentleman came to see him and his guardian about every three months, paying all charges, and taking care that the lad wanted for nothing; but that one day he came and took him away, carrying him to a fine great house, of which he remembered the large and stately rooms, in one of which the gentleman left him alone, when there came to him another gentleman very richly dressed—it will be remembered by our readers that Richard was very careful about his dress—and he was adorned with a star and rich garter; this gentleman talked very kindly to him, gave him money, then called for the gentleman who had brought him there, and who took him back again to his old guardian.

Not long after this the same gentleman came again and told him that he was to take him a long journey. He provided him with horse and accoutrements, and they rode on until they came to Leicestershire, and went to Bosworth Field,

and straight on to the tent of Richard, the king, who proved to be the person whom he had seen in the great house, and who now embraced him very tenderly, and told him that he was his son; "but, child," said he, "to-morrow I must fight for my crown, and be you sure that if I lose it I shall lose my life too, but I hope to preserve both." Then he pointed the lad to a place where he was to lie out of danger. "And when I have gained the victory," he said, "come to me, and I will own you for mine; but if I should lose the battle you will have to shift for yourself, but take care to let no one know that I am your father, for no mercy will be shown to any one related to me." Then the king put into his hand a purse of gold and dismissed him. The boy followed the king's directions. We know how the battle turned. There were probably no indications either in the caparisonings of the horse or in his own attire to lead to suspicion. He fled, but succeeded in selling the horse, and parting with his clothes for plainer apparel, and that he might sustain himself by honest labour, bound himself apprentice to a bricklayer. In the midst of such lowly occupation he still sustained the reserve of a gentleman, and cultivated his taste for scholarly books. He was far advanced in life when Sir Thomas met him, who certainly treated him as no impostor, but, offering to take him into his house and keep him there, the old man begged of him rather to build for him a little house in the park. "There," said he, "by your good leave I will live and die."

Sir Thomas did as he requested, and there this, presumably the last of the Plantagenets, remained until his death, and we suppose the register of the parish of Eastwell would show now, as it showed apparently in Peek's day, that which was transcribed by Peek's correspondent, "Richard Plantagenet was buried the 22nd day of December, 1550." The little hut in which he lived long continued standing, and the Earl of Winchilsea, who succeeded to the estate, said, "I would as soon have pulled down Eastwell Place itself as have pulled down that hut."

Such, in brief, is this strange historic doubt concerning Richard III; but who this boy was, whether legitimate or illegitimate, there are no means of knowing. The probability is, accepting the story as it stands, that he was legitimate, and that Richard was waiting for the moment when, delivered from his embarrassments, he might acknowledge his successor. It is all a strange historic doubt, but it has led to a very pleasing historical romance, published in 1829, called "The Last of the Plantagenets."

There is a strange historic doubt which has led to large speculation, and seems involved in a haze of mystery, although we must say it has never for a moment disturbed our faith. The chief iconoclast in this matter is M. Octave Delepierre, some years since the Belgian consul in England, and it has led to several searching investigations. To some of our readers the inquiry may be new and startling—Was Joan of Arc really burned at Rouen? Delepierre believes that he discovered

incontestable evidence that she was not. In our brief paper we need not give his authorities, which are yet, however, before us. He believes, and attempts to prove, that somehow the glorious and illustrious maid must have escaped; that she was not burned at the stake, but lived to a ripe old age, being happily married to a nobleman of high rank and reputation. The story is this. In the archives of Metz for the year 1436 it is reported that the maid came to Metz. She instantly appears to have placed herself in relationship with the sheriff and officers of the city. She had, however, assumed the name of Claude. There, shortly after, two of her brothers, who had supposed her to have been burned, came to see her and recognised her; and many other persons who had seen her as she escorted the king beneath her banner to his coronation also knew her. A suspicious circumstance in this record is that this person is described as speaking mostly in parables. This is very unlike the Jeanne whom we know, all of whose speech, even when she described the voices which invoked her, is remarkable for its straightforward clearness. However, she so satisfied the people of Metz that she was the Maid Jeanne, of France, that she appears to have been covered with presents, especially many jewels, all of which, by the way, is very unlike Joan, who would receive no present for her magnificent services excepting the freedom of her village of Domremy from taxation, and which freedom continued until the proscription was abolished in the first French Revolution.

This mysterious heroine went to Arlon, in the Duchy of Luxemburg. There she was thronged, under the impression that she was the true Maid of Orleans, and there her marriage was solemnised with a noble knight, the Sieur Hermoise, and they returned together to live at Metz. This is the story found by Father Vignier in the archives of that city; but there is a great deal more. Father Vignier was invited to look over the family register of the Hermoises, and there he found a contract of marriage between Robert des Hermoise, knight, and Jeanne d'Arcy, the so-called Maid of Orleans. But in 1740, in the town-hall of Orleans, were found some bills paid in 1436 for messages and refreshments supplied for the Maid of Orleans. These were especially for her brother; but there is one very singular—"To the Sieur de Lis" (the designation of the brother of Jeanne), "October 18th, 1436, for a journey which he made through the said city while on his way to the Maid, who was then at Arlon, in Luxemburg; and for carrying letters from Jeanne, the Maid, to the king at Loicher, where he was then staying—*six livres*!" And there are other similar items in the town records.

Is not all this very strange—that in 1436, five years after the public execution at Rouen, a young woman, believed to be the real Jeanne d'Arc, was alive in Lorraine, and was married there to a noble personage? But the account does not stop here. A certain M. Wallow has written an elaborate life of the Maid, and in it he says: "In 1439 she came to Orleans; there she had a great reception, and on the day of her

departure the citizens of Orleans, through a special decree of the town council, presented her with two hundred and ten livres—an immense sum for that day—said in the record “to be for the services which she had rendered to the said city during the siege.” Up to this time, 1439, solemn annual ceremonies had been performed in the cathedral for the repose of her soul. After this visit, of course, they were quite naturally suppressed.

There certainly were adventuresses about attempting to simulate the person of the beloved and immortal maid, for, as with Barbarossa and Odin, and even the First Napoleon, it was believed that the beloved one could not be dead; and M. Delepierre gives the instance of an adventuress who endeavoured to pass herself off as the Maid of Orleans, but was condemned to be exposed on the marble stones of the palace hall in Orleans in order to prove that she was an impostor. But why was not the same rigorous justice exercised towards this other person?

We have rapidly condensed the chief particulars of this most remarkable story. Of course, against all this seeming evidence there is still the absolutely irrefutable fact that apparently a young woman was really burned at Rouen. Much has been made of the fact, by those who wish to confirm the doubt, that contemporary documents say that she was conducted to the stake with her face veiled. It must be remembered that it was the Church which burned Jeanne. She was burned as a witch—one in alliance with the evil powers—and thus all victims were conducted to the places of their doom veiled.

The stream of evidence attendant upon her execution, and the conduct of the executioner after her death, all seem to cast contempt upon the strange story we have recited. And it is remarkable that upon the hypothesis of her escape and survival there is not a word of the slightest information as to where she was or what she was doing during the five years' interval. It must be admitted that some of the records appear very singular. Of these the second class appear most remarkable. As to the first, Jeanne was one of the most common names in France, and d'Arc, or d'Arcy—“the Bow”—one of the most common also in that day. So that it might well be that a Robert des Hermoise married a Jeanne d'Arc, who might also have been a maid of Orleans. Still, remembering, as we have seen, that there were adventuresses who attempted the work of imposture, and recalling, as we are easily able to do, all the details of circumstance of the imprisonment, the trial, and sufferings of the maid, from the time of her capture almost to her execution, we cannot doubt that she really suffered at that stake. And we have been disposed ourselves to treat the story with much the same regard as that with which we treat French writers of our own day who have attempted to prove that the English were not victors at Waterloo. The capture of Jeanne was caused by the barring of the gates of the city which she had nobly saved against her, and her surrender to the English, a stigma which French writers may well desire, by some means or

other, to wash away. Such is our opinion; but, as it stands, the story may well be recited among strange historic doubts.

But, of all strange historic doubts, perhaps that which involves the fate of Louis xvii, the unhappy little son of Louis xvi and Marie Antoinette, is yet the most doubtful and perplexing. It is easy summarily to say he died in the Temple beneath the brutal usage of his keeper, Simon; but it is almost clear that his sister, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, and the other members of his family, did not believe it; and Lamartine, apparently expressing no opinion, says in his “History of the Restoration,” “The existence of Louis the Seventeenth can only serve as food for the imagination, and as a text for fancy, but never for the serious research of history. It is one of the enigmas that men are eternally proposing, and which are not to be solved but by probability or Providence.” And Thomas de Quincey said: “It is made probable enough that the true Dauphin did not die in the year 1795 at the Temple, but was personated by a boy unknown.” It has always seemed to us most remarkable that the beautiful Chapel of the Expiation in Paris, sacred to the memory of Louis xvi and Marie Antoinette, has no memorial of their son. It would seem that both the Governments of Louis Philippe and Napoleon iii believed in his existence somewhere, from the steps which were taken with reference to persons who might be supposed to have a fair claim to the dignity. The strange story of Eleazer Williams has been told.* A still more remarkable story, however, is that of the Baron de Richemont.

It was in the year 1853 that a stir of unusual curiosity was awakened in Villefranche, near Lyons. The countess of one of the oldest and richest Legitimist families had sent her carriage to await the arrival of a train—herself following on foot, although seventy years of age, leaning on the arm of her son, the Count Maurice. The train arrived, the count advanced, quite uncovered, hat in hand, and received a vigorous but venerable old man in simple attire. Still uncovered, the count conducted him to the carriage; the countess, it is said, receiving him also with those distinguished marks of the politeness of the ancient *régime* which are now rarely affected anywhere but on the stage. No wonder that the personality of the mysterious stranger excited curiosity. Startling, indeed, when that very night in the old castle the mysterious person died of apoplexy. The funeral followed; but before that the train which arrived from Paris brought about twenty men, simply attired, but among whom many persons declared they recognised dukes and princes—the known attachés of the great and true Legitimist family of France. The funeral over—and it was, naturally enough, a large one—all these returned by the next train to Paris.

The very story seemed to be resolved when eight days after a gravestone arrived from Paris, upon which, when placed over the remains, the

* See “Eclectic Review,” 1866, and “Biographic Romance,” by Edwin Paxton Hood.

astonished spectators read, "Here rests Louis Charles of France. Born in Versailles, March 27, 1785; died at Castle Vaux Renard, August 10, 1853." Now the people were enlightened as to the personality of the old gentleman who was received with such distinguished honours, and who had been for so brief a time the guest in the old castle; and at the same time the Paris newspapers announced the death of the Baron de Richemont, whose life had been one long succession of persecutions in defiance of his claims to be regarded as the legitimate successor to the sceptre of France. Naturally enough, however, the gravestone was not allowed to retain its place long. On the 12th of November arrived the Prefect of the Department, the Judge of Enquiry, and a band of military officers. These summoned the mayor, and they all proceeded to the churchyard, attended by a great crowd, and the tombstone was demolished. But the greatest mystery remained behind. As the prefect was about to leave the churchyard a telegraphic despatch from Paris was handed to him. He was surprised, startled, consulted with his fellow-officers, then called for the gravediggers, and commanded that the grave should be immediately opened. The expressions on the faces were curious—incrédulity, contempt, astonishment—but the work was done. The gravediggers came to the coffin. What next? The prefect commanded them to lift the cover. The order was executed, but this only showed a second coffin of lead. This was also opened. A cry of astonishment burst from the crowd; the coffin was empty! We believe no light was ever thrown upon this marvellous transaction. There is but one little fragmentary hint. It was said that passing through Lyons a day or two before his reputed death, in an hotel there happened to be lying a copy of Dumas' celebrated novel "Monte Cristo," and while turning over the leaves the baron said to a person standing by, "Do you think it possible that from the effects of hashish a person can be for some days apparently dead, buried, and brought alive again out of his grave?" What became of the supposed inhabitant of this vacant coffin was, we believe, never publicly known, and many of our readers will probably say, "And what does it matter?" We are not implying that any material issues can hang upon any of the stories we are reciting, but it certainly is even something more than curious to follow the strange surmises which have gathered round the histories of extraordinary persons. The belief in the escape of Louis xvii from his imprisonment has pervaded more or less all classes of persons in France.

There were several *prima-facie* circumstances which justified this. First of all the certificate from the physicians as to his death was only given four days after, and was distinctly most informal. It said no more than that they had seen a corpse of a boy which they "were told was the son of Louis Capet" (Louis xvi). The General State Advocate, in the course of one of the trials which ensued upon a claim to be regarded as the prince, admitted at once—and it should be remembered that it is the testimony of

a lawyer who had examined a large range of documentary evidence—"in regard to the flight of the Dauphin from the Temple, the investigations which I have made have brought me to the conviction that it is incontestable."

As we have said, there were several persons who attempted to maintain their claim to be regarded as the prince. But of them all, the Baron de Richemont presents the greatest amount of probabilities and plausibilities. Throughout his life he persistently asked the question in courts of law and other places, "If I am not Louis the Seventeenth, who am I?" and we believe the question was never satisfactorily answered. His life was a long succession of strange adventures, which, although lying before us, and full of incident and entertainment, are too lengthy for these pages. Each period of his life seems to be distinctly traceable, whether in Africa or America, or in Austrian prisons, to which the schemes of French Governments consigned him. In 1830 he sent a protest to all the Governments in Europe against the ascension of Louis Philippe to the throne, and it is very singular that the Duchess of Orleans, the mother of Louis Philippe, steadily supported his claims; and it was probably owing to her influence that he was permitted to continue for some time unmolested in Paris. But when the Government was apparently firmly established, and it was believed, and even came to be generally known, that he held in his hand sufficient evidence of his identity, it was determined to silence him. He was arrested on a charge of conspiring against the safety of the State. His trial continued during a period of fifteen months. The very prosecutors were compelled almost to acknowledge his identity with the Dauphin, and during this long course of investigation no answer was given to his question, "If I am not Louis the Seventeenth, who am I?" Even the language of the president of the court to the jury, towards the close of the trial, was remarkable, and seems to show the drift of his own thought. "Gentlemen, who is the accused now standing before you? What is his true name, his origin, his family? What are his antecedents? What is his whole life? Is he a tool of the enemies of France, who strive to stir up civil war throughout our land? Or is he, rather, only an unfortunate man, who, as by a miracle, escaped from the horrors of a bloody revolution? who, outlawed and excommunicated from his very birth, finds no name and no refuge where he can lay his head?" Such was the language of a president of a court of justice concerning an accused man. The jury could not agree upon his identity, and only found him guilty of conspiracy against the safety of the State. The difficulty was, beneath what name to condemn him; but he was condemned to twelve years' imprisonment. He escaped, however, and found his way to Switzerland. The revolution of 1848 gave another and hopeful turn to his affairs; but it is only sufficient here that we notice how thus, from first to last, he appears before us, in connection with the chief circumstance of the fate of Louis xvii, as altogether the greatest and most interesting historic doubt of our times.

A STORY OF BECHUANALAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

SIXTY years ago three brave Englishmen performed an act in Bechuanaland which, when in after years the decisive battles of South Africa come to be narrated, must take its place as the one that more than all prevented the aspect of the country, and the current of its history, being completely changed. It may be cited as in some respects a parallel to General Gordon's mission in the Soudan.

To explain how in 1823 these men were in a locality so little known even to-day, it is necessary to go back to the last year of the last century, when the London Missionary Society sent its first agents to South Africa.

These pioneer missionaries subsequently succeeded in establishing stations among the Griquas, and at other points beyond the frontiers. Two years later, in 1801, owing to the strain put upon the food supply of the Cape by the constant demands of passing ships of war, and by its own internal military requirements, a scarcity of cattle was produced, and an effort was therefore made to obtain stock by sending a party of fourteen white men and twenty-eight natives to carry on a friendly traffic with the tribes of the Bechuana country seven hundred miles distant. These, though unsuccessful in their object, brought back the first information of that people.

For fifteen years all intercourse with Bechuanaland was limited to the occasional and unwelcome visit of a pioneer missionary or a venturesome traveller, till in 1816 Mr. Hamilton endeavoured to establish himself in Kuruman, then called Lattakoo. It was the centre of a country of such chronic scarcity from the recurrence of cattle disease and drought that the inhabitants were wont to cook their food at night lest a neighbour should become aware of the process and claim a share. At times that food consisted almost entirely of the root of the motlopi-tree dug up and dried and ground into coarse flour from which to make a porridge. From craving hunger the usual form of salutation became "Lo yang?" ("What are you eating?") and the invariable response "Nothing whatever."

Such was the inhospitable region to which Mr. Hamilton penetrated. He met with by no means a favourable reception, the people telling him they feared it would be with them as with the people of Griqua town, "who once wore a kaross (fur robe), but now wear clothes, and who once had two wives, but now had only one." Yet happily for them Mr. Hamilton remained, and in four years was joined by Mr. and Mrs. Moffat.

A couple of years were passed in tranquillity, when away in the north-east beyond the Quathlamba or Drakensberg Mountains events took place which but for these despised missionaries would have rendered Bechuana a forgotten name.

A general of the great Tchaka, the military despot of the fierce Zulus, had incurred the displeasure of his all-powerful master, and knowing

how quickly his fate would overtake him, he fled from the land with a host of Zulu warriors. In time crossing the Drakensberg, they fell upon the outlying Bechuana tribes, who rushed upon those beyond to save themselves from their assailants, and thus a ruthless and resistless tide of war, incorporating in itself the surviving warriors of each clan, swept across the land, gaining in power to conquer as it went, and by its awful echoes paralysing the waning courage of those who had yet to meet it. Such was the horde of 50,000 fighting men that in 1823 bore down upon Kuruman, to whom defeat was unknown, and before whom, it seemed, the unwarlike Bechuana and all the tribes south of them must disappear as chaff before the storm.

Day after day terror-stricken peasants arrived from the distant frontiers, each telling a tale that he dared not stay to verify, of the coming host between which and the chief Motwibe's kraal but little more than a hundred miles now intervened.

All was panic and confusion. Motwibe called upon his witch-doctors and wise men for advice, exclaiming aloud, "O Quatama, help me," but durst not wait his aid; and shrunk with fear gave way to the dictates of despair, directing, as his sole resource, that his followers should abandon all and take refuge with him in the desert.

Upon such a scene entered one of the Englishmen, calm and brave; and as from a warm substance radiant heat goes forth to objects of a lower temperature within its reach, so from the self-reliant man the spirit of confidence was diffused among these nerveless counsellors.

Their state of hopeless precipitancy gave way to hesitation, and then to trust, and ere the day had passed those who had been most timid were loudest in their boasts.

With the two missionaries there happened to be in Kuruman at this time another Englishman, the traveller George Thompson, and upon these three devolved the conduct of the defence.

It was agreed that Mr. Moffat should at once ride to Griqua town, a hundred miles distant, to seek for further assistance. No time was to be lost. Taking two horses, one to ride and one to lead, so that he could change from one to the other at intervals, and thus accomplish a much greater distance at a better pace, he started without delay; while at the same time Thompson, who was but a passing visitor, and bound to the place by nought but the feelings of a true man, determined to remain and take part in the struggle. Several days having passed in anxious suspense, Thompson, unwilling longer to endure such uncertainty, volunteered to go forth and ascertain the exact position of the approaching foe. Accordingly, on horseback, and with but a single attendant, he passed out from the sheltering oasis of Kuruman into the surrounding wilderness of yellow sand, broken only here and there by clumps of grey-leaved bushes and patches

of withering herbs, to risk his life in his noble undertaking.

Knowing that the immediate neighbourhood was free from the enemy, he pushed on for some miles till he came upon a narrow stream. Having crossed without difficulty, and advanced through the small belt of shrubs that fringed its bank, he before long found himself on a tract of country dotted more thickly with stretches of rank yellow grass, and having thorny mimosæ scattered over it, while in the distance was the blue outline of mountains. The winter sun of June was slowly giving way to the chill of evening. A countless flight of locusts passed with a rustling sound above him, an emblem of the destroying horde he sought, and away in the distance a few wild beasts trotted leisurely towards their accustomed watering-places. But to him the immediate question was whether, as he lay under a sheltering thicket for the night, he dare light a fire to scare the prowling lions from his horse. Thinking of the all-importance of his mission to his anxious friends, he decided that he would not risk discovery, and wrapping himself in a thick kaross to keep out the bitter cold of a frosty night, well knowing that his horse by its struggles would soon arouse him if any dangerous animal approached, he slept as lightly and as soundly as a sportsman only can.

When the sun was up and the numbness of the night had passed, he again set out on his dangerous task, and reached the town of Old Lattakoo, situated in the midst of extensive millet gardens. Here he first met with evidence of the coming enemy. The six or eight thousand inhabitants of this important kraal had fled, from rumour only, leaving their cooking utensils with their food on the fires, now cold; and the only living creature in sight was a solitary vulture, perched on a lofty camelthorn-tree. Now fully alive to the reality of the danger, he made his way through the silent huts into the open space beyond, and taking every precaution against exposing himself unnecessarily, pushed warily on. Several miles had been gone over in this way when he suddenly caught sight of the immense mass of the Zulu army. Pausing only long enough to form some rough estimate of their numbers, he hastened back to the deserted kraal, and, ultimately concealing himself on the Kuruman side in a position from which he could observe their movements, soon saw them take possession of the town. He then commenced his homeward ride, having nearly forty miles to accomplish.

As the progress of the Zulus had hitherto been a triumphal march, they were fortunately in no hurry, and only advanced when the requirements of food compelled them, or there was nothing left to destroy. Consequently, some days passed before they left the millet gardens and comforts of the abandoned kraal, and time was thereby given for the return of Mr. Moffat. He brought with him several of the Griqua chiefs, together with a hundred horsemen, armed with guns, and these were further joined by different sections of the neighbouring Bechuana tribes. With this force,

more especially as it was known that the Zulus were quite unaccustomed to horses, the tsetse-fly and climate of their country being destructive to them, it was determined to make an advance from Kuruman towards Lattakoo. On the 25th of June, 1823, they came upon a division of the Zulus, fifteen thousand strong, posted outside the town. An attack was at once made by the horsemen, who, riding to within shooting distance, jumped from their horses, and poured several volleys into the dense mass of the enemy, remounting and retiring before the charging Zulus could come to close quarters with them. This was repeated over and over again with murderous effect, till the Zulus, seeing that each desperate effort to reach their assailants only added fruitlessly to their heap of slain, came on with less and less determination, and finally wavered. At this moment the Bechuanas, who had gained courage from success, hurled themselves with impetuosity upon the hesitating foe. Flight ensued and a wholesale running slaughter of the ever-victorious army.

Thus the wave of devastation that had rolled over the country for many months broke itself against the manly resistance of a few Englishmen, and, passing away northward and north-eastward in separate eddies, finally died out.*

During the long period that these Zulu tribes ravaged the land five hundred thousand human beings were slain, hundreds of square miles were laid waste, and of the thousands of creatures who fled for safety to the desert, many, having exhausted all sources of food, betook themselves to cannibalism to maintain life, and actually acquired such a habit as to render them in their turn a terror to all within their reach.

Such was the desolation from which Southern Africa was saved.

As a consequence of victory, a time of peace ensued, and Mr. Moffat was enabled to set to work to build a mission station by the side of the Kuruman river, which takes its rise in a hot spring issuing from a subterranean cavern above the town; and, to show the natives how to use its precious waters by leading them in irrigating rills over the land. Thus he formed those gardens in the desert, beneath the shade of the fruit-trees of which, exactly twenty years afterwards, the young missionary Livingstone proposed for the hand of Mary Moffat, and won for himself a wife who shared in many of his dangers and sympathised with all his labours till, eighteen years later, she was laid to rest by the large baobab-tree in the swamps of the Zambesi at Shupanga.

Such is the history of our earliest contact with the Bechuana country, which preoccupation with the affairs of other lands had almost induced England to allow to lapse into the possession of encroaching Boers, but to which she has now decided to extend her protection. A.

* It should, however, be noted that Mr. Moffat's presence at the action was not as a combatant. He went with the Griquas to try and negotiate, so as to prevent fighting if possible, and failing in this, his whole energies were devoted to repressing cruelty and saving the helpless.—[Ed. L. H.]

MACPHERSON'S LOVE STORY.



"LAND OF THE MOUNTAIN AND THE FLOOD."

IT was on a summer Sunday morning that the story began—or let me rather say, that I take up the story, for who shall mark the real beginning of those events that mightily colour and disturb, and even turn the course of our lives?

In the early sunshine, while the dew was still heavy on the grass, Ian Macpherson had been away three miles up the valley with a dying shepherd. Following the course of the broad, brawling, shallow Riach river; now clambering along steep slate-coloured banks of shifting flakes and chips of stone, that looked as if they had swept in avalanches down the abrupt hillside; now springing with the sure, agile step of a born Highlander from one boulder to another as he crossed a streamlet or took a short cut across a bend of the river; now walking quickly over narrow, level reaches of meadow-ground, or amongst springy heather under the birches that overhung the broken gravel banks above the

water,—his whole heart was overflowing with that exultation which breathes in the very early hours of morning when the days are long. The earth in that hour was very Paradise, not for anything it had given or ever could give him, but because it was so beautiful, and in its glorious undescrated solitude seemed still fresh from the hand of God.

The home of the dying man was a mere hovel of peat-sods covered with moss-grown thatch, built on one of those fertile reaches of soil brought down and left here and there in these wild Scotch valleys by floods of long ago. It stood just above the river—all too perilously near in time of storm and flood, you would have thought—and round it towered the rugged hills, echoing unceasingly the murmur of the water and the wind—a murmur, at least, in summer. In winter many a wild storm raged up there, darkening the air with heavy snow and sleet, bowing and

breaking and uprooting whole tracts of pines and larch; raving down the shrouded peaks and narrow, dim ravines, and making to tremble the little peat hut and the stout hearts within. And then, when the storm was spent, would be a silence as of death; snowy steepes and glittering peaks rising up on all sides motionless against a motionless sky, and down below the dark water creeping slow and quiet under masses of ice.

Macpherson could see it all in memory even as he stepped across the summer flowers, for the poor shepherds in the lone huts scattered here and there in the long valley needed him in winter as well as in summer, in foul weather no less than in fair. But to-day, as he grew accustomed to the half-light in the hut, and the wan face of the dying man became clearer in the shadow of the berth in the wall where he was lying, the minister saw well enough that he would know no more an earthly winter, nor ever see the snow come down upon the hills again. There was only one window in the hut, a single unmovable pane a foot square, let into the sod wall at one end, and rendered even less useful by a strip of rag pinned across it by way of a blind. Most of the light came in dusty beams down the wide chimney, slanting across the background of smoke-blackened wall and rafter, and lying in patches on the uneven mud floor.

As the day was warm the minister set the door wide open, and the dim, dying eyes looked out wistfully at the sunny summer weather and the beautiful wooded slopes where the foot of the opposite hill came down to the river. But he was tired now; all this was passing from him, and his eyes came back to Ian Macpherson's face, where, as he dimly felt, dwelt something that could not pass away—something that death itself would have no power to disturb or change. Light kindled faintly on his rugged, wasted features when Macpherson came and took the toil-worn hand—so powerless now—in his, for in the young minister's life this poor shepherd had seen and understood what no words could have brought home to him—the reality and power of love. He knew that Macpherson counted not his life his own, nor any of the things that he possessed. Year by year he had felt the subtle influence deepening, and had seen the spirit burning clearer in the eyes, so that to meet him—to the ignorant, simple shepherd—was like meeting an angel. In Macpherson he saw and knew a man in the very prime of manhood, clever, as those said who knew best, and with the world before him; who yet could let the world go by; who sought no preferment, whose whole life and soul and energy were devoted to his people without a thought for himself, and who had ever a kind word and a happy smile for one and all.

These poor people could perhaps not have explained what their young minister was to them; what he really was beyond what they saw they could never know; and yet they did feel that he had sacrificed himself for their sake in staying there, that this sacrifice was no grudging martyrdom, but a glad free-will offering to the Lord he loved and to them. It shed more light upon their hearts

than a thousand sermons; it had power to draw aside for them now and again the gross veil of material aims, and to give them as in a mirror a glimpse of eternal love.

This dying man could believe in the great love of the Lord who died for him when he had seen its living power in his minister's life; and, though the comparison is but as of a spark to the sun itself, the selfless brotherhood of one whom he knew very far above him in ways which he could not understand brought home to him the brotherhood of Christ. With his hand in Macpherson's, listening with fast-closing ears to his earnest words, following his childlike, simple prayers, it seemed as if earth and its soul-chains of sin and sorrow faded and fell away; as if the gates of heaven opened wide and wider, and the light shone out more and more perfect, till at last the call came down, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" and then the spirit went up out of the darkness and ignorance and poverty of the hard shepherd life, and Macpherson was kneeling alone on the mud floor in the dim hovel beside the dead.

An hour later the solitary bell of the kirk on the wooded knoll overlooking Loch Riach was ringing thin and clear across lake and meadow for morning prayer, and Macpherson hurried up the steep footpath that wound upwards to the kirk between Scotch firs from the flat grass land about the water.

A group of strangers stood at the kirkyard gate, a young fellow of two or three-and-twenty, a lady who looked about the same age, tall and very fair, and a lad in an Eton jacket with a top hat and broad white collar. No doubt they belonged to the English family who had been expected at the villa near the railway station and the store—the only villa within half a dozen miles.

Macpherson, with the courtesy that is natural to even the shyest Highlander, lifted his hat to them as a matter of course, and would have passed on, but the young man stepped forward and asked if they might go into the church, and whether it mattered where they sat.

"Oh! There's only too much room," he said, when he understood what they wanted, which was not all at once, for the Gaelic was his native tongue and his ears were utterly unfamiliar with English as spoken by English people. He led the way through long rank grass and nettles, across sunken graves and flat tombstones where the inscriptions were worn away, more, surely, by wild winter storms than by church-going feet, for there was no trace of any path from the gate to the door.

"Rummiest hole 't ever I saw, Lily," poor Macpherson heard the boy say in an undertone, as he ushered the strangers into as curious a place of worship as perhaps this nineteenth century can show.

The floor was all uneven and rudely paved with round cobble stones, glistening and dark with perpetual damp; a gallery, sagging rather alarmingly towards the middle, ran across either end; on the front panel of the eastern one was branded in irregular characters,

"I. M. FECIT. AUG. 17, 1771,"

and these were certainly the very newest part of the interior. Along under the north wall was a row of little wooden pews, some with broken doors, others with no doors at all; their flooring consisted merely of earth, with a few rough planks thrown down here and there to help to keep the feet of the congregation more or less dry. The once whitewashed walls were stained and blotted with great seas of green and red mould, and the atmosphere was as that of a subterranean dungeon—chill, damp, and smelling of ancient decay. Macpherson opened a pew for them, and they took their places while he walked, just as he was, up the crazy pulpit stair, hung his hat on a nail above him, and knelt down. There were two women in one of the rickety galleries, and not more than half a dozen people in the pews below: a farmer's daughter in very gay attire, two or three labouring men in ill-fitting suits of Sunday black; a keeper in his master's former shooting-coat and knickerbockers, and a couple of shepherds in kilt and plaid.

The bell ceased, and the bell-ringer, sexton, precentor, beadle—whatever he was—having made the rope fast where it hung on the gable outside, came in and took his place at the desk under the pulpit, and the Psalm was given out—

"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid,
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heav'n and earth hath made."

But the only person who attempted to sing was the factotum at the clerk's desk, and he rendered the entire Psalm alone from beginning to end, in slow, loud, wavering, twangy tones that took small account of a semi-tone higher or lower, and left the tune, when he had finished, still a matter of conjecture to the uninitiated.

As the service proceeded a few more people came in, dropped into pews here and there, and stared at the unwonted sight of a lovely English face and fresh London millinery. But when Macpherson rose, and gave out his text, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" reading it twice or thrice in his curious foreign accent, every eye was fixed upon his face, and each man placed his arms on the table or shelf in front of him and bent forward to listen.

It was a thin, plain face, with a low, broad brow, high cheekbones and irregular features, that showed against the dull light-blue of the old pulpit; but the dark eyes lit up with intense eagerness as he leaned forward to preach in his fashion the old, oft-repeated lesson, and every line of the slight, wiry figure was instinct with energy and life. His sermon was short, and his language strong and simple—so simple that to at least one listener it had the force almost of a new revelation. The hearers could not know what that simplicity cost him, though some of them might have remembered a time when they could not understand him; there was nothing to tell how each plain, homely phrase came out vic-

torious over eloquent words and symbolic imagery and high intellectual reasonings that were always thronging there within him; nothing to reveal how hard he was trying to live in them and out of himself, that he might realise their need, and feel how the message he so burned to deliver might best wake echoes in those poor dull hearts that were so slow to respond.

Very earnestly he set forth the nothingness of all the things that "grossly close us in" and bar the way that leads to life. Passionately he pleaded for the great single purpose that opens and makes plain that way and guides unerringly the feet that find it.

The fair English lady, looking up at that young earnest face, and then beyond it, where through the window she could see red fir boughs stirring against the summer sky, wondered at the courage that could face this mere handful of listeners and feel as enthusiastic and speak with as much energy as though thousands hung upon his words. To other than Gaelic ears that voice, too, had a special charm with its undertone of pathos, its plaintive echo of "old, unhappy, far-off things," the melancholy of a dying language and a race that is being fast merged and lost in the self-asserting, irreverent Saxon, akin to that sorrow on the wind across the moors and among the lonesome hills, even when it comes whispering down the wild warm corries, or blows cool off the sunny summits on a summer day, carrying a sound of tears.

At the evening service the young Englishman was there alone, and on his homeward way Macpherson wondered whether he ought to call at the villa. For the next day or two, however, he knew he would have no time, for there was fever at a little farm on the lower boundary of the parish, and in the poor cottages belonging to it, and as often as other work would allow Macpherson was there comforting, nursing, helping, and always bringing with him some welcome trifle that the sufferers could not afford; a few eggs, a lemon or two, a little tea, two or three bottles of seltzer-water—anything his kind heart could suggest and his ready hand procure. Visits like these sometimes occupied his whole afternoon, so that he did not come home till the shadows of the hills darkened all the valley.

The sun had disappeared behind the rugged granite steepes to westward, though the eastern summits could see it still and glowed rose-red against the evening sky when Macpherson reached the Manse after Monday's work. The door stood wide and showed a vista of boarded, carpetless passage sprinkled with sand, carpetless stairs opposite the entrance, and a door on either hand; merely looking in, it gave one the impression that whoever kept the house had good intentions, but fell lamentably short in carrying them out. Perhaps, however, it had ceased to strike the master's eye, for he hung up his hat in the passage with quite a sigh of relief, turned to the door on the left with a smile of content on his face, and went into his study.

There, a good deal to his astonishment, stood the young Englishman of yesterday, holding out

a cordial hand and introducing himself with an apology as Robert Echalaz.

"I have been making your acquaintance through the names of your books," said he, with a smile. "The—the maid"—he hesitated a moment before venturing to apply this title to the grimy child who had admitted him—"the maid told me, as far as I could make out what she said, that you would be home soon, so I took the liberty of waiting here."

Macpherson assured him that he was very welcome, and fetched in another chair out of the adjacent kitchen to add force to his words.

Then young Echalaz came straight to his point. His brother, he said, was bent on getting some fishing, and they thought that probably Mr. Macpherson, if he could not help them himself, might at any rate be able to direct them to some one who could.

"And I was glad of so plausible an excuse for getting to know you," added the young fellow, with a frank smile. "I—I am preparing for holy orders, and"—he hesitated—"well, I don't know—but I should very much like to have some talks with you."

Macpherson's face lit up with pleasure at this.

"I am afraid I shall disappoint you if you expect to learn anything from me," he said, and his quaint accent struck the young Englishman afresh. Nevertheless, the two talked there for an hour before it even occurred to them that time was passing, and Echalaz jumped up and declared he ought to have been at home before now.

"And the fishing?" suggested Macpherson.

The fishing had been quite forgotten, but it was very soon settled, and Macpherson after some debate promised to meet the two brothers on the following Thursday. He accompanied his new acquaintance down the path to the gate, thinking it would be pleasant to be able to offer him hospitality of some sort, but afraid that dry oatcake would hardly be attractive, even with the addition—supposing that boiling water could be produced within reasonable time—of tea that this well-to-do young Englishman might possibly not think good. Poor Macpherson dismissed his hospitable inclinations with regret that made his grasp of the other's hand all the warmer when they parted.

When Macpherson arrived at the villa at the appointed hour he found Tom waiting at the gate.

"Mother wants you to come in and see her," said the boy, shaking hands, and Macpherson followed him into the house to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Echalaz—a pretty, faded, delicate-looking woman—lay on the sofa beside the open window. She turned her head languidly towards him, and held out a slim white hand.

"Ah, Mr. Macpherson, it is so good of you to devote yourself to my boy," she said, conventionally. "I am sure he is very grateful; are you not, Tom?"

Tom murmured something about "awfully jolly," and suggested that they should start at once.

Mrs. Echalaz, however, first asked many questions, as to the distance, the river, and the possi-

bility of danger to her son, who was evidently the spoiled pet of the family.

Macpherson assured her that she need not be alarmed, and promised at all events to do his best to take care of Tom; and then, instead of Robert, whom he was expecting, Lily came in equipped for a walk, and Mrs. Echalaz said, "Ah, yes, my daughter, Mr. Macpherson. I'm sorry to say Robert is not well. He reads too hard, I am sure; he is not fit to go, and so I am sending Lily instead. I can't let Tom"—she changed the expression of the thought in her heart—"Tom would be quite too much for you alone," she said. "I always send one of them with him—not," she added, betraying herself still more to Macpherson's quick perceptions, "not that I doubt your care; I am sure you will not let any harm befall him."

But her last words, far from being expressive of any such assurance, sounded like a reiterated appeal to him to guard her darling.

Macpherson said he would be very careful, and at length the three were allowed to depart.

Tom lost no time in handing over all his encumbrances to his sister, and before they had walked through the wood at the back of the villa he was away after butterflies, leaving Lily and Macpherson to carry the rods and tackle, the fishing-basket, and the lunch. It was a great relief to the young minister to find that the English girl was neither shy nor self-conscious, but ready to talk with the same pleasant frankness and cordiality that had so struck him in the elder brother.

She watched Tom's retreating figure with an indulgent smile for a minute, and then turned to her companion. "May I ask you a great many questions, Mr. Macpherson?" she said, with natural directness.

"Surely," answered he, readily; "and I hope I may be able to answer some of them."

"I want to tell Robert," she explained, with a smile. "After we had been to your little kirk on Sunday we both wanted very much to know you. He is to take holy orders, and he and I think a great deal about the work to which he will be called. Your life, now, must be something utterly different from anything we have ever seen or imagined before."

"Is it?" he said. "Only because such primitive conditions exist perhaps no longer in England. I suppose a time is drawing nearer that will sweep away what lingers here."

"Well, but—" Lily hesitated an instant. "May I be quite frank?" she put in, deprecatingly. "How is it that *you* are in such a place?"

He did not know the drift of this question, and looked puzzled.

"Why should I not be?" he asked, diffidently.

The girl glanced expressively to north and south, down and up the lonely valley.

"One might say, speaking roughly," she said, "that there are no people here."

Macpherson too looked up the valley, and saw, far off, the hut where that poor shepherd had died, and thoughts of that Sunday morning brought the light into his face.

"That *would* be 'speaking roughly,'" he said, with a gentleness that made her feel ashamed at first, and then anxious to justify herself.

"But is your congregation always so small?" she asked.

"That was about the average on Sunday," he answered, and added, with a sigh, as if the fact were one he tried to forget, "It *is* small. My predecessor, I'm afraid, was unpopular, and latterly very old and feeble, and could not keep them together. A few have come back to me, but only a few."

"Then why do you stay here?" said Lily, impetuously. "Robert told me about your books, and—and the house—the Manse—so poor and bare. He says you must be far above your work. Indeed, we knew it from your sermon on Sunday."

He looked distressed.

"Do you think they will not have understood me?" he asked, with eager anxiety. "Was it difficult—obscure—beyond the mark?"

"Oh, no, no!" said Lily, astonished at his way of looking at it; "a child must have understood every word. I can't quite explain how it struck me and Robert too; it was so short and so complete, and the words so simple that one wondered at their intense force; and yet—yet—"

He looked anxiously at her. "Don't be afraid to find fault, Miss Echalaz," he said, earnestly; "I shall be so thankful to you—"

"Fault!" she interrupted; "oh, you don't understand me! I never heard anything that went so straight from heart to heart as those words of yours. When we came out I turned to Robert, and he turned to me, and we both said, 'Well?' and then Robert asked me what was the secret of such power, but I couldn't tell. And he thought a long time as we went home, about what you had said, and what he would have said in your place, which none of them would have listened to or understood."

Lily smiled rather sadly and broke off, for she remembered how Robert had said to her at last that Macpherson "*walked with God*," and that that was the secret of his power. She could not well repeat her brother's words, but she knew that they were true, and wanted to acknowledge to Macpherson the debt that both felt they owed to him.

"Ah! Mr. Macpherson," she said, earnestly, "you made us both ashamed. We were eager to begin teaching, and we suddenly found we had everything still to learn. Robert says he sees now that *nothing*, absolutely nothing, can be done by a man who has not begun with himself."

Macpherson looked up with keen sympathy, divining at once a fellow-struggler, for this was beaten ground to him, sorely familiar.

"That is true enough," he said; "and yet we all begin at the outside, and are always returning to it again."

Lily sighed.

"Yes," she said, "and looking downward from ourselves instead of up to our ideal—to God. One seems to be always beginning, only beginning, over and over again."

"Perhaps," said Macpherson, thoughtfully—

"perhaps we need a whole life of beginning to show us what we are, and to teach us that the good that is done is all of God."

"But don't you feel yourself thrown away on such a miserable little congregation?" Lily went on, recurring to her first idea. "Would you not like a large parish?—a city audience?"

His eyes kindled.

"Once," he said, "I wished for a larger field, and, as you say, an *audience*; and I thought myself thrown away. I looked on this as a mere stepping-stone to preferment; it was quite too paltry for my enthusiasm; I could not make myself intelligible to my few people, my sermons flew quite over their heads; I was disappointed and miserable. I wanted to bring a sacrifice, you understand, Miss Echalaz, but it was to be of my own choosing—such as Cain's. And when I felt that God did not require it of me, I was angry and hurt, just, you know, as Cain was. And then one day a poor shepherd said to me, humbly and simply, 'You are too clever for the like of us.' That was lightning across thick darkness, Miss Echalaz. I understood, by God's mercy, what I had known without understanding all along; it was obedience that He required; no sacrifice but the laying down of my will before His. And now," he said, sadly—"now I wish I *could* throw myself away, if it were but for one man."

"But you won't stay here always?" Lily suggested.

"Ah! I don't know," he answered, with a smile. "We are soldiers; we go where we are sent; but I know now that it is good for us—for me at least—to work in a field where no glory can be reaped. If there were a prize within reach one might be in danger of looking away from the Master who calls us to follow only Him."

Lily walked on in thoughtful silence.

Meanwhile Tom had strayed far from the track, plunging knee-deep through heather and green cranberry scrub after butterflies, and alarming the oyster-catchers, which flew whistling and circling overhead, "tiring the echoes with unvaried cries," and grouse, which went whirring and clamouring away up among the big grey boulders on the mountain-side. The two sat down to wait for him.

"Every sight and sound here has a personality for me," Macpherson said, looking across the valley, where along the brow of a scarped hollow lay white wreaths of snow, and a little cloud above it hung about the mountain-top, clinging as if it would fain wander no more across the pathless heaven.

"That little cloud, see how it clings—heaven-born though it is—to the barren earth. If it lingers there it must dissolve in rain and fall into that cold hollow which never sees the sun."

Even as he spoke the cloudlet stirred, detached itself, and stole slowly away into the blue air.

"Ay!" he said to himself, with expressive intonation as he watched it; and then, bending his head while he held a piece of heather ungathered in his hand, he listened a minute. "Hark!" he said, raising his eyes with a dreamy smile. "Do you hear it?"

Far through the stillness of the sultry summer air came the murmur of water falling down its stony channel.

"It is the burn yonder—that green streak between the hills—tumbling down among the ferns. I used to fancy it mourned to leave its native fountains, and flowery sheltering banks, and the solitude of these mighty hills; but now it seems to me it feels a great destiny drawing it irresistibly onward, down to the forests below, through moor and meadow, to exchange the mountain echoes and the wild birds' cry for the shriek and rattle of railways and the din of busy towns; to hurry onward, though it lose its early sweetness and receive many a foul stain as it goes to join the ocean, the mighty heart which draws it to itself, reaching which at last all its impurity shall be purged away."

He was looking into the far horizon, where rank on rank of faint and fainter hills mingled with the clouds and blue sky, and seemed lost in thoughts beyond the words he had been speaking.

Lily's glance rested on his spiritual face, and presently she sighed.

"My lot, I'm afraid," she said, "is cast in that same city turmoil—we live in London, you know. It will be hard to go back to that artificial, crowded, stifling atmosphere after this." Glancing up and round them at the wide moorland and the hills, "Here the soul lies open to all the winds of heaven; there—ah! one can soon forget there is a heaven at all."

"Hullo!" cried Tom's voice, some little way behind them; and presently he came up flushed and very much out of breath, and flung himself down in the heather at their feet. "I should like to climb up and touch that snow," he remarked, after only one minute's prostrate inaction, resting on his elbows with his chin in his hands and his feet waving slowly about. "I shouldn't fancy your living in winter, sir," he went on, looking up at Macpherson, "but perhaps you just shut yourself up with your books, like a dormouse, till the snow clears off?"

"I can't do that," said Macpherson, simply. "I have been up this valley sometimes in snow so deep that the three miles took over three hours to walk, and once before I could come back there was such a blinding storm that I had to spend the night in that little black hut—you can just see it, to the right, far up the valley. It is not always safe to go alone, but I generally do because I know almost every stone and tree."

Tom cross-questioned a little about these winter expeditions, and then voted for refreshments; but Lily laughed at him, and proposed that they should do a little more of the day's work first, and then the three rose and set forward, Tom engrossing the minister's attention with a host of such far-fetched and extraordinary questions as only a schoolboy can possibly propound and care to have answered.

When at last they reached the river, after looking about and choosing a place for lunch, Tom condescended to relieve his sister of his own paraphernalia, told her she might "turn out the grub" because he required the basket, and coolly

recommended her to mount guard over everything till they came back.

"Are you not going to fish, Miss Echalaz?" asked Macpherson, becoming aware that it was proposed to leave her alone, and not altogether happy at the idea.

"Oh! she's only chaperon," cried Tom, impatient to be off, and Lily held up a cloud of white knitting which she said would keep her quiet as long as they liked to be away. Tom uttered an urgent "Oh, sir—please—she really is all right," Macpherson turned away, and then the two went obliquely down the bank with their rods, and were soon lost to sight.

All was silence but the babbling of the water among the rocks, and the faint summer air playing in the tassels of the birches, and all above the glowing brown and purple moor the heat twinkled and trembled aromatic of thyme and bog myrtle and juniper.

Lily clambered down the bank and found a shady nook fringed about with stunted birch and ferns, and there she resigned herself to knitting and to thronging thoughts suggested by what the young minister had said.

Macpherson, meanwhile, and Tom had established themselves to their entire satisfaction on two large boulders in mid stream, and abandoned themselves to the "sport" of waiting for the fishes.

Tom, conscious at first of Macpherson's experienced eye, contrived to be very patient for half an hour; but then he could no longer help thinking that the fishes were obstinate, or the spot unfavourable, or the sun too hot and bright, or the air too still, or the fly—probably the fly was not the right kind; at any rate, a change of position must no longer be deferred. By judicious tacking from boulder to boulder, and then across a low shingle island where stunted alder scrub made a shelter for the oyster-catchers, and tufts of saxifrage and stonecrop grew, he arrived at a more likely place, and tried again. Still it was evident that the fishes did not see the matter from his point of view. He very soon wearied of his new position and cast about for a better. He saw a big round boulder out in the very middle of the broadest part of the stream, and was seized with all a boy's longing to be on it, sport or no sport. To long for a thing, with Tom Echalaz, was as a rule to attain it rather sooner than later, and he at once began making his way out with plenty of pluck and very little caution, and finally landed with his rod, much wetter than he cared to notice, and tried again. He turned presently, when even this new delight was beginning to pall, to see what Macpherson was doing. Then he fancied he heard thunder, and stood motionless to listen. His eyes were fixed on the brown laughing water, flowing so softly over the stones below, that caught the sun and shadow through it and looked like broken gold amongst the soft brown of the bottom; the pebbly chatter of the shallow waterfall beyond was in his ears. This was the moment, the sight, the sound that remained indelibly fixed in his memory afterwards—the sultry stillness, and the slumbrous babble

and murmur that only made it seem more still. Surely there was a curious sound far off up the valley.

"It is thunder," he said softly to himself, and looked up at the cloudless sky. "How—really—it does sound awfully queer."

He glanced up stream to see what had become of his companion, and called out, "I say, isn't that thunder?"

Macpherson, who also was in the middle of the stream, to Tom's astonishment was in the act of throwing off his coat, and shouted almost before Tom had spoken,

"To the bank—the bank, for your life! At once!" and even careless, unobservant Tom saw his face look white as death against the dark background of rock and river.

Young Echalaz, although alarmed, was by no means the man to move without sufficient cause shown, and rather naturally looked about him for his danger before doing what he was told, even when Macpherson shouted again.

Yet the first far-off sound, the shouts and the delay, were all embraced in a few seconds. Then suddenly the boy realised that it was *not* thunder—this fearful, awesome wail and roar that was drawing nearer. He turned in terror towards the bank, and heard Macpherson call out, "Can you swim?"

"No," Tom shouted, but his voice was lost in the wild tumult of rushing water, the river rose to his waist, the spate was upon them. Bewildered, but not losing all his natural courage, the boy made an effort to plant the thick end of his rod down into the bottom to steady himself, but the next instant the water was about his shoulders, he lost his footing and was swept away upon the flood. Exactly what happened then, or how long it was that he felt himself rolling over, whirling helplessly along with the mighty current, choking and struggling, deafened by the thunder of the water, fighting desperately for his life, Tom never could make out, but he remembered feeling at last that he was beaten, that his earthly career was "about played out," as he himself expressed it; then there was a moment's vivid anguish of death, and keen memories of things done and left undone in the long ago that he must now "let alone for ever," and then a pause, a stoppage, energy coming back—he was caught and entangled by the fishing-basket that hung about his shoulders, and then a strong arm held him fast and he heard Macpherson's voice saying bravely, "Hold on—you're all safe, thank God!" and in another minute he was dragged on to the bank.

"I'm all right!" he gasped, plucking up his spirits as he got his eyes open and pushed his dripping hair off his face, and then he sat up and laughed at the figure his preserver presented kneeling there in his shirt-sleeves, soaked and streaming with water. "What *will* the mater say?" he exclaimed, delighted with his adventure. "Let's go and show ourselves to Lily."

Macpherson sprang to his feet and looked along the bank down stream.

"Where is your sister?" he faltered, dashing the water from his eyes; and then, without waiting

for an answer, he was away like an arrow from the bow, running beside the river as hard as man can run. Tom set off running too, and presently saw Macpherson, now far ahead, plunge into the flood.

A dead tree, bleached by last winter's storms, went sweeping past him, checked now and again by projecting rocks or overhanging boughs, and then driven on once more by the overwhelming force of the water. For an instant the boy threw himself upon the ground sobbing loud in agonising dread, and then again he struggled to his feet, choked down his sobs, and ran on at his utmost speed.

Not very far down the river turned at a sharp angle towards the nearer bank, and a few old alders leaned out between the rocks. As Tom drew near enough to distinguish one object from another amongst the foam and swirling water, he gave a glad shout, "Hold on! hold on!" and in another two minutes, holding by the alders, he was clambering down towards the edge of the water, where Macpherson had caught a bough with one hand and with the other supported Lily, who was clinging to his shoulder.

"Give her your hand," said Macpherson, rather faintly. "I can do nothing."

"Can you give me your hand, Lily?" panted the boy, leaning down. "Can you climb a bit?"

"Oh! save us, Tom! I can't let go," Lily gasped, helpless with terror.

"There's no footing," said Macpherson, desperately.

Tom laid himself carefully along the trunk, and reaching down, succeeded in taking firmly hold of Lily's hand. Macpherson at the same moment exerted his flagging strength to lift her a little towards the friendly boughs.

"Be brave," he said, detaching her clinging hands.

Tom pulled valiantly, and in another minute she was safe; only half out of the water it is true, and trembling with cold and fright, but still able to hold on, and with Tom's help climb up on to dry land.

"Thank God!" Macpherson uttered, and added, "Is she hurt?" but before either could answer they heard a crashing noise and a cry, and steadying themselves to look downwards, saw the dead tree, which had been caught somewhere higher up and detained a little while, go swinging round the curve with its great roots tossing in the air, and Macpherson—? Macpherson was gone, and the lower boughs, where he and Lily had been clinging, were all broken and torn away.

* * * *

Two hours later Mrs. Echalaz was brought to the verge of hysterics at the sight of her daughter, wet from head to foot, her face scratched and bruised, her long wet hair hanging tangled about her shoulders, without hat or gloves, and alone, hurrying towards the house.

Before Lily could explain what had happened Tom too appeared, wet and pale, and choking with sobs, followed at a little distance by two red-bearded, red-haired keepers, wet through also,

moving slowly, and carrying between them Macpherson, without coat or hat, his head fallen back, his face white and still, his arms hanging limply down, water trickling from his clothes and hair.

"I knew it! I said so!" screamed Mrs. Echalaz, clasping Tom in her arms. "Never, never will I trust you out of my sight again!"

Tom broke away, crying bitterly.

"Oh, mother, don't! He's dead!"

"Dead!" shrieked poor Mrs. Echalaz; "and they're bringing him into this house?"

She was rushing out into the passage, but Robert, who had already helped to bring Macpherson in, met her, and led her quietly back.

"You put these two to bed," said he, "and I will take care of him, mother. The men say he may come round," and he hurried away to do all that the keeper's experience suggested and send at once for a doctor.

The keeper, whose name, in common with most of the population of that district, was also Macpherson, told Robert how this very thing had happened only two years before to the young laird and his own son, who were both very nearly drowned, and explained that an unusual amount of rain must have fallen up in the hills, some sudden and violent downpour, to occasion the spate.

It was long before they dared cease to doubt of Macpherson's recovery, and when at last he really began to mend, the process was slow and tedious.

As soon as her terrors for Tom were appeased by finding that he was not a whit the worse for his wetting, Mrs. Echalaz took so kindly to the young fellow, who certainly owed his whole misfortune to them, that she waited on him and nursed him as patiently and tenderly as his own mother could have done.

"I could not have believed it was so pleasant to be ill," he said to her, with a grateful smile, one day when, helped by Robert and Tom, he had come into the sitting-room for the first time; "I shall be spoiled for going back to work."

They all protested that he need not think of work yet, as he could not so much as walk alone; and many a pleasant day went by in that little sitting-room, where half-drawn blinds made a cool dimness, and an unfamiliar perfume dwelt in the air—attar of roses, perhaps; something quite different, at any rate, from the odour of plain—very plain—cookery and peat smoke to which he was accustomed at the Manse.

The room was like fairyland, with its hundred costly trifles, china ornaments, scraps of Oriental work, curious fans and other nicknacks, photographs and books littered about in prettily-regulated disorder.

Lying there, weak and weary, his eyes dwelt upon it all with vague, unspeculating wonder and faint content. Mrs. Echalaz and Lily too were always so lovely to look at, "a gude sicht for sair een," their faces so refined; voices so low and gentle, hands so delicately fair; their dress, too, was wonderful and beautiful, like a part of themselves. He felt himself under a deepening spell in their midst; he had never seen things like the things he saw here, nor women like these women.

As for Lily, he was ashamed at all she did for him, but too helpless to protest.

Once, when she saw that he hardly knew how to suffer so much kindness at her hands, she said, rather sadly,

"Except for me, you need not be lying here at all," and after that he could only hold his tongue, and try to take everything graciously, owing to himself that the least he could do was this; and not owning what he perhaps scarcely knew, that all this kindness would lose its charm if she were no longer the minister. But the more the charm grew upon him the more shy and silent he became with her; and, perversely, the more he longed to see her, or at least to know that she was near, the less dared he raise his eyes or speak a word. And then he felt beyond all hiding that, to part and see her no more would be the bitterest pain he could ever know—such pain as a man must carry to his grave. He knew that he was sorry to be getting strong, and so drawing near the hour he dreaded; and then, because he felt such utter reluctance to return to his old life—the life he would feel to be so desperately lonely henceforth—he resolved to go at once.

That very day he spoke to Mrs. Echalaz alone, when the evening twilight made it easier to say what he knew she would oppose with the pretty tyranny which they all exercised upon him, and which his natural shyness made it very hard for him to resist.

"As if I should listen to such nonsense," said Mrs. Echalaz, just as he had felt that she would. "You are not going for at least a week."

His thin, brown hand twitched nervously on the arm of his chair.

"You are very kind," he said, huskily—"much too kind; but I *must* go. Please do not urge me to stay—you don't know how hard you make it to me."

Mrs. Echalaz laid her pretty jewelled fingers on his restless hand.

"Now tell me why you *must* go," she said, kindly; "and if it is a good reason I will allow it."

He hesitated long enough for her to divine that his answer, when it came, was an evasion.

"I know it is my duty," he said, looking down. "I shall do wrong to stay here—doing nothing." The last two words he added rather hastily, after an instant's embarrassment.

"So you will not tell me?" said Mrs. Echalaz, reproachfully.

He raised his eyes, doubting, to her face, with a strong impulse to tell her all; then he smiled faintly.

"Do you not think duty the highest possible reason?" he asked, resolving to keep silence.

Mrs. Echalaz looked at him.

"I think I could tell you a nearer one," she said, with a gentle pressure of her hand on his, that told him she read his very heart; and then she added, with grave kindness, "Then I suppose we must let duty carry the day. We shall miss you dreadfully."

Macpherson raised her hand with reverent affection to his lips, but he could not say a word.

When the rest came home from their walk he was gone.

Privately Mrs. Echalaz told Robert what had passed, and what she construed it to mean.

"Well, why not?" was his comment.

"Why not!" echoed his mother, raising hands and eyes. "Of course I like him. I never met a man to whom I would sooner have trusted Lily's happiness, but *of course* it's impossible."

"Why?" asked Robert, simply.

"My dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Echalaz, "you know he has nothing. And think of the connection! Preposterous!"

"A fig for the connection!" rejoined Robert, coolly; "and as for money, Lily has quite enough, I suppose. Ask *her*."

"Oh, you're perfectly ridiculous!" cried his mother, with a vehemence that convinced him she was already wavering in her own mind, and he said no more.

Meanwhile Macpherson went home, and the first thing that recalled him unmistakably to common earth was the sight of his one servant, a ragged, barefooted, scantily clad, unkempt lassie of eleven or so, who opened the door to him with exceedingly dirty hands, a grin of cheerful welcome on her broad unwashed face. It was like waking from a sunny dream to find oneself lying in the dark; rain beating on the window, the gusty night wind shaking the door; and to feel the thrill of some sharp pain—pain that makes a loneliness for flesh and spirit such as no human heart may share, but is known to God alone.

He nodded to the child, and going past her into his study, shut the door behind him. The sand slipped and grated under his feet, the smell of peat-smoke and cookery was unabated. He sat down at his table, where in that long past other life of his he had spent so many busy happy hours, and hid his face on his folded arms, trying to let the influence and memory of the last weeks go by; trying hard to put it away and brace himself to the old work again.

The girl tapped at the door and said his tea was ready, and he went into the smoky kitchen and sat down before a rather smeary cup and plate, a pile of singed oatcakes, and a small teapot, but the food stuck in his throat. He could not touch it, and by way of getting to work at once he went away to visit a poor family half a mile off. On his way home he found his strength exhausted. He could hardly drag himself along, and even when at last in sight of his own door he leaned against the low kirkyard wall and wondered whether he could reach it, while his tired eyes dwelt listlessly on the lovely evening landscape. The grey birches leaned motionless down over the mossy knolls, and the dark ranks of larch and fir by the loch looked down into their dark glassy shadows in the deep water. The great hills are growing dim through the mist of evening, the clouds have crept away, and all the sky shines with a faint rosy glow through the veil of rising vapour; the long grass in the hollows there beside the lake and all the folded flowers in yonder meadows are drinking in the gracious dew. Far through the stillness comes the voice of many

waters—of the river leaping down the rocks. Through Macpherson's fancy comes a vision of it sparkling in the glory of a summer day, of himself too walking there, fenced about with daylight and companionship, plovers calling and crying overhead, flowers glowing under foot, merry gnats dancing in the yellow gleams under the alder boughs, light and shadow flying over the fields and flickering among the pools and waterfalls. But now the ghostly mist creeps on and folds it all out of sight, and he is alone.

Mournfully, and yet with what deep longing, it brings to his heart thoughts of that dim night that shall be when the day is past to come no more; of the many morrows that shall dawn and set with their sun and shadow, the many evenings with their tender mist and dew, when he will have nor part nor lot in the beautiful earth save a narrow grave he knows not where. Oh, life, swifter than a weaver's shuttle! vanishing as a dream! Shall he not bear its utmost burden to the end?

Strength and patience came to him beside those quiet graves. Feeling forward into the future he could divine a coming hour when he would be fain to ask a harder trial, longer probation, ere he see the face of the Master he has followed with such faltering feet; that he may suffer a little more for the dear sake of Him whom he has loved so unworthily, ere the day for suffering go by for evermore.

The next day, having made up his mind to avoid the villa entirely, he sent Mrs. Echalaz a basket of water-lilies from the loch, with a message to the effect that he hoped his long arrears of work might be his excuse for not coming in person.

He only longed now to hear that they were gone, and went in daily fear of meeting some of them. He thought and hoped that his fever of unrest might pass into dull pain when she was gone, a pain he might be able to bear more quietly, and in time, perhaps, ignore. Hard work was the only anodyne; but he was not very fit yet for all he tried to do, and the sore trouble of his heart weighed down his spirit and sapped his energy in spite of his best efforts, so that even to himself he grew changed and strange.

He was coming home one evening through the birch wood above the loch, about a week after he had left the villa, with weary, lagging steps, and his eyes upon the ground, when the consciousness of another presence, though he heard no sound, made him look up to find himself face to face with Lily standing alone on the narrow path just in front of him. She had been sitting there under the trees and had just risen to her feet; her hands were full of white scented orchis, her hat lay on the ground, and the evening sunlight fell on her fair hair and showed him that her face was paler than when he saw it last—paler and almost, he thought, a little sad. He forgot how his behaviour might appear to her; his one idea was to escape, that she might never guess the fatal shipwreck he had made.

His eyes fell directly, and with a few inarticulate words he lifted his hat and stood aside to let her pass. But Lily did not move. Perhaps if he

had not looked so very ill, and something more than ill, she might have lacked courage to disregard his gesture; as it was, pity held her there.

"Mr. Macpherson," she said, in a low, grieved voice, "am I to pass by without a word?"

He could not speak. It was like the last glimpse of light to the prisoner condemned to life-long darkness to have her standing there. How was he to bid her go?

"What have we done?" Lily asked. "What has happened?"

Macpherson looked up, pale and agitated. "I am not ungrateful," he said, barely able to control his voice. "Oh, don't think that, Miss Echalaz."

"I can't think that," said Lily, simply; "but something is wrong if, after all that has happened, you try to treat me as an utter stranger."

He felt she was hurt, and looked up melted, penitent, ready to give himself any pain, undergo any humiliation, to heal the wound he had made.

"Miss Echalaz," he said, "I wanted to spare you—and myself too—I—I am blind and bewildered—I have been very selfish—perhaps it is wrong now to tell you—I don't know—I can't tell—" he stopped, and there was a moment's absolute silence covering wild confusion and conflict in his heart, and then he looked up and the words came, he knew not how, steady and clear, "I love you, Miss Echalaz." They were scarcely spoken before he was condemning himself again. "Oh! Laugh at me—" He laughed too as he spoke, not knowing what he did till he saw her face change and the tears start from her eyes.

"Does it seem to you a thing for laughter?" she asked, passionately. "Have you judged me a woman to laugh at the love of the noblest man I know? To hold it so very cheap that you need not even tell me—"

"How could I tell you?" he broke out. "What could I offer in exchange for all I would ask you to lay down? Could I ask you to come and live

in this wilderness in the barest poverty, where half the year is winter, where there is no—no society, nothing but work and hardship and loneliness?"

"If those were all you had to offer, you were right," Lily answered, tremulously. "You yourself do not live that life for nothing. There is something that so far outweighs all those things that you count them as naught."

"Oh, I love my people!" said Macpherson at once, and even as he uttered the word it told him what she meant. "My love was such a poor thing to offer," he faltered humbly, "and I have nothing else."

The tears brimmed over in Lily's eyes. "And would you take anything else in exchange?" she said—"would money do instead, or rank, or any other thing?"

"Oh, no, no, no!" he exclaimed, impetuously; "only love, and only yours! Can love—such love as mine—outweigh all the rest?" His voice failed, and as he raised his earnest, searching eyes to her face, the last words came in a hoarse whisper, "Oh, is it enough for me to dare offer you that alone?"

Lily crossed the narrow pathway that divided them, letting all her flowers fall at their feet, and laid her hands in his.

"Would you really have let me go away without telling me?" she asked, bravely, while the rosy colour deepened in her cheeks. "Less than love, for you and me, is nothing; and more than love there cannot be;" and then she was fain to hide her face and fast-falling tears upon his breast. "Oh, if only I were less unworthy!"

Macpherson trembled as he drew her to him. "God bless you, darling!" he murmured, brokenly; and again and again, thinking over the past, she heard him whisper, "Thank God! thank God!"

C. H. D. STOCKER.

INDIAN FABLES.

COLLECTED FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES BY P. V. RAMASWAMI RAJU, B.A.

THE LION AND THE GADFLY.

Once a lion was sleeping in his den at the foot of a great mountain. A gadfly that had been sipping the blood and froth from his mouth bit him severely. The lion started up with a roar, and catching the fly in his huge paws, said, "Villain, you are at my mercy! How shall I punish your impudence?" "Sire," said the fly, "if you would pardon me now, and let me live, I shall be able to show ere long how grateful I am to you." "Indeed," said the lion; "who ever heard of a gadfly helping a lion? But still I admire your presence of mind and grant your life." Some time after, the lion, having made great havoc on the cattle of a neighbouring village, was snoring away in his den after a heavy meal. The village

hunters approached with the object of surrounding him and putting an end to his depredations. The fly saw them, and hurrying into the den, bit the lion. He started up with a roar as before, and cried, "Villain, you will get no pardon this time!" "Sire," said the fly, "the village hunters are on their way to your den; you can't tarry a moment here without being surrounded and killed." "Saviour of my life!" said the lion as he ran up the mountain. "Nothing like forgiving, for it gives the humblest an opportunity of helping the highest."

THE FROG AND THE KING.

A great drought prevailed in a country in the East at one time. There was hardly any water to drink. In the chief city there was a great cistern,

from which water was measured out every day to the people in the town and in the provinces. One night the watchman came running to the king and said, "Sire, there has been a leak somewhere in the cistern, and the water is flowing out." The king, with all his court, came out to see the leak, but it could not be discovered. However, some time after, the water ceased to flow. Still, to make sure that all was right, the next day the spot where the leak had happened was carefully examined. The workmen found out the hole, and saw a frog blocking it. They were about to fling the frog on the ground with violence, when the king said, "Oh, no, he is our benefactor; but for him all the water would have gone out." The workmen laid him gently on the ground, and he escaped into the cistern, saying to the king, "Sire, to discover merit in the lowly is harder work than ruling over a kingdom."

THE LION AND THE ELEPHANT.

A lion made great havoc on the animals under his control. They went up to a great sage in the forest and said, "Sire, the lion will soon empty the forest if he is not at once put down. We therefore beg of you to grant the elephant the power of putting down the lion." "Yes," said the sage. The elephant became a very nimble and powerful beast of prey, and soon drove the lion out of the wood. Requiring, from his huge frame, a great deal more of nourishment than the lion, he began to kill a great many more animals in a day than the former. So the beasts again went up to the sage and said, "Sire, we pray you bid the elephant go back to his former condition, so that we may have the lion again for our king." Said the sage, "Yes. of two evils choose the less!"

THE SUNLING.

In the good old days a clown in the East on a visit to a city kinsman, while at dinner, pointed to a burning candle and asked what it was. The city man said, in jest, it was a sunling, or one of the children of the sun. The clown thought that it was something rare; so he waited for an opportunity, and hid it in a chest of drawers close by. Soon the chest caught fire, then the curtains by its side, then the room, then the whole house. After the flames had been put down the city man and the clown went into the burnt building to see what remained. The clown turned over the embers of the chest of drawers. The city man asked what he was seeking for. The clown said, "It is in this chest that I hid the bright sunling; I wish to know if he has survived the flames." "Alas," said the city man, who now found out the cause of all the mischief, "never jest with fools!"

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE SEDAN BEARERS.

In the good old days a gentleman in the East one day missed his dog. He sent for his sedan bearers and asked them to go in quest of it. They said, "We are not here to seek for your dog, but simply to bear your sedan." "You are

perfectly right," said the gentleman, "so I shall go in quest of the dog; bring up the sedan at once." The gentleman got into his sedan, and the men had to take him over hill and dale till they were quite tired. They then said with one voice, "Sir, we beg of you to stop; we can hardly stand on our legs any more. If you wish to seek for the dog farther, we shall go in quest of it." "Do so," said the gentleman, smiling, and walked home. "Alas," said the men as they sat down under a tree to rest their weary limbs, "often mending is but marring!"

THE SAGE AND THE CHILDREN.

A sage in the East once went to a certain country, where he saw this: The children said they were hungry; the mothers cooked their breakfast and placed it before them. Just as the children were to take the food to their lips a number of rude men rushed in and carried off the dishes. The mothers quietly observed the scene without complaining, nor did the children make any stir. The sage was surprised, and asked what all that meant. The mothers said, "Sir, we beseech you to observe a while more." Then the children started, and went about seeking for their breakfast, which the men had hidden somewhere, and after much ado got it and appeased their hunger. The mothers turned to the sage, and said, "Sir, in our country it is thus we teach our children early the great virtue of patience. That which really leads men to success is the faculty of putting up with disappointment in the early part of their career. It is thus we cultivate the faculty in our children."

THE COBBLER AND THE TURKEY.

A cobbler once paid a visit to a farmer. The turkey in the farmyard began to cackle. The cobbler snatched a stick and ran towards the fowl. "What are you going to the turkey for?" said the farmer. "Why," said the man, "the silly fowl hath no manners. I stand here and it says, 'Cobble, cobble, cobble.'* I mean to teach it a lesson!" "Ah!" said the farmer; "how many there are that would not be called by their right names!"

THE MUSHROOM AND THE GOOSE.

A goose that was once cackling with great pride thought that a mushroom was gazing at it, and said, "You contemptible thing, why do you stare at me like that? You can never hope to meet me on terms of equality, can you?" Certainly, madam," said the mushroom, "and that very soon." This enraged the goose more, so she said, "I would cut you up to pieces with my bill but for the people who are close by, and who are so silly as to care for you," and went about strutting. Soon after the goose and mushroom were served up in separate dishes, very near each other. "Ah!" said the mushroom, "you see we have met after all, and so closely. Those who have a common fate in the end had better be friends."

* The word in the East is "chuckle."

A WILD HYACINTH.

IN early springtime, while the earth is yet too cold to start into active life the dormant buds and seed-containing embryos of forthcoming vegetation, the dark-green leaves of the wild hyacinth plant may be seen pushing their lance-like tips through the bare damp soil in every wood, or on sheltered bank or shady nook of meadowland. There, encouraged by the quickening rays of vernal sunshine, the simple, plain-margined leaves steadily elongate, and eventually form the succulent cluster of erect, rigid foliage so characteristic of the hyacinth family.

As April wanes, and May approaches with its warmer air and clearer sky, the flower-spike that had been making headway in its growth simultaneously with the leaves, gradually bursts its numerous buds until the whole spray of bright blue pendent flowers are fully open, loading the air with a sweetness of perfume, and displaying a wealth of bloom and richness of colour unsurpassed by any of all our native spring flowers.

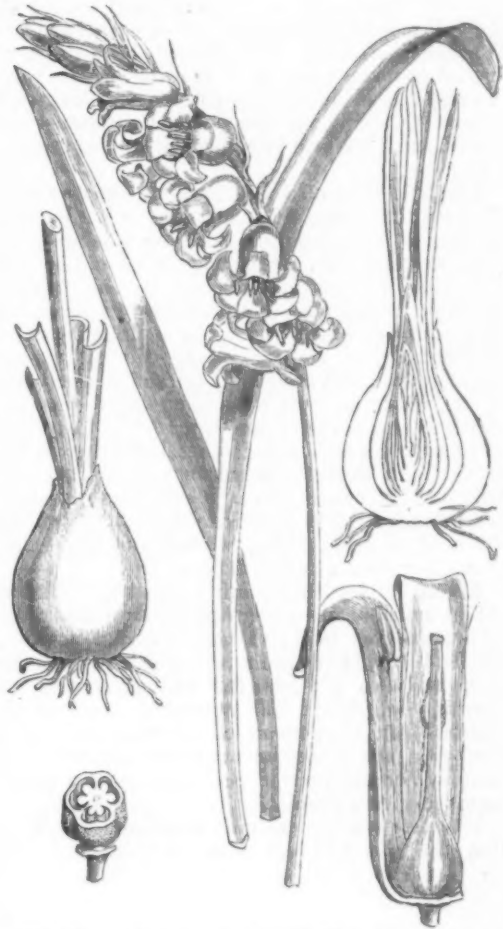
But why is the wild hyacinth thus able to take advantage of the first slight rise of temperature with each returning spring? A study of the plant itself may perhaps afford a satisfactory answer.

If the whole plant be carefully uprooted it will be discovered that the leaves and flower-stalk emerge from the top of a permanent underground structure—the bulb, the really essential organs of which are carefully protected from contact with the surrounding earth by a dark-brown membranous coat or tunic. From the under surface of the bulb proceeds a number of long, white, cordlike roots, which, under favourable conditions as to warmth, absorb water and soluble earth-salts sufficient for the physiological needs of the plant. The bulb, as is well known, is a growth of the previous year, being developed from a lateral bud or offshoot of an older bulb at a time when the plant was in full leafage and during its best period of growth and vegetative activity.

If the outer tunic be removed and the bulb carefully examined its exact structure may be easily ascertained. It will be found to consist of a number of broad, thick, juicy leaves, perfectly colourless, and overlapping one another most completely from within outwards. These scale-leaves, as they are called, arise from the base of a short conical stem from the upper or apical end of which the foliage-leaves and flower-stalk have their origin. The scale-leaves may be looked upon as dwarfed or modified foliage-leaves specialised along certain lines of growth, and concerned in the storage of already-formed nutritive materials for subsequent use by the individual, at a time, in fact, when it is impossible for the plant to manufacture the organic food so necessary for growing structure.

This food exists principally in the form of a clammy juice, the presence of which may be readily discovered by tearing or otherwise injuring one of the scale-leaves. The juice is mainly

composed of a nutritive mucilage mixed with a certain amount of sugar, and contained within exceedingly minute sacs, or "cells," the ultimate structural elements of the fleshy portions of the leaf.



The formation of such nutritive materials as sugar out of the simple chemical compounds at the disposal of a plant can only take place in green-coloured, light-exposed organs; and as these scale-leaves never appear above the surface of the soil, the essential constituents of the cell-contents must have been conveyed thither from distant centres of assimilative activity—and such, indeed, we know to be the case. During the previous year the ordinary green leaves were able to produce more starch or starch-resembling compounds than were necessary for the then present needs of the organism. This overplus material, after suffering a slight chemical change so as to render it more easily soluble, was conveyed to the short underground stem, and from thence into the lateral, gradually-enlarging bulbil. There part of

it would be utilised for the construction of new cells, and therefore of new tissues, while the remainder would be stored away in the thin-walled cells of the scale-leaves then developing.

While the scale-leaves are uninterruptedly attaining their full size, the rudiments of next year's leaves and flower-spike make their appearance as tiny processes upon the surface of the apical end of the stem of the young bulbil. These grow slowly, but by the autumn time the flowers, although small, are yet fully formed, and in a longitudinal section of the bulb may be clearly seen nestled closely around the shortened stalk, each protected by the two special or bract leaves to be observed at the base of every flower in fully opened blooms. Arranged around the incipient spray are the rudimentary leaves, small but also fully formed, and, of course, colourless.

The bulb then of a wild hyacinth consists of a shortened underground stem, more or less conical in shape, producing from its base a number of long, stout rootlets, and from its sides and apex a collection of foliar and floral organs. Of the foliar the lower or older have already reached their full size, they are both structurally and functionally modified; they are never intended to appear above ground, but are simply utilised as reservoirs of nourishment, their cells being filled with an abundance of nutritive mucilage; while the upper or younger leaves, on the other hand, are, so far as size and capacity to perform their destined functions are concerned, in a rather rudimentary condition. At this stage growth is overtaken by the cold of approaching winter, and the bulbs then enter upon a period of rest.

But no sooner is the earth warmed by the more genial rains of returning spring, than the rudimentary leaves begin to manifest vital activity, the food stored away in the scale-leaves of the bulb is now drawn towards the various centres of growth, supplying all necessary constructive materials for enlargement of existing tissues and bestowing the means of acquiring renewed and continual energy for the performance of a really vigorous spring growth.

We can now understand, therefore, why it is that the wild hyacinth is so early in leaf and

flower. These organs before spring growth commenced were already tolerably well formed in the bulb, and when the external conditions became favourable for the performance of ordinary vegetative functions, food in a ready or available form was already at the disposal of the vital tissues, and therefore the plant was able to begin growth at once, the only dependent requirements, in addition to a suitable warmth, being a proper supply of oxygenated air and an ordinary supply of water.

The facts just noted will also explain why hyacinths can be grown for window decoration by merely placing the bulbs in glasses containing a certain amount of water, sufficient to enable the wig of roots to absorb the necessary quantity of that fluid, required not only for purposes of growth, but to make good the loss of water due to the action of transpiration continually taking place in the leaves during the hours of sunshine. But under such conditions there must be, of course, a limit to growth. Hence, properly developed lateral buds, destined to carry forward the life of the individual into another year, can hardly be formed under the adverse conditions brought about by the daily decreasing store of mucilaginous food.

The value, too, of bulbs (the onion, for example) as articles of human food rests upon the presence of nutritive materials stored away in the cells of their scale leaves. The peculiar smell and strong taste of onions, garlic, and the like are produced by the formation of a pungent, sulphurous oil, dissolved in the sap, and which, being volatile, readily escapes, especially, however, when the tissues are sliced or otherwise injured. Indeed, it is a marked character of the hyacinth family that, in addition to the starch, mucilage, and sugar stored away in the bulbs, the plants usually produce certain other substances generally of a more or less active nature, and hence give to the bulbs a variety of properties either useful or the reverse. Thus the value of squills as a drug is due to the presence of a very bitter, acrid principle found in the scale-leaves, while the bulbs of Crown Imperial contain, it is said, a most virulent poison.

DAVID HOUSTON.

CURIOSITIES OF DESPATCH WRITING.

THE "letters of Bellerophon" have passed into a proverb; but history, as well as poetry, teems with anecdotes of the extraordinary means by which many of the world's weightiest messages have been transmitted. Every schoolboy is familiar with the story of Pericles the Corinthian (fathered by later historians upon Tarquin the Proud, of Rome), who, by cutting down the tallest plants in his garden, conveyed a symbolical but easily-understood counsel to destroy all the chief men of the State. The carcass of a hare, sent as a present to the young Cyrus, contained the information which stirred

him up to overthrow the Median monarchy. The signal for the Ionian revolt against Darius was conveyed to its leader, Aristagoras, in a still more curious fashion. His father-in-law, Histæus, sent him a trusty slave, charged merely with a verbal direction to have his head shaved at once, which being done, the real message appeared traced upon the skin beneath. Just before Xerxes's invasion of Greece, a seemingly blank writing-tablet reached Sparta from a friendly Greek at the Persian court; but the wax which covered its surface being scraped off by a ready-witted lady, a warning of the impending attack

was found carved upon the wood itself. During one of Mohammed's wars a traitor Arab in his camp dispatched a letter to the enemy, which would have enabled them to surprise and probably destroy him. One of his chief captains, however, discovered the treachery, and hastening after the messenger (a female slave), threatened her with instant death unless she gave up the letter, which had been so artfully plaited into one of the long tresses of her hair as to defy detection.

But even these stratagems were thrown into the shade by others which followed. Every one is acquainted with the mediæval device (so dramatically introduced by Sir Walter Scott into his "Anne of Geierstein") of writing with prepared ink, which became visible only when exposed to a hot fire, a trick still practised in many parts of the East. Acrostics have more than once served as a political cipher. Cardinal Richelieu, refining upon the same principle, invented a form of despatch which made perfectly plain sense when read as a whole, while the real and precisely opposite meaning lay in the *alternate* lines. The Duc de Beaufort's escape from Vincennes was concerted under cover of a game of tennis, in the course of which he struck several balls, apparently by accident, over the boundary wall, while a confederate outside threw back, not the same balls, but others containing the details of the plan of escape. During the French "War of the Fronde" a leading member of the popular party transmitted an important letter in a roasted crab. The order which decided the great sea-fight of Solebay in the reign of Charles II was carried by a little cabin-boy, who swam through the fire of the Dutch fleet with the paper in his mouth, and

that boy afterwards wrote his name in history as Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel. Immediately before the outbreak of the Seven Years' War Frederick the Great's emissaries in Saxony discovered several treasonable despatches hidden under the skin of a Bologna sausage! One of the Jacobite leaders of 1745, when about to be surprised in his own house by a party of soldiers, was warned of the necessity of instant *flight* by the gift of a feather from a friendly neighbour, the meaning of which somewhat ambiguous present, to his credit be it spoken, he at once divined. Warren Hastings, when blockaded in Benares by Cheyte Sing, succeeded in communicating with the English army by a singular use of his knowledge of Asiatic customs. He inserted thin rolls of parchment into the quills which his native messengers wore in their ears, and thus sent his despatches safely through the very midst of the besieging force. The fall of Robespierre in 1794 was telegraphed to the prisoners in the Abbaye from the roof of an adjoining house by holding up a *robe* and a stone (*pierré*) and then flinging both down into the street. When the Russian garrison of Samarcand was hemmed in by the Bokhariotes in 1868 a loyal native succeeded in passing through the enemy's camp with a letter stitched up in his sandal, with which he reached General Kaufmann's army just in time to recall it to the rescue. It is even stated on good authority—although it must be owned that the statement has a strong "Munchausen" flavour about it—that a French spy in 1870 traversed the German lines with a photographic despatch concealed in the hollow of one of his false teeth!

D. KER.

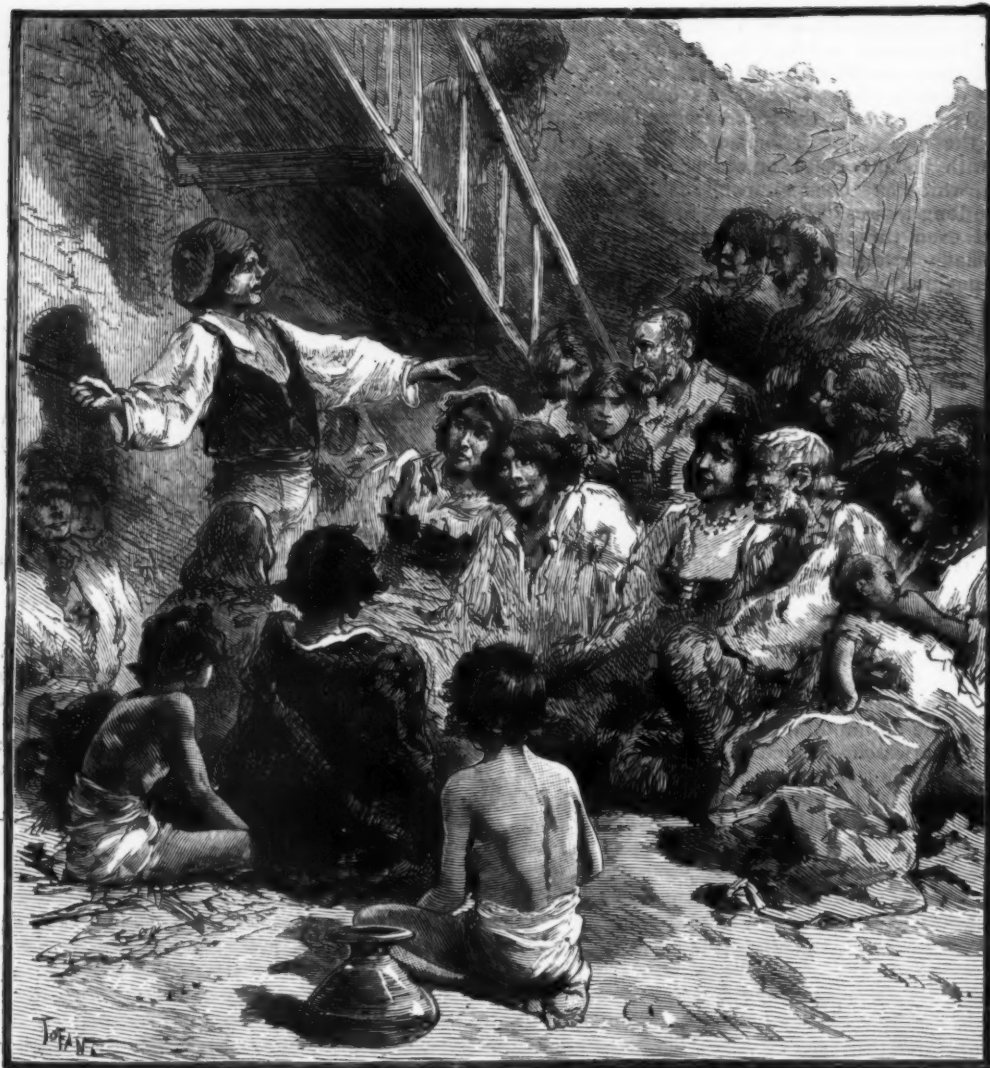
STORY-TELLING IN ALL AGES.

II.

IMPROVISATION seems a special faculty with the southern races of Europe. Travelers in the Basque district of France often find themselves annoyed as they travel about in the diligences, especially on market days, by the crooning of one of the company, who, slightly tipsy, cannot contain his gift for improvisation, but pours fourth an endless narrative in verse of the events of the past day, in which sarcastic reflections on his fellow-travellers, especially of the stranger, mingle with his descriptions of the events. "At the yearly village fête," the Rev. Wentworth Webster, in his "Basque Poetry," goes on to say, "Prizes are sometimes given for improvisation on themes suggested at the moment, and the rapidity of the leading improvisatore is something marvellous."

The Italian improvisatore is the typical storyteller in Europe. "Towards the middle of the day, the sailors of the Isle of Scio, of Sicily, and of Malta, seat themselves in a circle on the Mole, a

sail shades the auditory, who await with impatience the coming of the improvisatore. At last he appears. He is clad in the coarse woollen worn by the sailors, and in place of the laurel branch of his ancestors he flourishes a switch. The eyes of the lazzaroni divine in advance the story he is going to tell. At times he chants with a hoarse voice in recitative to a plaintive note which mingles with the groaning of the vessels in the port. At times he comes down to spoken prose, according to the nature and circumstances more or less lyric of his recital. He relates the adventures of the Chevalier Rinaldo, or of some unfortunate Calabrian brigand. The noble public (*nobile publico*) redouble their attention; the *dénoûment* is at hand; but the bells just then sound the *ave*, the singer stops, makes the sign of the cross, and offers a prayer in the name of the *virtuous* assembly. At his side the same Olympian sun which touched the tomb of Virgil gilds with its last ray the forehead of Polichinello fallen



A NEAPOLITAN IMPROVISATORE.

asleep in a corner of his show. The curtain falls, the crowd disperse in all directions, another day has been passed under the Empire of Masaniello."

Thus Edgar Quinet describes a scene he witnessed on the Mole at Naples. He saw the same sort of scene in the Morea, in the environs of Mistra, only there he was able to observe that the reciter, a Klepht, continued his recitations at the same place during the whole spring, an audience never failing him.

Knowing how persistent are the habits of a people, he was led to conclude that it was thus the ancient Greek rhapsodists recited the Homeric poems. It may be difficult to imagine how people could continue from day to day to listen to long recitations, but only those who have lived in the south can conceive the pleasure of sitting or lying in the open air listening to some poetic tale accompanied by the lute. For the ancient rhap-

sody was musical throughout. Not only did the performer use the lute, or, according to Homer, the cithara, but he chanted all his verses. Later on he used recitative and exchanged the lute for a branch of laurel.

These rhapsodists originally held in Greece the position of the bards among the Hindoos and the Celts, only, instead of being attached to individual courts or cities, the Greek rhapsodists were more independent, and passed from one people to another, singing their poems at the great festivals.

How honoured a profession was that of the bard in Greece we may learn from the description in Homer of the honours paid to them by the heroes who went to the Trojan War.

When blind Demodochus, one of the most celebrated of these rhapsodists, appeared among the Greek chiefs, he was led to a seat adorned with

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silver nails and placed with his back against a column. His cithara was put in such a position that he could easily reach it, and before him a table was spread and a cup filled with wine. When he had refreshed himself he began to sing the quarrel between Ulysses and Achilles, and the former, being present, was so moved that he covered his face with his purple robe that men might not see the tears that he could not repress. When the singer stopped, Ulysses himself rose and filled his cup. As he recommenced Ulysses began again to weep, and at last, invited by the hero, Demodochus sang the story of the introduction of the wooden horse into Troy.

Among the Romans we meet with nothing resembling the institution of bard or rhapsodist. Popular story-telling takes more the modern form as found in the Arabian or Persian story-teller or the Italian improvisatore.

The name for the Roman story-teller was *Fabulator*. Seneca speaks of a certain man as a *Fabulator elegantissimus*. It was men of this class who were employed to send the Emperor Augustus to sleep.

Fabulinus was the tutelary god of infants just beginning to talk. The name seems suggestive of nursery tales; but perhaps the simplest explanation is that which finds the root of this family of words in *fari*, to speak.

However, M. Friedlander, in his learned work on Roman manners, intimates that there were nursery tales in Rome, though apparently the Romans considered them antiquated rubbish not worth their consideration. A great many of the ghosts of these tales lingered on in Roman literature, and there are probably some curious people who would willingly give a good half of that literature if they could recover the fairy tales told in Roman nurseries and among the common people.

Several of these fairy tales have, however, been identified, and are specially to be found in the works of Appuleius and Lucian. Friedlander sees reminiscences of popular tales in the magic rings of Timolaus spoken of by Lucian, and in the same writer's reference to the well in the moon, where one could see and hear all that was passing on earth; and in his story of the sea monster, 1,500 stadii long, in whose inside many people lived. The only world-wide fable undoubtedly of Roman origin is the "Town and Country Mouse."

However, when Roman civilisation attained a certain height, and the arts began to be cultivated, the recitations after the manner of the Greeks began to be the vogue. In the first century of the Christian era poetic contests took place at Rome, in which rival poets struggled for the prize. A monument was recently discovered at Rome to a Roman boy, Q. Sulpicius Maximus, who died when eleven years and a half old, and who, according to the inscription, gained the prize at the Agones Capitolini in A.D. 94 in competition with fifty-two Greek poets. His forty-three hexameters were engraved on his tomb, the subject being, "In what way ought Jupiter to have spoken when he reprimanded the god of the sun for lending his chariot to Phaeton?" In A.D.

110 the prize was unanimously awarded to another Roman boy, aged thirteen years: L. Valerius Prudens, of Histonium.

A taste had evidently been aroused for imitating the Greek rhapsodists, and it is not surprising to find that men of sense found the Roman declaimer an intolerable bore. Petronius describes one so possessed with the love of improvisation that, being on board a vessel, he continued to declaim his verses even when the ship was on the point of going to the bottom. "Wherever there are people," says Petronius—"in baths, in public places, in theatres, or in porticos—this sort of man commences to recite until he is driven away with stones."

But those who were wealthy and had friends could, to some extent, compel an audience. The reciter appeared at the appointed hour, clad in a toga of shining whiteness, his hair well frizzed, and his hand adorned with a large gem. Casting a languishing look on his audience, and swaying his head to and fro, he drew forth a closely-written manuscript, and, in a voice well exercised in the art of modulation by *sol-fa*ing, set himself to declaim.

Sometimes the audience found it intolerable, and rose and left one after the other; but if poet and hearers were alike bent upon being polite, the first would occasionally pull up and say, "I will stop if any one desires." "Read! read!" was the courteous reply, and when it was over all rose and congratulated not only the poet, but his father and mother, brothers and sisters.

Men of genius regarded these recitations with horror. Martial declared the poet with his manuscript to be more terrible than the tigress robbed of her whelps, more venomous than the scorpion. Juvenal affirmed that this sort of persecution was one of the reasons he had for quitting Rome.

The same kind of thing went on in modern times in the Paris salon. On one occasion an epic was being read by its author in the salon of Madame Ancelot, and at least one of the audience had fallen into the arms of Morpheus, when the nurse of the hostess came in, and in an undertone told her mistress that her little girl did not seem as if she could go to sleep. One of the company overheard, and, leaning forward to Madame Ancelot, said, "So your daughter can't sleep. Well, let the nurse bring her in here!"

Pliny, on the other hand, appears to have thought these readings quite a treat. And his taste was no doubt that of the majority, with whom the witchery of the human voice has always great power.

And this perhaps partly explains why the stories that keep their hold on the minds and hearts of the peoples are those which have gained their position by the power of the human voice rather than through books. As a people sink into slavery and barbarism, these old stories become their sole intellectual food. Happily, they often prove like milk, the only food which contains every kind of nourishment needed, and therefore the only one which by itself can keep a man indefinitely alive.

When Greece and the Danubian Provinces lost their liberties the national life was preserved by

the songs of the people. The Roumanians, descendants of the ancient Romans, had for ages no other education than that of their Doinas, or ancient songs. It was the same with the Servians. Their chief means of instruction consisted in listening to the heroic legends of the old times, repeated in the evening circle, when all gathered together after the day's fatigues. Among the Albanians these heroic legends were sung by bards attached to the families of the chiefs.

But among the Greeks and the Albanians—and doubtless among all the peoples to which I have referred—many of these old legends were not of a martial character, but, like the Oriental stories, tales containing moral truths tending to vindicate the rights of natural justice.

Such tales are not the monopoly of any local folk-lore, but belong to Humanity, and are being gradually brought to this high position by what may be termed the science of comparative anthropology.

The story of Cinderella is to be found everywhere. Different forms of this tale are to be met with in places so far apart as Greece, Labrador, and India. Every version turns on the finding by a prince of a lady's slipper—silver in Europe, golden in India—the owner of which he determines to discover and marry. In the Basque legends there is a story called "The Step-mother and the Step-daughter," in which the story of "Cinderella" and that of "Ruth and Naomi" seem interwoven. Who was Cinderella? The learned believe her to represent the dawn. Emerging from the darkness, scattered like ashes over the sky, she appears for a short time the most beautiful thing in the universe. At daybreak she flies, leaving here and there a glint of silvern or golden light.

"Blue Beard," again, is found among peoples so utterly unlike, and so distant one from the other as the Esquimaux of North America and the Basques of the south of France. Cannibalism is added to the horrors of the story, for the Esquimaux "Blue Beard" is called "Igimarasugluk" (Woman-eater); and in one form of the Basque "Blue Beard" the unfortunate wife is made to live on human flesh.

By what means do these tales travel from one end of a continent, not only preserving their essential idea, but sometimes their form and detail? It is said that in Greenland certain popular stories, related at distances of a hundred miles apart, are more exactly alike than if the reader were to try to repeat them twice over.

If Grimm's collection of old German tales be studied it will be found to contain a great number of stories, referring directly to the migrations of the races who in ancient times came to settle in Germany, or crossed that land on their way to other climes. Like the crumbs Tom Thumb dropped along the paths of the forest that he and his brothers might find their way home again, these stories mark the routes of these migrations. Here a little colony dropped off, and there another, always preserving, when everything else was forgotten, the stories handed on by the oldest of one generation to the youngest in the next.

There is another way to account for the travels of these traditional stories—the use of mercenaries in all parts of the Roman Empire. The Dacian brought his tales to Britain, the Anglo-Saxon carried his to Thrace. Lastly, there were the Christian missionaries, always, when the first intensity of their onslaught on paganism had abated, themselves filled with wondering sympathy for the traditions of the people among whom they laboured, and with the true genius of Christianity, ready to adopt whatsoever things appeared to them true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report.

Norse legend, Celtic romance, Indian myth, and Oriental fables of all sorts mingled with these old Teutonic stories, and when at last the men whose minds had been forming for ages upon them were touched by the influence which flowed forth from Pentecost, a most beautiful form of story-telling arose—the Christian legend.

It was in the twelfth century and in France that suddenly a number of epic works, some containing thirty, forty, and even sixty thousand lines appeared. These metrical romances came from all parts of France, and were written both in the dialects of *oc* and *oïl* (langues d'*oc* et d'*oïl*). They were founded on the Celtic traditions which had existed in vast collections in ancient Gaul. These collections had a likeness to the Indian Vedas and the Persian Zend-Avesta, but when met with by the poets of the twelfth century were fragmentary and already translated in Latin. But the people who had written these legends, long downtrodden, were once again feeling their independence. The twelfth century was the age of the emancipation of the communes and the corporate towns. These old stories were seized upon like a dawn of hope; they pointed back to a golden age which, if it once existed, might and ought to exist again. But the tradition was seen through another atmosphere, and the old Druidic legends, inspired by Christian influences, gave birth to the most beautiful collection of heroic stories in the world—the Arthurian romances.

Another product of the poetic genius awakened was the Carolingian romances. If the legends of the Round Table breathe the spirit of Christianity, those of Charlemagne are the better representative of the spirit of feudalism. Thus the spirit of poetry and story-telling so seized mediæval Europe that there were few baronial courts in which the voice of the minstrel was not heard. The troubadour is a character as important in mediæval history as the crusader. He did much to humanise and re-civilise Europe. Often sprung from the people, he was admitted to the intimacy of the ruling caste.

It was by the spirit of poetry thus awakened in France that the works of the German *minnesänger* were inspired. Germany continued the glorious tradition commenced by France, which, under the combined influence of the sun of Languedoc and the rapid development of the worship of the Virgin, grew more and more corrupt.

The *minnesinger* was frequently of gentle birth. His poems were made to be sung, and were

accordingly very melodious and sonorous. It was this characteristic that caused him to delight in the title of *nachtigall*, or nightingale. He wandered from castle to castle, chanting the praises of kings, accompanied by a page, who was called the *singerlein*, and who learnt and recited his master's poems.

Wolfram von Eschenbach, who was born in the middle of the twelfth century, and lived on into the thirteenth, is one of the best esteemed. He is the author of the *Titurel* and of *Parcival*. Edgar Quinet, describing the former as at once childlike and gigantic, quotes with evident approval the words of the author, "He who shall hear it or shall copy it, his soul shall be emparadised."

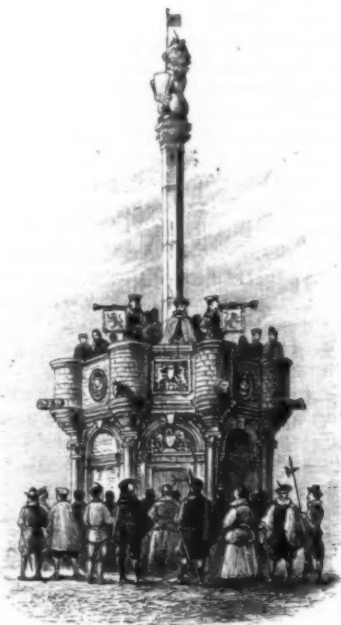
But the minnesænger were destined to give way before a class sprung directly from the people—the *meistersænger*. These latter were chiefly artisans, and their rise marks the time when the new leaven had at last begun to work among the people of Germany. It was the eve of the Reformation, and the schools of song freely formed among the artisans of Germany is a most singular and striking fact. It was as if the tuneful heart of old Germany had woke up to chant the Divine praise in the thought of its deliverance from the

double yoke of feudalism and superstition. They sometimes, as at Nürnberg, held their meetings at the close of the service in the cathedral.

The most ancient of these schools was founded at Mayence at the beginning of the fourteenth century, but soon they arose in all the free imperial cities. Neither political nor academic, their only object was to watch over and develop the popular poetic instincts. They came to be entirely composed of artists and artisans. At first every one who had written a poem was called a *meistersinger*, afterwards the title was confined to those who were employers or masters in their respective trades.

In the fifteenth century the whole of Europe could not produce as many men of letters as were found among the shoemakers, blacksmiths, tailors, and weavers of Colmar, Strassburg, Mayence, Prague, and Nürnberg. In the latter city the corporation contained two hundred and fifty *meistersænger*. A barber of Nürnberg, Hans Folz, and a shoemaker of Nürnberg, Hans Sachs, are the two most famous of the members of this singularly interesting and quite unique institution. In Hans Sachs its glory culminated, and after him the minnesænger began to wane. R. HEATH.

THE CROSS OF EDINBURGH.



THE CROSS OF EDINBURGH.

THE Cross of Edinburgh occupies a conspicuous place not only in the annals of the old city, but in the history of the kingdom of Scotland. It had a local importance, in common with the crosses of other cities and boroughs, as the centre of municipal and commercial life,

and hence was often called "the Mercat Cross." But it had also a national importance, as the place where royal proclamations and public announcements of various kinds were made. Hence its constant mention in historical, legal, and political records, and, above all, in the literature of Scotland, as well as in the municipal records and civic traditions of Edinburgh.

But first a word may be said about crosses in general. These were, in Scotland as elsewhere throughout Christendom, of various sorts. There were crosses memorial and crosses ecclesiastical—the latter being ubiquitous, whether in town or country, and the former being erected according to the event or person to be commemorated, whether amid busy streets or in silent cemeteries. In small towns and villages, the cross erected from religious or historical motives was used for other purposes, and was a convenient place for buying and selling, for making trysts or appointments, for announcements or for punishments—anything, in short, requiring publicity. Thus, for instance, speeches or sermons were often heard at the Cross, and there the "jougs" were placed and evil-doers pilloried. The jougs in Scotland served the same purpose as the stocks in England, being a collar attached to an iron staple in the stonework, used for chaining culprits by the neck. For ecclesiastical offences, the jougs were usually at the church door or the gate of the churchyard.

It is probable that all the crosses originally had an ecclesiastical origin, because in rude times, before legal documents were common, bargains or contracts of any kind were supposed to be more binding if associated with the religious atmosphere

of the cross. Afterwards the religious significance waned, and the place or the structure only remained as the Market Cross. The cruciform shape even became obsolete, the shaft being often surmounted by some local or heraldic symbol.

In cities and burghs the town cross was from ancient times a more important institution, especially in Edinburgh, as the Scottish capital. We hear of it as long ago as the time of James IV. On the night before the fatal field of Flodden it is recorded that a mysterious proclamation was heard at the Cross of Edinburgh warning the King and his nobles by name. The belief long remained that the names of the slain, and of them only, were heard. This is the first date of great public interest connected with the Cross, but older memories may belong to it. Drummond, of Hawthornden, says that the murderers of James I in 1436 were mounted on a *pillar in the market-place* and there tortured before execution, but it is not certain whether this refers to the Cross of the city. Maitland, in his "History of Edinburgh," thus refers to some of the diverse associations. "There," he says, "royal edicts were proclaimed; there public rejoicings took place. . . . At it also State criminals were executed; books burned by the common hangman; persons scourged, ears cut off, and other events of a like nature."

Two or three specimens must suffice out of the long roll of events thus strangely associated with the same spot. In 1561, on Queen Mary's visit to the city, and in 1617, when King James revisited his native city, magnificent pageants delighted the populace, the Cross being the central place of the imposing ceremonies. The conduits flowed with wine, and the Cross was adorned with allegorical personages, masked for the occasion. Very different scenes were witnessed when the Cross was hung with tapestry, and Maister Patrick Galloway preached a sermon before King James and his courtiers; or when it was hung with black for the beheading of Montrose in 1650; or when in 1661 Johnstone, of Warriston, was suspended head downwards and his body torn in quarters for his alleged treasonable acts.

In the "Diary of John Nicoll," printed in 1836 for the Bannatyne Club, we find some notable entries relating to events in the seventeenth century. In 1650, on the 21st May, Montrose, as we have said, was hanged, on a high gallows, by order of the Estates of Parliament—a barbarous revenge for the cruelties of the Royalist chief. On February 7th, 1652, the royal arms were pulled down, and "the crown that was on the unicorn was hung upon the gallows by these treacherous villains," says John Nicoll.

In 1660 the restoration of the King was proclaimed, and on the occasion of the coronation of Charles II, 23rd April, 1661, "the Mercat Croce was buskit up with floweris and grene branches of treys, and sum punszeones of wyne layd on the heid of the Croce, with Bachus set thairon, and his fallow servandis ministoring unto him, quha drank lairglie, and distribute full glassis abundantlie, casting thame over among the pepill." "Efter denner the Magistrates of Edinburgh come throw the citie to the Mercat Croce,

quich wes gairdit with a great number of partizens, and thair drank the Kinges helth upon thair kneys, and at sindry uther pryme pairtes of the citie; the nobles also and gentrie did the lyke at sindrie of the bonefyres of the Croce, dansing about thame, and drinking thair wyne upone thair kneys."

Two other extracts we give:—

1662.—"To wit in July and August, thair wer sindrie commedois actit, playing and dancing, at the Croce of Edinburgh, upone towis [ropes], done by strangeris, for quhich, and for droges sauld be thame, thair resavit much money, and for dancing and volting upone a tow [rope] to the admiration of many."

1666, 22nd December.—"Ther was six men hanged at Edinburgh Croce, comonlie callit The Whigs: quairof Mr. Hew M'Kell [McKail], minister, was one, and Umphra Colquhoun, merchand in Glasgow, was ane uther, with uther four: quho all of thame pretendit they died 'For God and the Covenant.'"

In the "Scots Magazine" for 1756, we read: "The demolition of the Cross has now taken place. As soon as the workmen began, which was in the morning of March 13, some gentlemen, who had spent the night over a social bottle, caused wine and glasses to be carried thither, mounted the ancient fabric, and solemnly drank its dirge. The beautiful pillar which stood in the middle fell and broke to pieces by one of the pulleys used on that occasion giving way."

This building was of so great importance that its removal formed the subject of an Act of Sederunt by the Court of Session; and again on the 13th December, 1785, as follows: "The Lords, having considered the representations of the Lord Provost and Magistrates of the City of Edinburgh, setting forth that, when the Cross was taken away in the year 1756, a stone was erected on the side of a well in the High Street, adjacent to the place where the Cross stood, which by Act of Sederunt was declared to be the Market Cross of Edinburgh from that period; that since removing the city guard, the aforesaid well was a great obstruction to the free passage upon the High Street, which therefore they intended to remove, and instead thereof to erect a stone pillar a few feet distant from the said well, on the same side of the street, opposite to the Old Assembly Close: of which the Court approve, and declare the new pillar to be the Cross." Instead of the new pillar which they "intended" to erect, the magistrates caused a few of the paving-stones of the street to be arranged so as to form an octagonal cross, and thus to indicate its former site.

The remains that now exist of the City Cross are a part of the "long stone," now standing in a park at Drum, near Dalkeith, where it was placed in 1756; and five of the circular medallions, including the city arms, each of them three feet in diameter, which were obtained by Mr. Walter Ross, who had them built into the front of Deanhaugh House, Stockbridge. Upon its demolition in 1814 they passed into the possession of the late Sir Walter Scott, and now adorn the garden wall at Abbotsford.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HALL AND COFFEE TAVERN.

THERE is no more striking example of the practical benefits that may be derived from an earnest effort to improve the moral and intellectual condition of the working classes in London, than the difference between the Victoria Theatre of a few years ago and the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern of to-day. In "Alton Locke" Charles Kingsley dwells on the evils that existed in connection with this theatre. In the ordinary course of events it furnished five or six police cases every week, and in holiday time as many as thirty or forty in one evening. On one memorable Boxing-night the audience in the gallery became so unmanageable and uproarious that, before the performance could be heard, that part of the house had to be completely cleared.

The change that has taken place is truly marvellous. Now, though the audience is drawn from the same classes, and indeed often consists in part of the same individuals, men and women alike behave orderly and well. And after an evening's amusement which, while being perfectly free from any harmful influence, is never allowed to become monotonous or dull, they go home pleased with what they have seen, instructed by what they have heard, and though often drunk when they enter the hall, they leave it sober, or at least less drunken than on their coming in.

There can be no doubt that in that sobriety lies the key-note of the steady, progressive success which has attended the undertaking. The hall was started at the end of 1880 by the Coffee and Music Halls Company on a temperance basis, and from that time no intoxicants have been sold within its walls. Plenty of well-cooked wholesome food, with good tea, coffee, and cocoa, at a penny and a halfpenny the cup, may be had in the tavern from early morning till late at night. At the bars in the hall—where formerly cheap gin, whisky, beer, etc., were dispensed to customers—the same low rate characterises the list of prices. But tea, coffee, and cocoa, however excellent their quality, lemonade, with "ades" of all kinds, and even the "teetotaler's brandy-and-water"—that is to say, hot gingerette—though they doubtless add to the pleasure and zest with which the consumer watches the performance, do not tend to excite him unduly. He no longer picks quarrels with his neighbour, nor, by his boisterous and undecorous mirth, renders himself obnoxious to the performers. The most that is now heard from him is a hearty laugh, though he frequently relieves his feelings by emphatically expressing his opinion respecting what is being said or done upon the stage.

As in all new enterprises, the promoters had to learn by their experience, and alter old methods and adopt new ones as they gradually saw what was best calculated to bring about the end they had in view.

At first such an entertainment as is provided in ordinary music-halls was given every night.

There was one great difference, however. All impropriety in speech, action, and costume was strictly prohibited. Then it was suggested that a weekly concert, while making a pleasant variety, would bring the elevating and refining influences of good music within the reach of the poorest working man in south-east London. Accordingly a ballad concert was arranged for Thursday evenings, and the good attendance on those nights shows that the music is thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated.

The next institution was a temperance meeting on every Friday, and the forming of a temperance society. Ministers of all denominations in the neighbourhood were asked to join the committee, and, as much as possible, to visit the members. As the result, it has been found that ninety per cent. of the pledge-takers have remained true to their pledges. This is doubtless partly owing to the friendly and individual interest which is taken in their welfare, as the members feel and know, and partly to the attractiveness and diversity of the entertainments at the hall, which exert a strong influence in preventing the men from falling back into their old habits of spending the evening at the public-house. If such good work be an earnest of what is to follow—as we must all hope it is—the day is not far distant when the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern will be regarded as the centre of temperance in south-east London, and the mother and model of many similar institutions in all parts of the metropolis and other great cities.

A more recent addition to the various entertainments at the hall is a weekly penny science lecture on Tuesday nights. The first was courageously given by Mr. Lant Carpenter nearly two years ago, and his name has been followed by those of Norman Lockyer, Seeley, Boys, and many others of note in the scientific world.

These lectures were started with considerable misgiving, and for a time their success continued doubtful. From the outset they have been generally illustrated either by experiments or dissolving views. But at first the people had hardly patience to wait for the necessary adjustment of apparatus. Such pauses were regarded as signals for free conversation, laughter, whistling, etc. And if an experiment chanced to fail the lecturer would perhaps be told to go home and learn his lesson—a severe ordeal to a nervous man!

But even when such mishaps did occur, a little tact, and a little show of good-natured indifference to "chaff," would quickly set the wheels running smoothly again. Once, when something went wrong for a moment, there was a derisive "Hear, hear," from the audience. "No," said the lecturer, quietly, when the difficulty had been removed; "it isn't here, here; it's there, there." A remark that brought the gallery round to his side in an instant.

But there is now a marked difference in the way in which the lectures are received, and no doubt remains as to their popularity, and to the instruction and pleasure they give their hearers. The lecturers always meet with a good round of applause at the end of the lecture, and are generally recalled before the curtain, which would certainly not be done if the people had not thoroughly enjoyed what they had heard. From between two and three hundred, the audience has gradually increased to nine hundred and upwards. It reached over two thousand when Professor Malden lectured on Egypt, and was not far below when Commander Cameron described his "Journey across Africa." Speaking of his lecture, Commander Cameron himself says: "The hall was crowded before the lecture commenced, and the intelligent interest evinced by, and the orderly behaviour of the audience, would have put to shame many a fashionable gathering."

His experience is no exception to the rule. Half an hour before the lecture begins the pit is filled with working men, quietly awaiting the appearance of the lecturer. Many of these while away the time by reading papers, and the greater number have pipes in their mouths; for except on ballad concert nights, when it is restricted to the gallery and back of the pit, smoking is permitted in every part of the house. Of course the experiments and dissolving views are a great attraction, and when not announced on the bills the attendance is much smaller. But even a purely scientific lecture, when given by a good fluent speaker who is thoroughly in earnest, will attract and hold the interest of most of those present. Professor H. G. Seeley, when lecturing on digestion under the title of "A Working Man's Dinner," was heard with great attention. Struck by the reception with which he had met, and by the intelligent manner in which his audience instantly perceived and applauded the points of his lecture, he remarked, "I gave it them as stiff as I can give it to anybody, and you saw how they took it."

Nor are proofs wanting from the men themselves of the pleasure and instruction they are deriving from this special form of entertainment at the Victoria Hall. One man attended several lectures in succession, walking all the way from Stoke Newington. Another wrote to the honorary secretary asking whether she thought the lecturer of a certain date would allow him to see his notes. He had heard all the lectures but that particular one, and wished very much to know what had been said upon the subject. Somebody else also wrote suggesting that the lecturers should receive a hint to keep their faces well to the audience!

Then on one occasion, when Mr. Herbert Carpenter was about to begin his lecture, the attendant in the gallery cautioned some very rough-looking men that, whether they approved or disapproved of the kind of entertainment, they would be allowed to make no disturbance while Mr. Carpenter was speaking. "All right," was the reply; "we shan't make no noise. This is the feller we likes."

On the rising generation, too, the good effect is very evident. A boy of thirteen, while attending an evening class in the neighbourhood one night, suddenly broke out with, "Oh, how I *do* wish Tuesday was come!" "And why do you want Tuesday to be here?" asked the lady who was conducting the class. "Why?" was the reply. "Because we shall have Lant Carpenter at the Vic. again, of course."

It may be stated here that the boy, to his great satisfaction, has been promised a personal introduction to his favourite lecturer.

The great secret of the lecturer's power in attracting the attention and maintaining the interest of the audience is, that while he presupposes no existing knowledge on the part of his hearers, he talks to them as equals and therefore without condescension.

As in the case of the temperance meetings on Friday nights, the science lectures are always followed by a variety of entertainments. These sometimes consist of a concert in which a choir and band of amateur working people take part, and sometimes of juggling and pantomimic performances. This is a wise feature in the programme, for it must be borne in mind that, as yet, only a few derive their chief pleasure from the lecture. The conclusion of the evening is still probably the most enjoyed by the greater number of those present. But Rome was not built in a day; it would probably not have been built at all if the founders had thought much of their own dignity; and the intellectual education of the rough audience at the Victoria Hall must be a work of *love*, time, patience, and skill. Meanwhile the promoters and well-wishers of the institution are often cheered with encouraging indications. As, for instance, a boy one evening remarked, "I likes *that* better'n all *this*," when acrobats came on the stage after a series of beautiful astronomical photographs had been shown.

The great night at the hall is on Saturday, when an attractive "variety" entertainment offers plenty of wholesome, restful amusement, and is sure to bring a full house.

A new and useful department has lately been added to the hall in the form of a working men's club and institute. Three rooms have been set apart for this purpose. One of these is supplied with all the leading morning and evening daily papers, and the principal weekly periodicals; and here billiards, bagatelle, chess, and draughts may be played. In a lower room fencing, boxing, and other athletic exercises may be practised under the direction of a military instructor; while in another apartment debating and other educational classes are held. It may also be used as a reading room by those who wish to be quiet, and out of the tobacco smoke, which is allowed in both the other rooms. Here, too, "talks" on such subjects as "Robert Burns, the Poet of Democracy," and "Thomas Carlyle and Hero-Worship," are given to as many members as care to listen. The "talks" are followed by a discussion, in which all present are invited to join. The quarterly subscription is very small, and among other privileges the members of the club, who already number over

two hundred, are admitted at half price to the hall on every night except Saturday and Bank Holidays. It is evident that this new branch will admit of very great development, and it is to be hoped that as it becomes more widely known many of the inhabitants of the poor crowded parish in which it stands will avail themselves of the large rooms, pleasant recreations, and the many educational advantages which this institution offers.

But the good work that has been done at the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern has not been effected without great anxiety and much toil. At first it was anticipated that the enterprise would be self-supporting, but hitherto the pecuniary loss has been considerable. Now, however, the financial accounts are more encouraging. It is shown that for every penny subscribed by the outside public nearly twopence has been paid at the doors by the people themselves. Moreover, in order that while difficulty lasts the hall may be free of rent, a few friends have formed themselves into a trust and bought the remainder of the lease, of which thirteen years are unexpired. Then the tavern brings some grist to the mill, as also do those various parts of the theatre that have been let to working men's clubs and kindred societies.

But annual subscriptions are still greatly needed to supplement these limited sources of income. It has been rightly said that the Victoria Hall "is doing pioneer's work, and if once established on a permanent footing imitators would spring up." If

the truth of this view were more generally recognised, surely means would be forthcoming to relieve the chief managers and workers of the anxiety that still presses upon them. The benefit conferred upon the working classes of south-east London by maintaining in their midst a comfortable place of resort, to which they can take their wives and daughters in peace and respectability, and where, while being heartily amused, they also receive valuable instruction, is incalculable. If any one doubts this, let him pay a visit to the Royal Victoria Hall and Coffee Tavern. The people in the gallery and pit like to see the boxes filled. And all who take a kindly interest in the welfare and elevation of the less fortunate classes of this great metropolis may confidently look forward to receiving both surprise and pleasure from witnessing the good and intelligent behaviour of the audience, and the elevating tendency of the entertainment. They will find their interest in their poorer brethren both deepened and enlightened. And by their presence they will have strengthened that feeling of fellowship and fraternity which, binding heart to heart and class to class, brings unity in the place of division, and order and peace in the place of disorganisation and contention.

In the Victoria Hall we have a bridge that is thrown across the great gulf separating the rich from the poor. It is as yet in its infancy, but its results are most satisfactory, and its future most promising.

N. HELLIS.

Varieties.

Lord Beaconsfield's Birthplace.

Mr. S. C. Hall, in his latest book of personal recollections, "The Retrospect of a Long Life" (Bentley, vol. 1, p. 288, describes his having visited the elder D'Israeli (Isaac D'Israeli, author of "Curiosities of Literature") on some literary business in 1823. It was at the corner of Bloomsbury Square. "The house still (1883) stands," says Mr. Hall, "apparently unchanged. Montagu Corry (Lord Rowton) told me that not long before his death Lord Beaconsfield visited the house, and asked leave to go over it, which was granted, although the attendant had no idea that the courtesy was extended to the Prime Minister. He sat for some time pondering and reflecting—a grand past and a great future opening before his mental vision—in the room in which he was born."

As to the birthplace of Lord Beaconsfield, the following appeared in the "Standard," April, 1881:—"A correspondent, writing to us from Eastbourne, expresses the belief that Lord Beaconsfield was born in Upper Street, Islington. He says, 'My grandparents were intimate neighbours in Islington of the D'Israelis at the time of the birth of Benjamin; and my uncle, long since dead, was articulated at the same time with him to the Messrs. Maples, in the Old Jewry. The house the D'Israelis occupied was in Trinity Row, Upper Street, Islington. I remember it well as a boy, when old Mr. Jeaffreson, a surgeon, the father of the celebrated Dr. Henry Jeaffreson, resided there. I was always told that that was the house where the D'Israelis lived, and in which their celebrated son was born. In connection with that event I often heard my grandmother tell that the birth was unexpected, and that the mother had not prepared the baby clothes. In this dilemma my grandparent, having infants of her own, was able to lend the young mother all she

required. I believe the house is still standing, though now divided into several shops; and I think it will be found next to the branch office of the National Provincial Bank on the south side. In the early years of the century the view was open right away to the Essex hills. A search of the rate-books of the parish of Islington for the years 1804-5 would, I have no doubt, prove that Isaac D'Israeli paid rates in those years.'

This elicited from the grandson of Dr. Jeaffreson the following letter, which also appeared in the "Standard":—

"Sir,—As my knowledge about the birthplace of Lord Beaconsfield has necessarily been handed down through three generations, I have been waiting in the hope that some one possessing more direct information would write to you on the subject.

"As no one appears to have done so, will you allow me to state that my late father frequently mentioned that the D'Israelis lived in a house at the back of Canonbury Tower; and that while this house was under repair the family occupied for a twelvemonth the house in Trinity Row (now 215, Upper Street), next door to my grandfather, the late John Jeaffreson, who for over fifty years practised as a surgeon in that house; and while there Benjamin Disraeli was unexpectedly born, my grandfather being the medical attendant.

"This fact is corroborated by the statement of your Eastbourne correspondent as to the unpreparedness for the event.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"JOHN B. JEAFFRESON.

145, Highbury New Park,
April 28th, 1881."

We hope that Lord Rowton will insert no romancing into his official biography. There are persons still alive who can

give him accurate information on the origin and early life of Benjamin Disraeli. Even of his grandfather, and his humble position in connection with the Stock Exchange, younger men than Sir Moses Montefiore can tell him. In the "Memories of Seventy Years," by the granddaughter of Dr. Aikin, niece of Mrs. Barbauld, there is this entry: "Old Mr. Israel, Dr. Aikin was called in to attend on his deathbed; the grandfather of Lord Beaconsfield." This was at Stoke Newington, where the Aikins then lived, and where there were many Jews.

The Genesis of Mind.

Mr. Romanes, author of the work on "Mental Evolution in Animals," lately gave a lecture at the London Institution on the "Genesis of Mind." In this lecture, as in his published works, Mr. Romanes presents numerous and interesting facts as to the phenomena of life in the various classes of animated nature. But the attempt to explain mental action by physical structure leads to much vain and unphilosophical speculation. Mr. Darwin and Mr. Herbert Spencer, as well as Mr. Romanes, make no advance beyond what was propounded by their master Lamarck in the application of the doctrine of evolution. We are told that protoplasm, the mysterious basis of life and of mind, is at first "undifferentiated," but the nerves, conducting invisible waves of stimulation, gradually determine a special arrangement of particles in the protoplasm. "Mental processes, which we cognise as subjective, are psychological equivalents of neural processes, which are objective." What we call Will, Choice, Discrimination, are only emphasised motions at first due to mechanical and chemical forces! The mental processes are, in this view, merely special nervous actions. "Reasoning,"—we quote from Mr. Romanes's book, p. 53—"on its physiological side, is merely a series of highly complicated nervous changes, regarding which the only thing we certainly know is that not one of them can take place without an adequate physical accompaniment. On its objective side every step in a train of reasoning consists in a selective discrimination among all those delicate stimuli which, on their subjective side, we know as arguments."

Without commenting upon this mechanical and materialistic view of mind, it is interesting to note how all this theory of the genesis and the action of mind is only a reproduction of what Lamarck long ago expounded in his "Philosophy of Zoology." Lamarck explains not only every mental and intellectual process, but also moral and religious sentiments, on the system of molecular motions by mechanical and physical agency. Here is an extract from his chapter on Ideas, where he is speaking of their first formation and their reproduction in memory:

"This is, in my opinion, the mechanism for the formation of the ideas; that by which we make sensations present to our will, until Time, having effaced them, or having too much weakened their marks, has placed us out of the condition of being able to reproduce the previous sensations, that is to remember them.

"To attempt to define how the agitations of the nervous fluid trace or mark an idea on the brain as organ of the understanding is beyond the power of science. The anatomist cannot discover these marks. The only thing that we may be certain of is that the fluid we are now treating of is the real agent that traces and forms that idea; that every kind of sensation gives to this fluid a particular kind of agitation, and consequently sets it in the position of impressing on the brain particular marks; and, in fine, that the fluid in question acts upon an organ so delicate and of such exquisite softness, and leaves traces afterwards found in convolutions so narrow, and in cavities so small, that it can impress on their delicate sides marks more or less deep of every kind of movement by which it may be agitated.

"Is it not well known that in old age the organ of intelligence, having lost a part of its delicateness and softness, our ideas are engraven with more difficulty and less depth? and that remembrance fades more and more, retaining at that time only ideas of ancient date that were engraven on the organ because they were at that period more easily impressed and made deeper?

"Moreover, with regard to the organic phenomena of the ideas, does it not equally concern the bearing between the fluids in motion and the particular organ which receives those

fluids? Now, for operations so swift as the formation of ideas, and all acts of the understanding, what other fluid can cause them if it is not the subtle and invisible fluid of the nerves, a fluid analogous to electricity; and what organ can be more appropriate for these operations than the brain?

"Thus a simple and direct idea is formed when the nervous fluid, agitated by some external impression, or even by some internal pain, conveys to the central organ of sensation the agitation that it has received; and then, in memory, reproducing this same agitation in the organ of understanding, finds a way open, or the organ prepared by the attention.

"As soon as these conditions are provided, the impression is immediately formed on the organ; the idea receives its existence, and is immediately perceptible. Subsequent impressions are subject to modifications from the habits that we make of exercising this or that kind of thoughts or ideas, as well as the actions they bring on. For, according to the nature of the ideas and the thoughts which occupy us habitually, it is of necessity the particular region of the same organ with which these acts of our understanding are associated that receives these modifications. I repeat then that this region of our intellectual organisation, continuing to be vigorously exercised, acquires developments which at length may be manifested and observed by some external signs, or may become permanent in unconscious habits.

"The truth of this is confirmed by observing the nervous system of animals of lower forms of organisation. Where there is inferior development of the brain the various acts which constitute the intelligence manifest in general only very confused perceptions of things. Such animals do not reason in the least degree, and can scarcely be said to vary their actions. They are therefore constantly subject to the power of habit or instinct.

"Thus it is that insects, which are of all animals that possess feeling those that have the nervous system the least perfect, have sensations of the objects which affect them, and seem to have a kind of memory for the purpose of producing these sensations when they have been repeated. Nevertheless, they cannot vary their actions and change their habits, because they do not possess that organ the movements of which could supply them with the power of variation."

[It is surprising that no English translation of Lamarck's "Philosophy of Zoology" has been made by the teachers of his doctrines.]

Royal Engineer Officers of the Palestine Survey.—Some of the Engineer officers who took a leading part in the Syrian survey and explorations are now among the most prominent men in military service. Sir Charles Warren and Captain Conder are in South Africa; Sir Charles Wilson, Captain Mantell, and Major Kitchener have been doing good service in the Egyptian campaigns.

Personal Statistics.—The oldest member of her Majesty's Privy Council is the Right Hon. Viscount Eversley, aged 90; the youngest, his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, aged 34. The oldest duke is the Duke of Cleveland, aged 81; the youngest, his Royal Highness the Duke of Albany, an infant. The oldest marquis is the Very Rev. the Marquis of Donegal, aged 85; the youngest, the Marquis Camden (a minor), aged 12. The oldest earl is the Earl of Buckinghamshire (who is the oldest peer in the realm), aged 91; the youngest is the Earl of Cottenham (a minor), aged 10. The oldest viscount is Lord Eversley, aged 90; the youngest, Viscount Southwell (a minor), an Irish peer, aged 12. The oldest baron is Lord Brougham and Vaux, aged 89; the youngest, Lord Amphilhill (a minor), aged 15. The oldest member of the House of Commons is Alderman Sir Robert Walter Carden, M.P. for the borough of Barnstaple, aged 83; the youngest, Mr. Matthew Joseph Kenny, M.P. for the borough of Ennis, in Ireland, aged 23. The oldest judge in England is Vice-Chancellor the Hon. Sir James Bacon, aged 86; the youngest, the Hon. Sir Archibald Levin Smith, of the Queen's Bench Division, aged 48. The oldest judge in Ireland is the Hon. John Fitzhenry Townsend, LL.D., of the Court of Admiralty, aged 73; the youngest, the Right Hon. Andrew Marshall Porter, Master of the Rolls, aged 48. The oldest of the Scotch Lords of Session is the Hon. Sir George Deas (Lord Deas), aged 81; the youngest, the Hon. Alexander Smith Kinnear (Lord Kinnear), aged 51. The oldest prelate of the Church of England is the

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Powers

Right Rev. Richard Durnford, D.D., Bishop of Chichester, aged 82; the youngest, the Right Rev. Ernest Roland Wilberforce, D.D., Bishop of Newcastle-on-Tyne, aged 45. The oldest prelate of the Irish Episcopal Church is the Most Rev. Marcus Gervase Beresford, Archbishop of Armagh, aged 83; the youngest, the Right Rev. Robert Samuel Gregg, Bishop of Cork, aged 50. The oldest prelate of the Scotch Episcopal Church is the Right Rev. Robert Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross (Primus of Scotland), aged 80; the youngest, the Right Rev. James Robert A. Chinnery-Haldane, Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, aged 44. The oldest baronet is Sir Moses Montefiore, aged 100; the youngest, Sir Stewkley F. Draycott Shuckburgh (a minor), aged 4. The oldest knight is Sir George Rose Sartorius, G.C.B., Admiral of the Fleet, aged 94; the youngest, Sir Walter Eugène De Souza, of Calcutta, aged 38.—*Who's Who in 1885.*

A Birmingham Naturalist.—Mr. Smiles, in his "Life of a Scotch Naturalist, Thomas Edward, Associate of the Linnean Society," has told the history of one of the most zealous naturalists that ever lived. In 1866 the arduous labours of Edward were signally recognised and, in a sense, rewarded by his being elected an Associate of the Linnean Society. The society never has more than twenty-five Associates on its roll of members, and Edward's biographer very accurately says of him, when he became one of the number, that it was "one of the highest honours that science could confer upon him." Not only is it an honour to be elected an Associate, but the honour is all the greater inasmuch as no one is elected who has not done some really good work in at least one branch of Natural History. This honourable distinction has lately been awarded to a much respected Birmingham man, Mr. James E. Bagnall. Mr. Bagnall is one of the Vice-Presidents of the Birmingham Natural History and Microscopical Society, of which he has for something like a quarter of a century been one of the most useful and hard-working members. He has devoted his principal attention to the study of botany—structural and systematic. Years since he won for himself a name as a bryologist. He has communicated numberless papers to the society, and scarcely a meeting took place for a very long period when he did not exhibit some plant "new to the district" or of great rarity. He has always been a ready helper to young beginners, and many local botanists have benefited by his assistance. Many of his contributions have appeared in the scientific journals. His most important published work is the latest and by far the best "Flora of Warwickshire," which has appeared by instalments extending over several years in the "Midland Naturalist." If we are not misinformed, Mr. Bagnall has achieved his success as a scientific man in the leisure hours of a working life spent in one of our large manufactories, where he has been as "diligent in business" as he has been diligent in observation and study when the day's work has been finished.

Russia and India.—A Russian journal contains a long article on the conquest of Hindostan, in which the writer says: "The possibility of an invasion of India is a source of great agitation in England, and well may it be so, for whoever deals England a blow there sounds her death-knell. England's immense trade in the East is entirely dependent on her possession of Hindostan. There is scarcely a well-to-do English family or commercial firm that is not more or less dependent upon Indian trade or occupation in the Indian service. The army of England is many times less than those of the Continental Powers, and to make up for this she has developed a gigantic fleet, on the strength of which alone she continues to have an important voice in European affairs. Her policy and that of her statesmen is purely one of calculation and profit, and she sticks at nothing when her interests are at stake. She commits the most inhuman crimes, and never hesitates to outrage every humanitarian principle in order to pursue her interested aims, although she continues to wear the mask of a friend of humanity. She was on the side of slavery in the American Civil War; she helped Turkey to keep the Eastern Christians under oppression; and she has to-day brought Ireland to the verge of ruin. The entire attention of British statesmen has always been directed towards creating disquiet and trouble among the Continental Powers for the sake of the material advantages to be reaped

from quarrels among them. But everything has its end. England is a second Carthage, who thinks she is called upon to stand at the head of the world. The same causes that destroyed ancient Carthage will also bring down the British Empire, and abase the boundless pride and conceit of the English nation. More than two hundred and fifty millions of souls are simply English slaves. All England's possessions are merely held for what she can get out of them. Every vestige of justice and magnanimity has disappeared from the English administration in India, as English authors themselves have shown. 'Justice in India,' says one writer, 'is a farce.' As to how an invasion of India is to be accomplished, we leave the English to find out our plans. We do not want India for itself, but what we want and intend to have is the Bosphorus. If England will really become our friend, and will not oppose us there, we will even support her rule in India. But we know that the English, who are a cunning and sly people, will not believe us. They will say that, once on the Bosphorus, Russia would threaten India also from that point. As to the difficulty of a campaign in India, is it not plain that in the present conditions of Central Asia, and in view of our favourable position there, a Russian expedition would be far less difficult than those of Semiramis, Sesostris, Alexander the Great, Ghengiz Khan, Tamerlane, Nadir Shah, and others? And what if we enter India and proclaim a liberation of the natives from the English yoke, leaving them their independence when the English have been routed? Should we not have millions of Indians at once on our side?"

Prince Edward's Advice to Boys.—From the son of the Prince of Wales the boys of East London got sensible advice on the occasion of the opening of their "Whittington Club." "Boys of the Whittington Club and of the East London Shoeblack Society, I am very glad to come and see you to-day. I hope that each and all of you will try as hard as you can to be a credit to this club and to yourselves. I wish to help you in doing this by asking you to remember two things. First, whatever you do, whether it is blacking a pair of shoes, practising gymnastics, reading a book, helping a friend—whatever it is, do it as well as you can. 'If a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well,' is a good old English motto. Secondly, never do what you know to be wrong. Often you will feel inclined, either through your own wishes or through the promptings of companions, to do something you would like, but which your conscience tells you ought not to be done. Well, then is the time not to give way. Be brave, stand firm; refuse under any circumstances to do what you are not sure is right. May I ask you to remember these two things? If you will do so, then, as you grow up you will be worthy to play your parts as English citizens. And when you come to years of discretion you will be able to judge for yourselves whether you will remain here in England or whether you will seek your share in the English lands beyond the seas. There is plenty of room out there—amplier air and larger aims; and here you seem rather crowded. May God bless you all, whether here or there!"

Mr. Cook's Services in the Egyptian Expedition.—Mr. John Cook, son of Mr. Cook of excursionist fame, has described the part taken by his firm in the Nile campaign. He says the work of Thomas Cook and Son in connection with the expedition to the Soudan had been unique. Inasmuch, he said, as that was the first instance of military operations of any magnitude having been entrusted to a private firm or individual, and they had completed their contract, despite all difficulties, to conduct the movement so far as the Second Cataract of the Nile almost to the hour, they felt justly proud of what they had accomplished. When the expedition was first seriously contemplated, about April 23rd last, they were met with the astonishing fact that no one could give the slightest indication of the difficulties to be encountered—at any rate between the Second Cataract and Hannek, and he believed he was the only Englishman who had up to the present time made the voyage up the river and returned to England. The instructions which the firm received from the Government were to prepare for about 6,000 men, and 6,000 to 8,000 tons of stores, which they were to convey from Assiout to Wady Halfa. They were also to take up 400 special row-boats. The Admiralty calculated that 12,000

tons of coal would be required for the task. As a matter of fact, they had actually conveyed about 11,000 English and 7,000 Egyptian troops, and 40,000 tons of stores, and had consumed nearly 24,000 tons of coal. Instead of 400 row-boats, they had carried double the number. For the river work from Assiout 27 steamers were employed almost day and night, and no fewer than 650 sailing boats, varying from 70 to 200 tons capacity. To do all that, they had a little army of their own of nearly 5,000 men and boys, consisting entirely of the fellaheen of Lower Egypt. With all his experience he knew of no men on the face of the earth who could and would work to the same extent and as willingly as the native fellaheen of Egypt. They laboured constantly from sunrise to sunset, and all they asked for was fair pay and fair treatment, and not to have every piastre they earned and every ounce of blood in their bodies taken out of them by the sheikhs and those who had power over them. Having seen the whole of the firm's part of the expedition delivered at Wady Halfa by the appointed day, he resolved to push on to Dongola on his own account, and after many dangers he at length, in company with his son, performed the difficult journey. At Dongola he had an audience with the Mudir, whom he thought a most able and politic ruler, a strict Mussulman, with no love to the Mahdi, but afraid of being left to settle with him if the English leave the Soudan without ending the rebellion and establishing some firm government. Mr. Cook thinks that the Mudir would be the fittest ruler for that part of the country.

The Mahdi and the Senoussi Brotherhood.—The French Press and French writers generally have been very anxious to make the most of the Mahdi's claims to represent Islam, and to establish a connection between him and the Senoussi brotherhood of Tripoli. The latest instance of this is furnished in the sensational article lately reproduced from the "Débats" in the "Times." There is not the least ground to accept these stories as possessing any foundation, except in the imagination of their authors, but it may be useful to record what Mr. Consul Wood wrote on this subject from Bengazi on the 22nd of January last year: "The great Marabout-el-Mehedy Essenoosy, Head of the Senoussi Brotherhood, has dispatched messengers from his residence at Djaghahob with letters to the sheikhs of his numerous Zawais in this vilayet, informing them, in order that it may be published abroad, that the Mehedy or Prophet now devastating the Soudan is nothing more than a shameless impostor, and warning all true Mussulmans to avoid the eternal punishment which will be the portion of his—the False Prophet's—followers."

Protection of Houses against Earthquakes.—Captain Basil Hall, R.N., in his Journal, speaking of the earthquake which destroyed the city of Copiapo, in Chili, 1819, says: "In a situation such as this, constantly exposed to these visitations, the houses ought to be constructed on the principle of a ship, with timbers firmly bolted together, and as little as possible connected with the ground. If this were attended to there need never be the least danger; for at the worst it is not to be supposed that the motion of the earth can amount in degree to that of the waves of the sea. . . . In point of fact, the only houses that had stood the shocks were those built of the lightest materials and connected in the most superficial manner with the ground. All the rest, with deep foundations and thick walls, being riveted as it were to the surface, were exposed to the full violence of its movements." Captain Hall's advice is to make the building as mobile as possible, and as little as possible moored to the earth, so as to be like a ship riding the waves. An American correspondent describes the principle of protection in California, for which a patent has been taken out. He says: "The Palace Hotel in San Francisco is reported to be one of the largest hotels in the world. It is seven or eight storeys high, and is said to have 1,200 bedrooms. I was in that city when it was being erected in 1875, and frequently witnessed its progress. It is very solidly built on arches underground, with walls four feet thick. As earthquakes are prevalent in California, a patent was taken out to protect buildings from its consequences, and a royalty was paid by the owners of the hotel to the patentees for its use. It consisted of iron rods, hooked together, extending under

each floor, north to south and east to west, from one outward wall to the opposite one. Beyond this the massive beams were sawn to the thickness of about six inches their whole length, and then bolted together. The effect of this would be evident—viz., that on a severe undulation, each portion of this enormous building would help to bind together and uphold the other, while any strain and crack of one part of the beam would not of necessity extend to the other part."

An American Statesman's Views on Dynamite Outrages.—Mr. Hamilton Fish, formerly Secretary of State, has stated that he is decidedly of opinion that the United States Congress should pass a Bill putting a stop to dynamite outrages. "We owe a duty," he adds, "as a nation to civilisation to do our utmost to guard against the perpetration of crimes of this class. Under no consideration can a dynamite plotter be regarded as a mere political offender. His crime is wanton murder." Mr. Fish doubts, however, whether so many of these plots have been hatched on American soil as have been charged. He thinks that the Irish agitator in America has designs mainly directed against the servant-girl's cash, which, when obtained, is not invested in dynamite, but in the more sensible and peaceful purchase of food, raiment, and other creature comforts. In the debate on the Bill brought before Congress, Senator Hawley, a Republican, of Connecticut, said that the American people had twice had experience in assassination. On each occasion there had come back from every nation, from every tribe, solemn and indignant denunciations. These crimes were worse, far worse. What good could this Resolution do? He did not know. But it did him good to curse such acts; it did the world good to denounce them. These acts were not the acts of the Irish people, they were merely an insensate dash against humanity.

Napoleon Bonaparte at School and College.—The refining influences of association with young French noblemen at the military schools of Brienne and Paris were lost upon Bonaparte, for he was a charity-boy, and this galled him continually. He was cantankerous, passionate, vindictive; his comrades shunned him, and there grew in him a spleenful rage against the social inequalities from which his pride suffered. At one time, as we see by an early letter, he thought of suicide. He took refuge in literary pursuits, wrote a drama, "The Earl of Essex," part of a history of Corsica, on which for some years he based all his hopes of fame; and meanwhile he entered with Paoli into a plot against the French which might have cost him his head. The old régime had its good points, for nothing could have been more gentlemanlike than the kindness shown to the young Corsican by the military authorities. He got long terms of leave of absence, which he used for disloyal purposes; his commission was twice cancelled for insubordination, but on both occasions he was reinstated after making mendacious apologies, which were accepted on his word of honour.—"Times" Review of the Napoleon Letters

Welsh Prosperity.—It seems that North Wales has known nothing of the "hard times" complained of in other parts of the kingdom. A correspondent of the "Mining Journal" in January wrote: "Great activity prevails at the quarries and port of Penrhyn. A considerable demand has arisen for small-sized slates, and an advance of ten per cent. has been made in the price. I counted thirty vessels being loaded and waiting to be loaded at Carnarvon last week." It should be noted that the latter part of this paragraph refers to the smaller Carnarvon quarries, the great Penrhyn and Dinorwic quarries shipping their slates elsewhere. The same correspondent says: "The collieries are well employed, so are most other trades in the district." There is little doubt that North Wales has, on the whole, suffered less during the late bad times than almost any other part of the British Isles; wherever you go slate and lime quarries, brickworks, collieries, flannel mills, and other industrial undertakings, except lead mines, are hard at work. Doubtless North Wales owes its comparative prosperity in great measure to the facilities it possesses for transport at reasonable rates. A glance at the map shows at once its extensive seaboard; canal and railway accommodating the more central

district of Llangollen, with its slate, lime, and flannel industries, and Ruabon, with its collieries and brick and iron works. But, perhaps, the chief reason, after all, is to be found in the industrious character of the Welsh people, and the reasonableness and good sense of the workmen, who, if good reason for doing so can be shown, are willing to work hard at low wages, doing their best to help their masters to tide over bad times, and prepared to take full advantage of the good times when they come, instead of striking and ruining themselves and the works which give them employment.

Electric Lighting in Houses.—Mr. Octavius Coope, who has had his house, Rochetts, Brentwood, furnished with electric lights, publishes the result of his experience in the "Times." He gives details as to the cost, and speaks with satisfaction of the economy as well as the comfort of the new illumination in his house and premises: "How is it that the electric light has not made greater progress in this country fills me with amazement; whereas in America the impetus has been enormous, especially with regard to arc lighting. In Montreal, Philadelphia, Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Boston, and New York, not only the principal streets but the warehouses, stores, and places of public resort are described as being brilliantly lighted by electricity. Of the Brush system only there are said to be upwards of 25,000 arc lamps in operation in the United States; and in New York the Edison central station alone supplies current for over 12,000 incandescent lights and yet cannot come up to the demand, and it intended to open two more central stations of much larger size. So far as our own towns are concerned, the almost entire absence of the electric light I think may be explainable, but as to country houses the case is different."

Moral Tone of American Popular Literature.—Dr. Prime, of the "New York Observer," gives a favourable view of the press in regard to religion and morals. He says: "Instead of joining in the hue and cry against modern literature, as if it were poisoned with infidelity, we thank God it is as good as it is. The taste of the age would reject with loathing songs that were popular one hundred and fifty years ago, and a newspaper that should now republish certain poems of John Dryden would subject itself to the penalty of the laws against the circulation of indecent literature. We scarcely know of a newspaper in this vast, heterogeneous, and wicked city, published in the English language, that is hostile to the Christian religion. And there would be many if faith were dying or unbelief were getting ahead. All this is negative evidence. The positive is still stronger. It is overwhelming. The last fifty years are more marked by the triumphs of faith than any other half century since the great Reformation. Over and over again we have published tables of statistics to show the strides of Christianity, the steady growth of churches, and the increase of gifts for the defence and extension of the truth. These statistics are unassailable, and ought to convince the most sceptical. So far from finding any reason to believe that Christianity is losing ground, we may as well try to prove that the population of the United States is declining, and the day of their doom drawing nigh."

How John Howard Got to See the Bastille.—Finding it impossible to obtain an order, he resolved to try to obtain admission without one. Accordingly he boldly drove up to the gate in a handsome carriage and four, with several servants in livery, himself being dressed like a gentleman of the Court. Stepping out of the carriage, with an air of authority he desired to be shown over the building. The officials, taken by surprise, and never doubting from his deportment his right to be obeyed, permitted him to examine everything he chose.

Cardinal MacCabe.—In the Lenten Pastoral written by the late Cardinal MacCabe, to be read in the Roman Catholic churches of Dublin, his Eminence thus denounced the secret societies of assassins and dynamiters:—"We are convinced that we speak the sentiments of the clergy and laity of this diocese when we express our indignant repudiation of the hideous attempts made for the destruction of property and innocent lives by the foul dynamite conspiracy which has

in later times startled the world by its wickedness. It is said that the object aimed at by this wicked conspiracy is to achieve the independence of Ireland and to avenge the wrongs inflicted on our unhappy country in former times. God knows that the record of these wrongs forms the blackest page of European history, but surely savage vengeance is not calculated to win God or the world to our side. Indeed, our poor afflicted country has no more deadly foes than the wretched men who give either support or countenance to schemes so detestable. Deeply as we all love Ireland, would we not gladly consent to a continuation of her greatest sorrows rather than see her redemption worked out by agencies which God and His Church must anathematise, and which every honest and generous man must reprobate? Whoever they may be who have lent themselves to the execution of those works of iniquity, of one thing we may be quite certain, they did not descend to the depths of depravity by one single bound. We may rest satisfied that the training of the secret society trained them slowly but steadily for the perpetration of crimes, from which in better days their souls would recoil in horror. Therefore, very rev. fathers, warn the youth of your charge to fly as from the face of a serpent the emissaries of those secret societies."

The Don't-Know Country.—I made Muhammed give me the names of the distant mountains, and I noted them down. On looking at a French map of the country (Tunis) I failed to identify any save the Ousselat range and the mountains of Zaghowân. The story is told, and it is good as a story, that the French sent their officials through the country with instructions to ascertain the names of the rivers, mountains, ruins, etc. On the completion of the map a very large proportion of the places was found to bear the name *Ma'arifsh*. The proportion was unnaturally large, and it was strange that ruins and rivers and mountains should all be called *Ma'arifsh*. Yet all the explorers solemnly assured the authorities that upon addressing the natives out of their phrase-book in the set sentence, "What is the name of that place?" the Berber, or Zlass, or other Arab had replied, *Ma'arifsh*. These mountains and rivers and objects of interest were, in fact, all labelled with the interesting name (in Arabic) "Don't know." River Don't-know, the Don't-know Mountains, Oued Ma'arifsh, Djebel Ma'arifsh.—"*To Kairuân the Holy. Scenes in Muhammedan Africa.*" By Alexander A. Boddy..

British Newspaper Press.—There are now published in the United Kingdom 2,052 newspapers, distributed as follows:—England—London, 405; provinces, 1,202. Wales, 79; Scotland, 184; Ireland, 161; Isles, 21. Of these there are 132 daily papers published in England, 5 in Wales, 20 in Scotland, 15 in Ireland, and 1 in the British Isles. On reference to the first edition of the "Newspaper Press Directory," for the year 1846, we find the following interesting facts—namely, that in that year there were published in the United Kingdom 551 journals; of these 14 were issued daily—namely, 12 in England and 2 in Ireland; but in 1885 there are now established and circulated 2,052 papers, of which no fewer than 173 are issued daily, showing that the press of the country has nearly quadrupled during the last thirty-nine years. The increase in daily papers has been still more remarkable, the daily issues standing 173 against 14 in 1846. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 1,298, of which 335 are of a decidedly religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, Roman Catholics, and other Christian communities.

Railway Rates.—At a recent meeting on the depression of English agriculture, Mr. Barclay, M.P., gave a number of instances showing the discouraging effect of the railway rates upon English goods as compared with foreign produce. The three railway companies, for instance, carried American cattle, landed and slaughtered at Liverpool, to London at 25s. per ton, but for cattle bred in this country the cost of carriage was 50s. Again, potatoes were brought from Cherbourg to London at 30s. per ton, but for potatoes coming from Penzance the charge was 45s. per ton. Fruit was conveyed from Flushing, in Holland, to London, for 25s. a ton, passing Sittingbourne *en route*, and yet the cost of carriage

of English fruit from Sittingbourne to London was likewise 25s. Another illustration was that of American cheese, which was brought from Liverpool to London for 25s. a ton, whereas for Cheshire cheese the cost was 42s. 6d. per ton. A striking instance was also furnished in the difference between the rates of carriage for foreign wheat and barley and home produce, the difference representing a tax on our farmers of 5s. per acre. The rate of freight ought to be "taxed" by a public official, in consideration of the carriage being almost the monopoly of the railway companies, at least for all articles of food.

An M.P. at a Type-Case.—It is related of the second Mr. Walter that, in the spring of 1833, shortly after his return to Parliament as Member for Berkshire, he was at the "Times" office one day when an express arrived from Paris, bringing the speech of the King of the French on the opening of the Chambers. The express arrived at 10 a.m., after the day's impression of the paper had been published, and the editors and compositors had left the office. It was important that the speech should be published at once, and Mr. Walter immediately set to work upon it. He first translated the document; then, assisted by one compositor, he took his place at the type-case and set it up. To the amazement of one of the staff who dropped in about noon, he "found Mr. Walter, M.P. for Berks, working in his shirt-sleeves!" The speech was set and printed, and the second edition was in the City by one o'clock. Had he not "turned to" as he did, the whole expense of the express service would have been lost. And it is probable that there was not another man in the whole establishment who could have performed the double work—intellectual and physical—which he that day executed with his own head and hands.—"*Men of Invention and Industry.*" By Samuel Smiles, LL.D.

Death of the "Chaplain of Norfolk Island."—News reached England at the beginning of this year of the death, at the age of eighty-five, of the Rev. George H. Nobbs, who for fifty-six years acted as pastor and chaplain to the Pitcairn and Norfolk Islanders. The reverend gentleman in his early life had a romantic and adventurous career. As a sailor he took part in the South American wars during the early part of the century, and while serving under the famous Lord Cochrane gained the commendation of that distinguished naval commander for many of the exploits he performed. Often shipwrecked and sometimes taken captive, he had many narrow escapes. At the request of his mother he left the sea and went to Pitcairn, where, settling among the islanders and becoming their teacher, he married a granddaughter of Lieutenant Christian, of the *Bounty*, and accompanied the community in its migration to Tahiti, and subsequently to Norfolk Island. Some years after he first went to Pitcairn, Admiral Fairfax Moresby visited the island and procured him a passage to England, where he was ordained by Dr. Blomfield, Bishop of London. He went back, and since that time Mr. Nobbs has faithfully laboured in that distant land, and gained the love and esteem of all the islanders, by whom his death is deeply regretted.

Property has Duties as well as Rights.—Mr. Chamberlain's manifesto as to the duties of property would have delighted William Cobbett, but it should be applied to the proprietors of mines, mills, and factories, as well as of lands and ships. "Property has obligations as well as rights. I think in the future we shall hear a great deal about the obligations of property, and we shall not hear quite so much about its rights. What are the rights of property? Is it a right of property which permits a foreign speculator to come to this country and lay waste two hundred miles of territory in Scotland for the gratification of his love of sport, and to chase from the lands which their fathers tilled long before this intruder was ever heard of the wretched peasants who were convicted of the crime of keeping a pet lamb within the sacred precincts of a deer-forest? Is it a right of property that sailors should be sent to sea to pursue their dangerous occupation without any sufficient regard to their security? Is it tolerable that in pursuit of a necessary livelihood to themselves and their families they should embark in ships whose safe return depends wholly on the continuance of favourable weather and upon the absence of any of the ordinary accidents of the sea?

And is it right that they should do this while the owners of these ships and the employers of these men sleep comfortably in their beds, with a certainty that, whatever happens, they will be no losers, they will probably be gainers, while disasters cause so much misery to the seamen and to their families? And, lastly, is it an essential condition of private ownership in land that the agricultural labourers in this country, alone of civilised countries, should be entirely divorced from the soil they till, that they should be driven into towns to compete with you for work, and to lower the rate of wages, and that alike in town and country the labouring population should be huddled into dwellings unfit for man or beast, where the conditions of common decency are impossible, and where they lead directly to disease, intemperance, and crime?"

Hebrew Disabilities.—Of the disabilities under which the Hebrew race laboured in the past enough is known to serve as a public lesson against intolerance in the future; but a curious incident of Sir Moses Montefiore's youth may be cited as an example in addition to records more generally familiar to the world. Having testified a desire to adopt the Stock Exchange as a career, Moses Montefiore was backed by his uncles, who purchased for him the right to practise as one of the twelve Jewish brokers licensed by the City. The mere fact that the number was thus limited is an interesting sign of that age now scarce four score years distant from our own. A curious petition was presented against the admission of young Mr. Montefiore, the document being thus entitled: "Reasons offered humbly to the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen against a Jew (who is a known enemy to the Christian religion), his being admitted a broker." The "reasons" alleged were six, but in substance they resolved themselves into the sole contention that Jews had no right to immunities or privileges of any kind, and it was not fitting that indulgence should be conceded to them.

An Aged Anglo-Indian.—The papers of last year reported the death of an old lady, Mrs. Kennedy, of Benares, whom the Prince of Wales had presented to him by his special request when he visited that city in 1876. Born in 1788, she was married at the age of fifteen, had eighteen children, eighty grandchildren, seventy-three great-grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren. Her father was a general, so was her husband, so were two of her sons, one of her sons-in-law, and four of her grandsons. Six colonels and a variety of other officers were included in the immediate family circle. For the last forty years she had been the queen of Benares society, and a great friend of the Maharajah. Though in her ninety-seventh year, she managed all her household affairs till within a fortnight of her death.

Impressions of New York.—The most forcible impression on my mind was to the effect that that most frugal and ingenious people, the Dutch, had been forced by the machinations of Prince Bismarck to evacuate Holland, and had suddenly colonised the purlieus of Paradise Street, Liverpool, which, by some preternatural means or other, had been transported across the Atlantic. The little red-brick houses, the high "stoops" or flights of wooden steps in front, the green "jalousie" shutters, the handicrafts and shop business carried on in cellars, the amount of mopping and scrubbing and scouring going on, the endless procession of open drays full of corpulent little kegs presumably full of Schiedam, all at first bespoke the neighbourhood of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, or the Hague. But no; I was not in Holland. Locomotives and passenger cars are not accustomed, so far as my remembrance serves me, to whiz through the ambient air on a level with the second-floor windows in the towns of the Low Countries; and it was only when crossing one of the avenues that I began to realise the fact that I had reached the only country which as yet possesses that not very artistic looking but still distinctly beneficial institution, an "Elevated Railway"—America. . . . I had scarcely, however, made up my mind that I was in the United States when a change came over the spirit of my dream, and I found myself murmuring that surely I must be in Germany. Those unmistakably Teutonic names over the shop fronts, those bakeries, barbers, billiard-rooms, shops for the sale of "underwear," eating and drinking houses, lager-beer saloons, bowling

alleys, and corner groceries—the whole redolent with a mild perfume of sauerkraut, sausages, and Bremen tobacco, belonged obviously to the Fatherland—not, perhaps, so much to austere Berlin, or vivacious Vienna, or æsthetic Munich, or decorous Dresden, as to one of the Hanse towns. . . . Yes, I am in Germany; and I waited in fear and trembling to hear the strains of the "Wacht am Rhein," to see the warriors of Germania with their invincible "pickelhaube" helmets and their irresistible needle-guns march by "in squadrons and platoons, with their music playin' chunes," and to feel that I was a "Philister." Not a bit of it. We jolted round a corner. We passed by a Monte Testaccio of potatoes, of evidently Irish extraction. I saw Mike from Connemara smoking his dhudeen. Biddy M'Flinn was brushing up some blooming Newtown pippins with the corner of her woollen shawl, to make the fruit look spruce and tidy for market; and Father O'Quigly, the priest, passed by sleek and smiling, with a broadbrimmed hat and a black broadcloth coat reaching down to his heels.—"America Revisited." By George Augustus Sala.

Hudson Bay Company's Stations.—The Company's forts generally stand on the bank of some river or lake and are surrounded with high wooden palisades. Inside the stockade are a few buildings for the families of the agent and his clerks, and for storing the beads, ammunition, and other articles for Indian trade and for furs and peltries. Some of the remote stations have communication with the outside world only twice a year, and then by dog trains bearing the messengers of the Company with letters and advices. A drearier and more monotonous existence can hardly be imagined than that of the residents of these stations, separated by hundreds of miles of bleak and storm-swept plains and frozen lakes and marshes from the great outside world.

Salaries of Legislators.—It is noteworthy that all the "points" of the once-dreaded "People's Charter" are now the "law of the land," except that relating to payment to members of Parliament. In other countries this point is almost universal. A Dutch deputy receives £166 a year and travelling expenses, a Belgian £16 16s. a month during the session, a Norwegian travelling expenses and 13s. 4d. a day, a Portuguese 10s. a day. French senators and deputies have £450 a year. In the New World it may be important for ambitious emigrants to remember that members of the Canadian House of Commons and Senate are paid for any sessions extending beyond thirty days a thousand dollars, besides ten cents a mile for travelling expenses. Brazil gives its senators £360 for the session, and its deputies, in addition to travelling expenses, £240. Mexico pays members of each house two thousand dollars a year. The Argentine Confederation is still more munificent, and allows £700. Even this handsome income is exceeded in the United States, where election, whether to the Senate or to the House of Representatives, means £1,000 a year and travelling expenses as well. Italy confers on senators and deputies free travelling by rail or steamer, though no salary.

Forged Bank of England Notes.—Upwards of 50,000 notes are paid into the bank and cancelled by the Bank of England authorities every day. Each one of these notes is carefully examined, but so proficient are the gentlemen who perform these duties that the mere touch is sufficient almost to indicate to them whether the note is genuine or forged. We believe that if any examiner passes a bad note he has to make good the amount.

Waterloo and the Rothschilds.—The messenger employed to convey to the Rothschilds in London the news of the victory of Waterloo was ordered to call upon the King of France (Louis XVIII) at Brussels on the way. He did so, and then proceeded to the Rothschilds. After they had extracted from him all the information that he possessed, they sent him on to Lord Liverpool, the Prime Minister, in order that the Government might receive tidings of this great event. Lord Liverpool could make nothing out of the man, and after examining and cross-examining him for some time, he felt increasingly sceptical as to the authenticity of the news which he brought. He then sent for Mr. Croker and told him

that the messenger had come from Waterloo with the tidings of victory, but that his story was confused, and it was therefore difficult to accept it as genuine. Thereupon Mr. Croker began to question the man with all his legal acumen, but he succeeded no better than Lord Liverpool in making the narrative intelligible. When about to give it up in despair, as a last resource, and by a sudden impulse, Mr. Croker questioned the messenger as to his interview with the French King, and he asked him how the king was dressed. The messenger replied, "In his dressing-gown." Mr. Croker then asked him what the king did and said to him, to which the messenger replied, "His Majesty embraced me and kissed me!" Mr. Croker asked, "How did the king kiss you?" "On both cheeks," replied the messenger; upon which Mr. Croker emphatically exclaimed, "My lord, it is true; his news is genuine;" and so, in truth, it proved.—*The Croker Papers.*

An Ungallant Critic.—Every one has heard the legend of the good wives of Weinsburg, who, when the place capitulated to an enemy, were told that they might carry away with them their chief treasure, and thereupon marched out in a long procession carrying their husbands on their backs. An ungallant but learned German professor rises up to say that he has investigated the matter, and that it has no foundation in fact.

Suez Canal.—Mr. C. J. Monk, M.P., speaking at Gloucester at a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce as one of the newly-appointed English directors of the Suez Canal Company, said that several English directors were appointed in consequence of the convention entered into by the Eastern Steamship Association and M. de Lesseps, and that since the terms of the convention had been carried out complaints amongst shipowners in this country had ceased entirely. The tolls had been considerably reduced, and the whole of the pilotage dues had been taken off.

Between May and December.—An American paper gives a new illustration of the proverbial inability of Scotchmen to understand a joke. At the trial of an English divorce case, the parties to which were a nobleman of advanced years and his young wife, the judge remarked that this was another instance of the evil results of "marriages contracted between May and December." Shortly afterwards the learned judge received a letter from the secretary of a Scotch Statistical Society, intimating that that body would be much obliged if he would favour them with an account of the facts from which he had derived the statement as to the infelicity of marriages solemnised during certain months of the year; and adding that some of the members wished to utilise the information which might be thus afforded them, in the shape of a paper to be read before the society, with a view to public discussion.

Devotion of an Irish Soldier.—My servant came and told me that John Dunn, an Irishman, whom I had enlisted several years before, wished to see me. When he came into the room he immediately said, "Och, captain, but I'm come to see how you and your brother is after the wounds. Didn't I see you knocked over by the Frenchmen's shot? and sure I thought you was kilt. But myself knew you wouldn't be plaised if I didn't folly on after the villains, so I was afeard to go pick you up when ye was kilt, long life to you! But I pursued the inimy as long as I was able, and sure I couldn't do more; and now I'm come to see your honour, long life to you agin!" I shook hands with him, and said, "But, John, you seem wounded yourself; why is your arm tied up?" "Och, nothing at all to prevent me coming to see your honour, and your honour's brother lying there, Captain William, long life to him! I hope he's not dead." Upon insisting to know if he was wounded, at last he replied, "Why, sure it's nothing, only me arrum was cut off a few hours ago below the elbow joint, and I couldn't come till the anguish was over a bit. But now I'm here, and, thank God, your honour's arrum is not cut off, for it's mighty cruel work; I'd rather be shot twenty times, though the doctor tould me he did it asy, too, long life to his honour! I'm sure he didn't mean to hurt me all he could help." I then asked him for his brother, who was also a

recruit of mine and in the company, and an uncommonly fine handsome soldier as ever stepped, and who was a particular favourite of mine. He hesitated a few moments, and heaving a convulsive sob, said, "I seed him shot through the heart alongside wid me just as I got the shot myself, and he looked up piteously in my face and said, 'Oh, John dear, my poor mother!' And sure I couldn't look at him again for the life of me, my heart was broke, and I came away to the rare. But, captain, he died like a soldier, as your honour would wish him to die, and sure that's enough. He had your favour whilst he lived; God be with them, he's gone now."—"*Passages in the Early Military Life of General Sir George Napier, K.C.B.*" Written by Himself. Edited by his Son, General W. E. G. Napier.

Beetroot Sugar.—Since the experiments made some years ago at Lavenham by Messrs. Bolton a more economical process of extracting and purifying the sugar has been devised, and improvements have been made in the beet itself by careful cultivation, so that the present venture is more likely to be successful. During the past year, upon 640 acres sown with sugar-beet upon sixty farms, the total produce was 6,850 tons. The average quantity of sugar in the roots was about thirteen per cent., amounting to a yield of one ton and a half of crystallisable sugar per acre.

Overcrowded Cities.—No scheme for the improvement of the dwellings of the poor in our great towns will have much effect which does not contemplate a large transfer of the population to the rural districts. For several generations the tendency has been to migrate from country to town, with the deplorable results too apparent. The process must now be reversed, and large numbers of the poor people driven into towns must be restored to rural districts. Whatever changes may be necessary in the laws affecting landed property will have to be soon made, if we are to avoid national calamities from the fearful condition of the poor in great cities.

Dutch Milk for London.—A company has been formed at Amsterdam for London dairy supply. The intention is to build four ships of 720 tons each, which will convey daily 100,000 litres of fresh Dutch milk to Harwich from Amsterdam, whither it would be brought in ice-waggons of the Dutch Railway Company, and ice would also be employed in the carriage from Harwich to London. The milk would always be dispatched, without mixture of water, by special trains, and sold to a certain number of agents in London, who would sell it in smaller quantities at far lower prices than are at present charged.

Cost of a Fog.—The Governor of the Gas Light and Coke Company publishes the following statement as to the cost of one of the fogs in London in January: "96,000,000 cubic feet of gas were sent out during the twenty-four hours ending at midnight. This quantity was an increase on that of the corresponding day in 1884, which may be taken to have been an ordinary January day, of 37 per cent., or over 35,000,000ft. The price being three shillings per thousand feet, the public had to pay to this one company £5,250 extra on account of the fog. Nine thousand five hundred tons of coal were carbonised during the twenty-four hours to produce the 96,000,000ft., the largest quantity we have ever sent out in one day."

Forged Bank Notes.—A box filled with forged Bank of England notes, of £500 and £100, to the amount of above £6,000, was found by some labourers under a furze-bush near Clapham Common in January. The origin of these notes is as yet a mystery. Their execution is said to be more perfect than any previous imitations. The fraud was discovered by the presentation of a £500 note bearing a particular number, which the Bank records showed had never been issued.

Large Salmon.—Mr. Henry Ffennell published in the "Times" early this year a record of the largest fish taken in 1884 in the various British rivers. The heaviest was taken in the Tay nets, weighing 60lb. From the same river was one of 53lb., and four of 50lb. Mr. Millais captured one

of 44lb. on the Murthly Water by the rod. The largest fish from the Forth weighed 48lb., taken in the bag nets on the Fife coast. In Ireland, the largest, netted at Limerick, weighed 57½lb. It was forwarded to Mr. Pile, fishmonger, Dublin, who got £7 13s. 4d. by sale, as it was in splendid condition, or above 2s. 8d. a pound, including waste. In the Tyne, the largest was 51½lb., at Cullercoats. One of 47lb. was taken in the sea off the Tyne. The largest ever caught in the Tyne was 63½lb., in 1874. The largest fish known to have been taken was in the nets below Newburgh, in June, 1870. A cast taken by the late Frank Buckland is in the Buckland Museum, South Kensington.

Dr. Johnson and the Rev. John Wesley.—For John Wesley Dr. Johnson had the highest esteem, and regretted he could not obtain more of his society. Wesley was too busy, and ever on the move. Johnson said that Wesley could talk well on any subject. He agreed with Johnson about the taxation of the American Colonies, an opinion in which they were both wrong, as events proved. But Wesley's approval of his pamphlet, "Taxation no Tyranny," pleased Johnson. Never was a more graceful compliment paid than when he said: "To have gained such a mind as yours may justly confirm me in my opinion. What effect my paper may have on the public I know not, but I am not discouraged. The lecturer was surely in the right who, though he saw his audience slinking away, refused to quit the chair while Plato stayed."

Saints Cyril and Methodus.—A Russian correspondent says that "the Panslavists, with characteristic audacity and contempt for historical truth, are preparing to celebrate the memory of Saints Cyril and Methodus as Slav apostles, whereas it is a notorious fact that they were both Greek monks sent by the Patriarchate of Constantinople to the wastes of Scythia, in order to convert the then nomad hordes which made periodical incursions into the Byzantine Empire."

A Generous Publisher.—The authors of the last age were fortunate in their publisher, Mr. Joseph Johnson, of St. Paul's Churchyard, whom they all regarded as a friend. He was highly intelligent, kind, and friendly, and most liberal in pecuniary matters. His generosity to Cowper on the unexpected success of his poems is well known. He was in the habit of collecting at his simple hospitable table the choicest literary society of the time, which was perhaps more entirely enjoyed than the splendid parties of Mrs. Montagu. Miss Edgeworth writes to Mrs. Barbauld, "What a loss! what an irretrievable loss have we all sustained by the death of our excellent friend Johnson! I am glad to find that his fortune was not injured by his generosity."—"*Memoirs of Mrs. Martin, Niece of Mrs. Barbauld.*" (Griffith and Farran.)

Emerson and Carlyle.—When Emerson first visited Europe he thus described Carlyle, then in his Dumfries-shire rural home at Craigenputtock: "He is tall and gaunt, with a cliff-like brow, self-possessed, and holding his extraordinary powers of conversation in easy command; clinging to his Northern accent with evident relish, full of lively anecdote, and with a streaming humour, which floated everything he looked upon." The friendship thus formed continued through life, and on Emerson's side it brought practical benefit to Carlyle, as the success of the earlier works in America, through Emerson's recommendation, first secured attention for them in England.

Lord Brougham and Lord Denman Dancing.—At a party at Lady Denman's, in Russell Square, at the end of the evening a country dance was formed (old-fashioned even then), in which the two great lawyers joined. All of a sudden Lord Denman fell down as if he had been shot; he had snapped his tendon Achilles, and was lame for months.

Flowers and Wreaths at Funerals.—The absurd excess of floral decorations and offerings at burials has caused protests in America as well as with us in England. Many of the wealthier families, realising the need of "funeral reform" in this direction, have paved the way for it by appending "Please omit flowers" in notices of funeral ceremonies.

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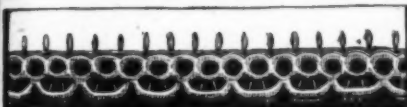
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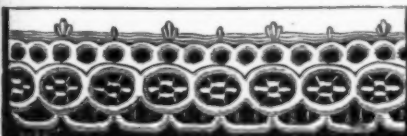
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